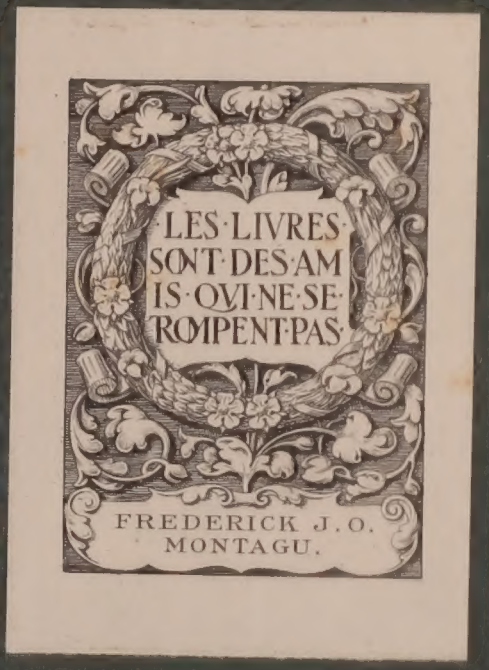
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The first Edition of this very rare sporting periodical, of which but six numbers were issued.

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Meeting AT COVER, *Holywell Park Wood.*

THE

Sporting Repository,

CONTAINING

HORSE-RACING,
HUNTING,
COURSING,
SHOOTING,
ARCHERY,

TROTTING AND TANDEM MATCHES,
COCKING,
PEDESTRIANISM,
PUGILISM,

ANECDOTES ON SPORTING SUBJECTS,

INTERSPERSED WITH

ESSAYS, TALES,

AND A GREAT VARIETY OF

Miscellaneous Articles.

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THE

Sporting Repository.

VOL. I.] JANUARY 15, 1822. [No. I.

INTRODUCTION.

In presenting to the world a new Periodical Publication, it becomes necessary, pursuant to custom, to preface it with a few words relative to the line of conduct that will be adopted in its prosecution—to exhibit the plan of its arrangement—and to assign some motives for propitiating public favor in its behalf. Cheerfully would we dispense with this ceremony, at so early a period of our Work, did not general opinion decide it to be indispensably requisite; we therefore bow, with all deference, to its mandate; but, at the same time, beg to observe, in the words of the celebrated Dr. Johnson, that—"it is dangerous to sell the bear which is not hunted; to promise the public that which is not written," such, however, is the expedient which the Editor of a Periodical Work is compelled to adopt, and such is the expedient to which we now yield.

Ungracious, indeed, is the task of professing intentions, and avowing motives which so many have done before us, and in which too many have com-

pletely failed: we, therefore, will say little, and endeavour to perform more than we promise; *(Non qui magna loquiter, sed qui virit);* and should the "SPORTING REPOSITORY" be eventually deemed superior, or even equal, to contemporary efforts, all we solicit is a fair share of that liberal Patronage which the British Public never fails to bestow on works of intrinsic merit and genius.

Without meaning to depreciate the merit of any work of the kind, previously established, it has long been the opinion of many well-informed persons, that there is sufficient room for a new one; and as competition tends to emulation, the Public must be ultimately benefited by a collision of effort to obtain its approbation. The Publisher, therefore, is determined to spare no pains or expense in the literary and typographical execution of the Work; and with respect to the graphic embellishments, he is resolved that it shall ever retain a superior pre-eminence.

Our plan will embrace—HORSE-RACING, HUNTING, COURSING, SHOOTING, HAWKING, ARCHERY, TROTTING MATCHES, ANGLING, &c.—AGRICULTURE.—BIOGRAPHY of celebrated Sportsmen and others; PUGILISM, PEDESTRIANISM, Interesting ESSAYS, Sketches from real Life; in short, every thing that is important and interesting to the Sportsman and to the man of pleasure. Such is the portraiture of our plan, and though our present number exhibits but disjointed limbs and insulated features, a few numbers will evince that we have not over-rated our pretensions. Indeed, every undertaking labours under the greatest difficulty at the com-

mencement; but as a machine, to which an impulse is once given, acquires an accelerated motion, such, we flatter ourselves, will be the progress of our present labours. We have, as yet, confined ourselves principally to general outlines, with a detail of such occurrences, under each head, as we have been able to collect, without much trouble or labour. This, however, will prove of the highest service as a kind of preliminary, or introductory, article to the work; and, as we have made arrangements to insure a regular series of correspondence with the most intelligent amateurs in every line of Sporting throughout the United Kingdom, the beneficial results of which, we flatter ourselves, will appear in each succeeding number, we confidently hope to make good the pretensions held out to the Public, and to fulfil the expectations which they may have excited in the Public mind.

We cannot conclude without urging the necessity of the earliest communications from our correspondents in the country. From them we expect much, as their habits and situations of life afford them such ample opportunities of obliging us. Those who have already aided us in our plans will not, we hope, be tardy in noticing and transmitting any thing that may appear consistent with the nature of our work; we shall thereby keep up a constant diversity of arrangement, that cannot fail of being interesting to every description of readers, but more especially to the British Sportsman.

26, Haymarket, *Jan.* 15, 1822.

Field Sports for the Month.

Hunting,—Coursing, Hawking.

Shooting,—Wild-fowl, geese, ducks, widgeon, teal, coots, curlews,—and other game:—Hares, rabbits, woodcocks, snipes, plovers, &c. &c.

Angling,—Pike, tench, bleak, perch, roach, dace, chub, grayling, carp, smelt, and trout.

AGRICULTURAL DIRECTIONS, &c. FOR JANUARY.

Downe with your timber wood, and let it not stand,
Remembering for barlie to fallowe your land;
From hedges and trees brush all needless sprigs,
And now go a birding with nets and lime-twigs.
If sore sickness greeve thee,
Let physicke relieve thee.

[From the oldest Almanack known.]

When as the Old Yeere's date doth end,
For Good New Yeere all wish and crave;
And New Yeere's Gyftes abrode they send
To faythful friendes they hope to have.

SPORTS OF THE TURF;

OR

HORSE-RACING.

THERE is no sport more conducive to the honour and interest, and, we may add, to the national importance of Great Britain, than the royal and noble amusement of *horse-racing*. Of this the French nation seems of late to be so well aware, that every effort is now making in France to raise up a state of rivality in that pursuit, in which we have ever stood proudly pre-eminent over all the world. We shall notice the progressive state of French improvement in some subsequent paragraphs, in the hope, not that they will excite our envious jealousy of an ambitious neighbour, but that they will incite us to maintain our own superiority, which can never be endangered but by a manifest decline of public spirit. In the days of the old Duke of Cumberland, the turf was gradually brought to a pitch of excellence, to which it has never rose superior, although it has never sunk very much beneath it. The duke passed the latter part of his life in improving the breed of race-horses, and *Eclipse*, and other noted horses of unrivalled perfection, proclaimed the success of his skill, attention, liberality, and perseverance. The Dukes of Queensbury, Bedford, Grafton; the Earls of Grosvenor, Abingdon, and Derby; Lord Foley, &c. &c. Col. O'Kelly, and Sir T. C. Bunbury, supported the celebrity of British turf-performances. Those veterans are now mostly swept away, and other noble and avowed patrons of this national pursuit, are bending under the weight of age and infirmity, which chills the passions, and damps all ardour for youthful recreations. The decease of Sir T. C. Bunbury, (the late father of the turf) has left *hiatus valde deflendus*, but empires and states have their rise, decline, and fall; how then can it be expected that horse-racing should be exempted? From that state of fluctuation, to which an allwise providence has subjected all

sublunary beings and their affairs, a new generation will spring up with similar youthful passions to those which actuated the bosoms of the last; and we hope and trust, will give new life and spirit to a subject of great national importance. We say *national*, because, in addition to the excellence of the British breeds of horses, for every purpose of pleasure, ease, or utility; the improvement of our race of *chargers*, or *war-horses*, gave us that superiority in every late contest on the continent, notwithstanding the disadvantages of a sea-voyage, and of a keep vastly inferior to what they had been accustomed to in their native country, as rendered every battle a victory, where they could be once fairly brought into action. If, therefore, we would maintain that superiority, we must support that system, to which it owed its birth, and the turf must excite our gratitude, as well as our attachment.

SALES OF STUDS.

THE LATE SIR T. C. BUNBURY'S STUD.—The baronet died the beginning of April, 1821, in the 81st year of his age, and his celebrated stud was brought to the hammer by Tattersall, at Newmarket, the following spring meeting, and fetched the under-mentioned prices:

Brown colt	£162	15	Ellinor	£91	7
Black ditto	110	5	Rival's dam	67	4
Chesnut ditto	105	0	Gohanna mare	115	10
Bay filly	73	10	Romance	66	3
Brown colt	162	15	Stamford	37	16
Bay ditto	105	0	Wowsky	26	0
Brown filly	82	19	Tawny	15	15
Bay ditto	79	16	Skyscraper	94	14
Bay ditto	33	12	Bay mare	33	12
Bay 1 yr colt	26	5	Pot8o's	21	0
Chesnut ditto	26	5	Grey mare	16	16
Bay ditto	16	16	Brown ditto	85	1
Brown ditto	17	17	Delinda	52	10
Bay 1 yr filly	67	4	Smolensko	1365	0
Chesnut ditto	91	7			

THE DUKE of RUTLAND'S STUD.—Towards the latter end of October last, the celebrated stud of this nobleman was put up to auction by Messrs. Tattersall, at Newmarket. There were 19 lots, but only the five following horses were sold: 1. a chesnut filly, by Waxy, dam Penny-trumpet, three years old, the winner of the cup at Leicester, was knocked down to Capt. Meynell, at 100 guineas: 2. a yearling chesnut filly, by Partisan, dam by Trumpeter, the dam of Sir T. C. Bunbury's Rival, free from all engagement, to Mr. Beardsworth for 100 guineas: 3. a bay colt by Sir Paul, out of Streamlet, by Rubens, no engagement, to Mr. Beardsworth for 80 guineas: 4. Quadrille, a bay mare, by Selim, out of the dam of Fandango, Varennes, &c. six years old, covered by Partisan, nominated for the Riddlesworth, 1825, to Mr. Charlton for 60 guineas: 5. a bay colt, by Orville, dam by Canidia, the dam of Robin Adair, &c. two years old, engaged on Tuesday in the first spring meeting, in the 2000 guineas stakes of 100 guineas each, hf. ft. 12 subscribers; on Friday in the Newmarket stakes of 50 guineas each, hf. ft. 24 subscribers; in the Derby, and Mr. Andrews's nomination for the Riddlesworth stakes 1822, to Mr. Charlton, for 28 guineas. The slackness of the sale, and the lowness of the prices of those sold, is attributed to the numerous heavy engagements the horses lay under for races to come.

Mr. Watson's celebrated mare '*Fortuna*,' (second in the Leger) has been disposed of to Mr. Lambton for 1,000 guineas.

It is reported that a number of blood-horses and mares have been purchased here by an agent for the King of Wirtemberg.

Rubens.—This celebrated horse is gone to Barton-hall, near Newbury, the seat of Mr. Dundas, the proprietor of him. Mr. Barenger has taken his portrait. He is a dark chesnut, rising eighteen years old, and 16¼ hands high.

NEWMARKET, 1822.

CRAVEN-MEETING.

Monday.—The first class of the eighth RIDDLESWORTH STAKES of 200gs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 7lb. Ab. M. those got by untried stallions, or out of untried mares, to be allowed 3lb. if both, 5lb.

Sir J. Shelley's by Comus, dam by Walton, out of Mockbird's dam
Mr. Andrew's (dead) by Orville, out of Morel
———— by Orville, out of Canidia
Mr. Rush's ch. by Haphazard, out of Ringtail
Mr. Blake's by Haphazard, out of Pea-blossom
Mr. Crockford's by Haphazard, dam by Paynator
———— by Haphazard, out of sister to Remembrancer
Lord Egremont's by Frolic, dam by Orville, out of Selim's dam
Duke of Rutland's by Rubens, out of Rosabella
Mr. Lake's by Hedley or Seymour, out of Gramarie
———— by Seymour or Whalebone, out of sister to Castanea
———— by Seymour, out of Rosalina
Lord Grosvenor's br. by Thunderbolt, out of Plover.

Tuesday.—The second class of the eighth RIDDLESWORTH STAKES of 200gs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 7lb. Ab. M. those got by untried stallions, or out of untried mares, to be allowed 3lb. if both, 5lb.

Mr. Thornhill's ch. (dead) by Rubens, out of Goosander
Mr. Payne's by Selim, out of Zoraida
Lord Jersey's by Haphazard, out of Web
Duke of Grafton's by Rubens, out of Parasol
———— by Ruben's, out of Penelope
———— by Haphazard, out of Pope Joan
———— Varnish, by Rubens, out of Vestal.
Mr. Vansittart's by Walton, out of Selima
Lord Foley's (dead) by Soothsayer, out of Blowing
Lord Egremont's by Frolic, dam by Selim, out of Maiden
Mr. Cussan's by Orville, out of Medora
Mr. Tibbits's by Cervantes, out of Mary
Lord Rous's ch. Arbis, by Quiz, out of Persepolis
Duke of Rutland's by Rubens, out of Pennytrumpet

N. B. The produce of Lord Maynard's Chickweed not declared.

The OATLAND STAKES, a sweepstakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. and only 10gs. ft. if declared, &c. D. I.

	Age	st.	lb.
Mr. Greville's Banker - - -	5	9	4
Mr. Wyndham's Little John - -	5	9	1

	Age	st.	lb.
Mr. Rous's Euphrates - - -	5	9	1
Lord Exeter's c. by Ardrossan - -	4	8	9
Mr. Ramsbottom's Shreckhorn - -	5	8	9
Lord Bridgwater's Mr. Lowe - -	4	8	4
Mr. Fox's North-Wester - - -	3	7	12
Duke of Grafton's Reginald - - -	3	7	11
Lord Stradbroke's Incantator - -	3	7	9
Mr. Prendergast's Kildare - - -	3	7	4
Mr. Lambton's Richard - - -	3	7	2
Mr. Hunter's Rasselas - - -	3	7	0
Mr. Stevens's Valentine, by Poulton - -	3	6	12
Mr. Bloss's Madona, by Raphael, out of Paulina -	3	6	10

The following having declared forfeit by the time prescribed, will pay only 10gs. *each.*

Mr. Charlton's St. Patrick, by Sir Walter -	4	8	9
Mr. Lambton's Fortuna - - -	3	8	0
Mr. Wyndham's Centaur - - -	3	7	10
Mr. Ramsbottom's br. c. by Octavius, out of Truth's dam - - - -	3	7	9

FIRST SPRING-MEETING.

Tuesday.—The 2000gs. STAKES, a subscription of 100gs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 4lb. R. M. then rising three years old.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. (dead) brother to Rowena
———— b. f. by Rubens, out of Parasol
———— b. c. by Vandyke Junior, out of Pawn
Mr. Rogers's b. c. by Marmion, out of Stingtail
Mr. Wortley's b. c. by Cervantes, out of Cannon-ball's dam
Mr. Thornhill's brother to Spring-gun
Duke of Rutland's b. c. by Orville, out of Canidia
Mr. Hunter's b. c. by Marmion, bought of Neale
Mr. Wyndham's c. by Octavius, dam by Election, out of Scorpion's dam
———— c. by Whalebone, out of Scotina
Lord Grosvenor's brother to Falcon
———— brother to Belvidere
Mr. Chifney's b. c. by Haphazard, out of Landscape.

Thursday.—The 1000gs. STAKES, a subscription of 100 gs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 4lb. each; D. M. then rising three years old.

H. R. H. the Duke of York's f. by Whalebone, out of Sagana.
Duke of Grafton's b. f. by Rubens, out of Parasol
———————— b. f. Varnish, by Rubens, out of Vestal
———————— ch. f. by Rubens, out of Penelope
Lord Jersey's f. by Haphazard, out of Web
Mr. Thornhill's Poozy, by Partisan, out of Pantina
Mr. Rush's ch. f. by Rubens, out of Reserve
Mr. Vansittart's gr. f. by Treasurer, out of Urganda
Lord Grosvenor's sister to Abra
———————— sister to Tybalt

Friday.—(First year.)—Renewal of the NEWMARKET STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. for colts carrying 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 2lb. D. M. The owner of the second horse to receive 100gs. out of the stakes.

H. R. H. the Duke of York's c. by Hedley or Seymour, out of Gramarie
———————————— c. by Election, dam by Sorcerer
Mr. Goddard's c. by Haphazard, out of Viscountess
Mr. Fraser's ch. c. Methven, by Haphazard, out of Miss Platoff
Duke of Grafton's br. c. (dead) brother to Rowena
———————— b. f. by Ruben's, out of Parasol
Mr. Udny's c. by Partisan, out of Wowski
Lord Exeter's c. by Rubens, dam by Golumpus
———————— c. by Haphazard, out of Bess
Duke of Portland's c. by Cervantes, out of Cannon-ball's dam
Mr. Wortley's c. by Walton, out of Emily's dam
Mr. Batson's b. c. by Hedley, out of Cecilia
Duke of Rutland's b. c. by Orville, out of Canidia
———————— b. c. by Smolensko, dam by Shuttle, grandam by Hambletonian
Lord Rous's b. c. The Stag, brother to Gazelle
Major Wilson's ch. f. by Juniper or Rubens, out of Spotless
Mr. Rush's c. by Selim, out of Lady Jane
Lord Grosvenor's brother to Falcon
———————— brother to Belvidere
Mr. Bouverie's c. by Clavileno, out of Quail

Mr. Wyndham's c. by Octavius, dam by Election, out of Scorpion's dam
Lord Verulam's ch. c. by Phantom, out of Willow
Mr. Jones's Champion, brother to Fanny
Mr. Rogers's brother to Langar, by Selim
Mr. W. Chifney's brother to Antonio.

EPSOM, 1822.

Thursday.—Second and last year of a renewal of the Derby Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three yr. old colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 2lb. the last mile and half; the owner of the second horse to receive 100gs. out of the stakes (56 subscribers.)

Lord Derby names Mr. J. Benson's gr. c. by Y. Gohanna, out of Y. Æthe
Duke of Rutland's c. by Orville, out of Canidia
Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. by Orville, out of Barossa
———— names Mr. Walker's br. c. by Partisan, dam by Sorcerer, out of sister to Rockingham
Sir J. Shelley's ch. c. by Comus, out of sister to Parrot
———— names b. c. by Partisan, dam by Sorcerer, out of Maiden
Lord Foley's c. by Partisan, out of Sycorax
———— names ch. c. by Soothsayer, out of Miniature
Mr. Vansittart names Mr. T. Peirse's c. Shuffler, by Walton, out of Staveley's dam
Mr. Watson's c. by Pericles, out of Dodona
Lord Darlington's c. by Haphazard, out of Landscape
Gen. Grosvenor's Marcellus, by Selim, out of Briseis
Mr. Lambton's br. c. by Leopold, dam by Stamford
Lord Jersey names Mr. Platel's ch. c. by Selim, out of Blackamoor's dam, by Sorcerer
Duke of Grafton's br. c. by Haphazard, out of Prudence
———— br. c. by Vandyke Junior, out of Pawn
———— names a ch. c. by Rubens, out of Diana
Mr. Rush's c. by Selim, out of Lady Jane
———— names Lord Suffield's b. c. by Muley, out of Aquilina

Mr. Goddard's br. c. by Haphazard, out of Viscountess
———— names Mr. Walker's ch. c. by Juniper, out of Niobe
Mr. Turner's b. c. Mazeppa, brother to Manfred
Lord Rossmore names Mr. T. Peirse's b. c. by Leopold, dam by Sir Andrew, out of Tuneful
Mr. Calley's sister to Guy Mannering
Mr. Fraser's ch. c. Methven, by Haphazard, out of Miss Platoff
Mr. Fox's c. by Soothsayer, dam by Calomel
Lord Egremont's b. c. by Frolic, out of Silvertail's dam
———— b. c. by Octavius, dam by Gohanna, out of Amazon
Lord Egremont's b. c. by Whalebone, dam by Election, out of Amazon
Lord Suffield's b. c. by Muley, out of sister to Petworth
Mr. Wilson's ch. c. by Woful, dam by Cockfighter, out of a Javelin mare
Mr. Thornhill's brother to Spring-gun
———— names Mr. W. Chifney's brother to Antonio, bought of Mr. Ferguson
———— names Lord Verulam's ch. c. by Phantom, out of Willow
Sir W. Wynn's b. c. Belmont, brother to Little Cymro
Lord Grosvenor's c. by Thunderbolt, out of Plover
———— c. by Thunderbolt, out of Opal
Mr. Batson's c. by Hedley, out of Cecilia
Mr. Rogers's ch. c. by Selim, dam by Walton, out of Sorcerer's dam
———— b. c. by Marmion, out of Stingtail
———— b. c. by Marmion, out of Pacha's dam
———— b. c. by Haphazard, dam by Selim, out of Young Camilla
Lord Exeter's br. c. by Haphazard, out of Bess
———— b. c. by Rubens, dam by Golumpus, out of sister to Beningbrough
H. R. H. the Duke of York's c. by Seymour or Hedley, out of Gramarie
———— c. by Seymour or Whalebone, out of a sister to Castanea
———— c. by Y. Gohanna, dam by Rubens, out of Aladdin's dam

Mr. Bouverie's c. by Blücher, out of Belvoirina
Mr. Payne's c. by Crispin, out of Lady Sophia
Mr. Payne's ch. c. by Clavileno, out of Quail
Mr. S. Duncombe's b. c. Cade, by Woful, out of Hipswell Lass
Mr. Crockford's c. by Haphazard, out of sister to Remembrancer
———— c. by Selim, dam by Dick Andrews, out of Chryseïs
Mr. Neale's c. by Haphazard, out of Pea-blossom.

Friday.—Second and last year of a renewal of the Oaks Stakes of 50 guineas each, h. ft. for three year old fillies, 8st. 4lb. last mile and half; the owner of the second filly to receive 100 guineas out of the stakes (44 subscribers.)

Lord Derby names Mr. Duncan's b. or br. f. by Orville, out of Plaything
Duke of Rutland names Mr. S. Barnard's b. f. by Muley, dam by Totteridge
Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. f. by Bourbon, out of Cat
Lord Foley names Mr. Walker's b. f. by Ashton, out of Fair Ellen
Mr. Vansittart's gr. f. by Treasurer, out of Urganda
Mr. Watson's sister to Neva
Lord Darlington names Mr. Walker's b. f. by Ashton, out of Shoestrings
Gen. Grosvenor names Sir J. Byng's f. by Amadis, out of Gadabout
Lord Jersey's ch. f. by Haphazard, out of Web
Duke of Grafton names sister to Lounger, by Scud
————————'s b. f. by Rubens, out of Parasol
————————'s ch. f. by Rubens, out of Penelope
————————'s br. f. by Haphazard, out of Pope Joan
Mr. Rush's ch. f. by Rubens, out of Reserve
———— names Lord Suffield's f. by Muley, out of sister to Little Peggy
Mr. Goddard's b. f. by Marmion, out of Nymphina
Mr. Lambton's ch. f. by Leopold, out of Rosalind
Mr. Turner's b. f. by Phantom, out of Fairing
Lord Rous's b. f. The Cauldron, by Quiz, out of Witchery
Lord Rossmore names Mr. Lewis's bl. f. by Friday, out of Josephine
———— names Sir Gore Ouseley's f. Goolzar, by his black Arabian Shebdeez, out of Palmyra, by Sorcerer

Mr. Calley's Zair, by Selim, dam by Hedley
Mr. Fox names Lord Stawell's ch. f. by Cato, out of Omphale
Lord Suffield's br. f. by Orville, out of Medora
Lord Egremont's gr. f. by Y. Gohanna, out of Snowdon's dam
——————— b. f. by Y. Gohanna, out of Margaretta
Mr. Thornhill's br. f. by Marmion, out of Romp's dam
Mr. Farrall names Mr. Forth's b. f. by Seymour, out of Inferior's dam
Lord Grosvenor's f. by Thunderbolt, out of Meteora
——————— f. by Thunderbolt, out of Musidora
Mr. Rogers's f. by Marmion, dam by Precipitate, out of Colibri
Mr. Payne's f. by Partisan, out of Bizarre
——————— sister to Zora
H. R. H. the Duke of York's f. by Whalebone, out of Sagana
——————— f. by Hedley, out of Lady of the Lake
——————— names Major Wilson's f. by Rubens, out of Tippitywitchet
Mr. J. Palmer names Mr. Griffith's f. by St. Domingo, out of Conceit
Mr. J. Benson names Mr. Bigg's f. Annot Lyle, by Ashton, out of Lamia
Mr. S. Duncombe names Mr. Doddington's ro. f. by Rubens, dam by Walton, out of Spindle
Mr. Morgan's b. f. Elizabeth, by Blucher, dam by Haphazard
Mr. Crockford's b. f. by Selim, out of Palma
——————— names Lord Clarendon's br. f. sister to Allegro
Mr. William's names f. by Phantom, out of Hippodamia.

YORK SPRING ST. LEGER.

Mr. Lambton's b. c. by Don Cossack, dam by Sancho
Lord Scarborough's b. c. brother to Coronation, by Catton
Mr. Riddell's ch. c. Pity-me, by Woful
Sir W. Milner's ch. c. by Caliban
Mr. Petre's b. c. Theodore, by Woful
Mr. Fox's ch. c. by Macbeth, dam by Jupiter
Mr. Wright's b. c. Sir Walton, by Walton
Mr. Perren's b. f. by Comus, dam by Cerberus.

YORK GOLD CUP.

Mr. Lambton's ch. h. Leopold, by Camillus, aged
Mr. Lambton's br. b. Waverley, 5-yrs old

Mr. J. Ferguson's gr. c. Jonathan, 4-yrs old
Mr. Allison's gr. c. Vingt'un, 4-yrs old
Colonel Craddock's br. h. Sir Walter, 6-yrs old
Mr. Petre's br. h. Sir John, 5-yrs old
Mr. Fox's b. f. Lady Peter, by Smolensko, 4-yrs old
Mr. Robinson's b. c. The Lord of the Manor, 4-yrs old

DONCASTER, 1822.

THE FITZWILLIAM STAKES.

Monday.—A SWEEPSTAKES of 10gs. each, with 20gs. added by the Corporation of Doncaster, for horses, &c. of all ages; two yr olds to carry 6st. three yr olds 8st. four yr olds 8st. 9lbs. five yr olds 9st. 1lb. six yr olds 9st. 5lb. and aged 9st. 7lb.—One mile and a half.

To be run the first race in the Doncaster Meeting, 1822.

This subscription to close on the Thursday before running, and the horses, &c. to be named on the Saturday before running, between the hours of ten and twelve in the forenoon, to the Clerk of the Course.

Subscriptions received by Mr. Lockwood, Doncaster; Mr. R. Rhodes, York; or by Messrs. Weatherby, either in London or Newmarket.

Present Subscriber.

WENTWORTH FITZWILLIAM.

THE GREAT ST. LEGER STAKES,

Of 25gs. each, for three yr olds, colts 8st. 2lbs. fillies 8st. St. Leger Course. (73 Subscribers).

Mr. Lambton's br. c. by Leopold, out of Borodino's dam
Mr. Lambton's ch. c. by Leopold, out of Shepherd's dam
Mr. Lambton's b. c. by Don Cossack, dam by Sancho, out of Ringtail
Col. King's b. f. Miss Fulford, by Walton, out of Fulford's dam
Mr. Claridge's ch. c. Akarius, by Catton, out of Platina
Lord Kelburne's b. c. Sir William, brother to Archibald
Mr. J. Ferguson's ch. f. Evens, by Walton, dam by Sancho
Mr. Peirse's gr. f. by Walton, dam by Wizard

Mr. Humphries' b. f. Wilful, by Woful, dam by Spadille
Mr. Riddell's ch. c. Pity-me, by Woful, dam by Precipitate
———— b. c. The Whig, by X Y Z, out of Leon Forte
Mr. Brandling's ch. c. by Comus, out of Salamanca
Lord Queensberry's b. c. Pilgarlick, by Woful, out of Elizabeth
———————— b. c. Orator, by Prime Minister
Mr. Mason's ch. f. by Leopold, out of Lancashire Witch
Mr. H. Lascelles' bl. c. Angler, by Walton
Mr. T. S. Duncombe's ch. f. Euphrosyne, by Comus, dam by Shuttle
Mr. W. James's ch. c. Taurus, by Cervantes
Mr. Baird's ch. c. by Stamford, out of Y. Clementina, by John Bull
Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Marmion, out of Little Jane
Mr. T. Sykes's b. c. by Prime-Minister, dam by Camillus
Lord Fitzwilliam's br. c. Rinaldo, by Amadis, out of Clinkerina
Lord Milton's ch. f. Leonella, sister to Maritornes
Sir J. Byng's b. f. by Cervantes, out of Mary
Sir W. Milner's ch. c. by Caliban, dam by Beningbrough
Mr. Cleaver's br. c. The Farrier, by Ardrossan, dam by Walton
Sir E. Dodsworth's b. f. Susan, by Woful, dam by Sorcerer
Mr. J. Blade's b. f. by X Y Z, dam by Beningbrough
Mr. E. Petre's b. c. Theodore, by Woful, out of Blacklock's dam
Mr. Watts's b. f. Marion, sister to Tramper
———— b. f. by Tramp, out of Mandane
———— b. c. Dupore, brother to Torreli
———— ch. f. by Rubens, out of Altisidora
Mr. G. L. Fox's b. c. Macduff, by Macbeth
Sir H. Nelthorpe's b. c. by Cervantes, dam by Sorcerer
Mr. Harrison's b. f. Miss Wortley, by Woful
Mr. Reed's ch. f. Miss Wentworth, by Cervantes, dam by Stamford
———— gr. c. by Macbeth, out of Marciana
Mr. Pelham's b. c. Bay Burton, by Tramp, dam by Gabriel
Mr. Dixon's b. c. Hazard, by Macbeth, dam by Sancho
Mr. Clark's b. c. Lumley, by Caliban, dam by Delpini
———— ch. c. Bob, by Caliban, out of First-Fly
Mr. Gascoigne's ch. c. by Comus, out of Louisa
———————— ch. f. by Comus, out of Thomasina
Sir W. Maxwell's gr. f. Helen Marr, by Viscount
Duke of Leeds gr. c. by Comus, dam by Evander
Mr. Adams's bl. f. by Fyldener, dam by Hambletonian
Lord Scarborough's b. c. brother to Coronation

Mr. Wortley's br. c. by Cervantes, out of Cannon-Ball's dam
Mr. W. Chilton's ch. f. by Whitworth or Ardrossan, out of D I O's dam
Mr. Ridsdale's br. c. by Comus, dam by Shuttle
Mr. Wright's b. c. Sir Walton, by Walton
Mr. T. O. Powlett's gr. c. The Swap, by Catton
———— b. f. by Prime Minister, dam by Shuttle
———— b. c. by Woful, out of Momentilla
Mr. T. Hutchinson's b. c. by Comus, dam by Hambletonian
Mr. Pringle's b. c. Carnival, by Young Whiskey, dam by King Fergus
Mr. Cuningham's Ajax, by Amadis
Sir R. K. Dick's Ajax by Amadis
Mr. L. Charlton's b. c. by Orville, out of Canidia
Col. Yates's ch. f. Delusion, by Magic, dam by Beningbrough
Lord Foley's c. by Partisan, out of Sycorax
Mr. Willis's br. c. by Haphazard, out of Scapewell's dam, by Buzzard
Lord Egremont's gr. c. by Young Gohanna, out of Young Cypress
Gen. Grosvenor's Marcellus, by Selim
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. Catherina, by Walton, out of Catherine, by Castrel
Mr. Clifton's b. c. by Orville, out of Fadladinida
Mr. Walker's br. c. by Partisan, dam by Sorcerer, out of a sister to Rockingham
Mr. C. Marson's bl. c. Melmoth, by Soothsayer, dam by Eagle
———— b. f. Miss Edmiston, by Marmion, out of sister to Bourbon
Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Poozy, by Partisan, out of Pantina
Mr. Chifney's b. c. brother to Antonio
———— b. c. by Haphazard, out of Landscape.

PRODUCE STAKES

Of 100gs. each, h. ft. for two yr olds, colts 8st. 2lb. fillies 8st.

Red-House In.

Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. f. by Comus, out of Swinton's dam
Sir W. Maxwell's ch. c. by Viscount, out of Mrs. Barnet
Lord Milton's b. c. by Bourbon, out of Maritornes
Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. by Filho da Puta, out of Swift's dam
Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. c. (dead) by Soothsayer, out of Minstrel.

SWEEPSTAKES

Of 100gs. each, h. ft.—St. Leger Course.

Lord Scarborough's b. c. Coronation, by Catton, 8st. 5lb.
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Sandbeck, by Catton, 8st. 5lb.
Mr. E. Petre's b. f. My Lady, by Comus, 8st. 1lb.

PRODUCE STAKES

Of 100gs. each, h. ft. for four yr olds, colts 8st. 7lb. fillies 8st. 4lb. (3lb. allowed, &c.)—Four miles.

Sir M. M. Sykes's b. f. Meleavednea, by Raphael, out of Prime-Minister's dam
Mr. Michaelson's br. c. Odds, by Haphazard, dam by Sancho
Mr. Peirse's gr. f. by Comus, out of Lisette
Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. f. Civet, by Cervantes, out of Kitten
Lord Milton's ch. f. Ursula, by Cervantes, out of Fanny
———— b. f. Sarah, by Catton, out of Sally
Mr. Lambton's b. c. Malcolm, by Macbeth, out of Peterea
———— br. c. by Amadis, out of Rosalind
Duke of Leeds's b. f. by Octavian, out of Rebecca
Sir W. Maxwell's gr. c. Ben Nevis, by Viscount, out of Mrs. Barnet.

HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE

Of 100gs. for all horses, &c. four yr olds 10st. 4lb. five, 11st. 6lb. six, 12st. and aged, 12st. 2lb.—Four miles.

Tuesday.—A SWEEPSTAKES of 10gs. each, with 25gs. added by the Corporation of Doncaster, for horses, &c. of all ages; three yr olds to carry 6st. 7lb. four, 7st. 9lb. five, 8st. 6lb. six yr olds and aged 8st. 12lb.—St. Leger Course.

To be run on the Tuesday in the Doncaster Meeting, 1822.

The winner to be sold for 200gs. if demanded within a quarter of an hour after the race, the owner of the second horse being first entitled, but not to be delivered until the Friday in the then race-week.

This sweepstakes to close on the Thursday before running, and the horses, &c. to be named between the usual hours of entering for the plates, to the clerk of the course.

Subscriptions received by Mr. Lockwood, Doncaster; Mr. R. Rhodes, York; or by Messrs. Weatherby, either in London or Newmarket.

Present Subscriber.

WENTWORTH FITZWILLIAM.

HUNTER STAKES.

A SWEEPSTAKES of 10gs. each, for horses, &c. that have been regularly hunted the preceding season; four yr olds to carry 10st. 10lb. five, 11st. 3lb. six and aged, 11st. 12lb.—Four miles.

Proper certificates to be produced before running.

To be rode by gentlemen, members of fox-hunting or racing clubs, and to be run on the Tuesday in the Doncaster meeting, 1822.

This subscription to close on the last day of March next, and the horses, &c. to be named on or before that day, to Mr. Lockwood, Doncaster; or to Mr. R. Rhodes, York.

Five subscribers or no race.

MACARONI STAKES.

A sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for half-bred horses, &c. that have been regularly hunted during the season of 1821 and 1822, and that never won 50*l.* before the day of naming, and to be run on the Tuesday, in Doncaster meeting, 1822.—Four yr olds to carry 11st. five, 11st. 10lb. six and aged, 12st. 3lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Two miles.

To be rode by gentlemen, members of fox-hunting or racing-clubs, and proper certificates to be produced before running.

This subscription to close on the last day of March next, and the horses, &c. to be named on or before that day, to Mr. Lockwood, Doncaster; or to Mr. R. Rhodes, York.

Five subscribers or no race.

THE CORPORATION PLATE

Of 50*l.* for horses, &c. three yr olds, 6st. 7lb. four, 7st. 9lb. five 8st. 3lb. six and aged, 8st. 10lb. Mares allowed 3lb.—

Two-mile heats. To pay three guineas entrance, which will be paid to the owner of the second horse.

Wednesday.—SWEEPSTAKES of 50gs. each, 20gs. ft. for four yr colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies 8st. 4lb. Maiden horses, &c. at the time of naming allowed 3lb.—St. Leger course.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Sandbeck, by Catton
Mr. Lambton's ch. f. Fortuna, by Comus
Mr. E. Petre's b. f. My Lady, by Comus
———— gr. c. The Baron, by Cervantes
Mr. G. L. Fox's ch. c. Northwester, by Haphazard
Lord Scarborough's b. c. Coronation, by Catton
Mr. T. O. Powlett's br. c. Jack Spigot, by Ardrossan or Marmion
Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Amiable, by Orville, out of Sprite.

THE GASCOIGNE STAKES

Of 100gs. each, 30gs. ft. colts 8st. 5lb. fillies 8st. 2lb. St. Leger course.

Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. f. Leonella, sister to Maritornes, by Cervantes
Mr. Brandling's ch. c. by Comus, out of Salamanca
Lord Queensberry's b. c. Pilgarlick, by Woful
Mr. E. Petre's b. c. Theodore, by Woful, out of Blacklock's dam
Mr. Watts's b. f. Marion, by Tramp
Mr. G. L. Fox's b. c. Macduff, by Macbeth
Mr. Wortley's br. c. by Cervantes, out of Cannon-Ball's dam
Mr. T. O. Powlett's gr. c. The Swap, by Catton
Mr. Lumley's ch. f. Euphrosyne, by Comus
Mr. T. Sykes's b. c. by Prime Minister, dam by Camillus
Sir R. K. Dick's Ajax, by Amadis
Col. Yates's ch. f. Delusion, by Magic.

FOAL STAKES

Of 100gs. each, h. ft. colts 8st. 7lb. fillies 8st. 4lb.—One mile and a half.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. by Comus, out of Desdemona
Lord Queensberry's ch. c. brother to Harmodius
Mr. Lambton's b. c. by Leopold, out of Borodino's dam
Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. c. by Woful out of Momentilla

Duke of Leeds's gr. c. by Comus, dam by Evander
——————— b. c. by Mowbray, dam by Dick Andrews
Mr. Watts's ch. f. by Rubens, out of Altisidora.

SWEEPSTAKES

Of 200gs. each, h. ft. for three yr olds, colts 8st. 3lb. fillies 8st. St. Leger Course.

Mr. Milnes' b. f. Marchesa, sister to My Lady, by Comus
Mr. Watts's b. c. brother to Torreli, by Cerberus
Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. f. Dismal, by Woful, out of Minstrel
Mr. G. L. Fox's b. c. by Macbeth, dam by Selim.

THE GOLD CUP,

Free for any horse, &c. three yr olds, 6st. four, 7st. 7lb. five, 8st. 3lb. six, 8st. 11lb. and aged, 9st. The winner of any subscription-plate at York, this year, to carry 4lb. extra, or two subscription-plates at York, this year, 7lb.—Four miles.

THE LAST YEAR OF THE RENEWED DONCASTER STAKES,

Of 10gs. each, with 20gs. added by the Corporation, for horses, &c. of all ages, *bona-fide* the property of the subscriber or his confederate; three yr olds to carry 6st. four, 7st. 7lb. five, 8st. 3lb. six and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Four miles.

The horses, &c. to be named on the Saturday before running, between the usual hours of entering for the plates.

Subscribers.

Mr. Watt	Mr. Peirse
Mr. F. H. Standish	Lord Scarborough
Lord Fitzwilliam	Mr. T. Houldsworth
Lord Milton	Mr. E. Petre
Mr. T. Duncombe	Mr. Gascoigne
Mr. Lambton	Sir M. M. Sykes
Mr. G. L. Fox	Mr. T. O. Powlett.

Thursday.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20gs. each, with 20gs. added by the Corporation of Doncaster, for three yr old fillies, 8st. 2lb. each.—St. Leger Course.

Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. Leonella, sister to Maritornes
Lord Milton's b. sister to Neva
Mr. J. Ferguson's ch. Evens, by Walton, dam by Sancho
Mr. Peirse's gr. by Walton, dam by Wizard
Sir E. Dodsworth's b. Susan, by Woful, dam by Sorcerer
Mr. J. Blades's b. by X Y Z, dam by Beningbrough
Mr. Watts's b. by Tramp, out of Mandane
Mr. Reed's ch. Miss Wentworth, by Cervantes
Mr. Gascoigne's ch. by Comus, out of Thomasina
Lord Scarborough's b. by Catton, out of Henrietta
Mr. Harrison's b. Miss Wortley, by Woful
Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. by Prime Minister, dam by Shuttle
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. Haidée, by Comus, out of Stamfordia.

THE DONCASTER CLUB STAKES

Of 50gs. each, h. ft. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two miles.

Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. f. Ursula, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.
Mr. Lambton's br. h. Borodino, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.
Sir E. Dodsworth's ch. h. St. Patrick, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lbs.
Mr. Milnes' b. h. Sir John, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.

SWEEPSTAKES

Of 20gs. each, for two yr olds, colts 8st. 2lb. fillies 8st.
Two-year old's Course.

Lord Fitzwilliam's br. c. Bourdeaux, by Bourbon, out of Maritornes
Mr. R. Pettit's ch. f. by Sorcerer or Williamson's Ditto, out of Comical's dam
Mr. T. O. Powlett's gr. f. by Whisker, out of Jack Spigot's dam
Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. by Filho da Puta, dam by Timothy
———— ch. c. Rhubarb, by Comus, out of Offa Dyke's dam
Sir W. Maxwell's b. f. Brilliante, by Viscount, out of Brilliante
Mr. Lambton's b. c. Manuel, by Leopold, out of Dunsinane's dam
———— b. f. by Leopold, out of Borodino's dam
Mr. Jackson's ch. c. by Comus, dam by Precipitate
Mr. Brown's b. f. by Blucher
Lord Queensberry's gr. c. Hussar, by Whisker, out of Vesta
Mr. Frankland's ch. c. Crab, by Leopold, dam by Shuttle
Mr. E. Peter's ch. c. by Comus, out of Wryneck
Mr. G. L. Fox's b. c. Huntington, by Prime Minister
Sir P. Musgrave's br. c. by Comus, dam by Shuttle

Mr. Lumley's b. c. by Comus, dam by Delpini
Mr. Harrison's ch. c. Sir Roger, by Comus
Mr. J. Benson's b. c. Romney, by Raphael, out of Young Æthe
———————— ch. c. by Walton, dam by Beighton
Lord Scarborough's b. f. by Raphael, dam by Paynator
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. by Filho da Puta, out of Stamfordia
———————— b. f. by Filho da Puta or Hetman, out of a sister to Agnes Sorrel.

SWEEPSTAKES

Of 30gs. each, 10gs. ft. for colts 8st. 2lb. fillies 8st. The winner of the Great St. Leger to carry 7lb. extra.

Last mile and half.

Lord Fitzwilliam's br. c. Rinaldo, by Amadis, out of Clinkerina
Mr. Lambton's b. c. by Don Cossack, dam by Sancho
Mr. Humphries's b. f. Wilful, by Woful
Mr. Brandling's ch. c. by Comus, out of Salamanca
Mr. Riddell's ch. c. Pity-me, by Woful
Sir W. Milner's ch. c. by Caliban, dam by Beningbrough
Mr. E. Petre's b. c. Theodore, by Woful, out of Blacklock's dam
Mr. G. L. Fox's ch. c. by Macbeth, dam by Pipator
Sir J. Byng's b. f. by Cervantes, out of Mary
Mr. Reed's gr. c. by Macbeth, out of Marciana
Mr. Gascoigne's ch. c. by Comus, out of Louisa
Lord Queensberry's b. c. Orator, by Prime Minister
Lord Scarborough's b. c. brother to Coronation
Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. by Comus, dam by Shuttle
Col. Yates's ch. f. Delusion, by Magic
Mr. C. Marson's bl. c. Melmoth, by Soothsayer
———————— b. f. Miss Edmiston, by Marmion.

Mr. G. L. Fox's b. c. by Macbeth, dam by Waxy, agst Mr. Lambton's ch. c. by Leopold, out of Agricola's dam, 8st. 3lb. each. 200gs. each, h. ft.—St. Leger Course.

Mr. E. Petre's br. f. by Pericles, dam by Beningbrough, 8st. agst Sir J. Byng's sister to Neva, by Cervantes, 8st. 2lb. 100gs. h. ft.—St. Leger Course

Mr. Milnes' b. f. My Lady, by Comus, 8st. 5lb. agst Sir J. Byng's ch. f. Civet, by Cervantes, 8st. 1lb. 100gs. h. ft.—Last mile.

SWEEPSTAKES

Of 25gs. each, for horses, &c. *bona-fide* the subscriber or his confederate's property three months before the day of naming; four yr olds to carry 7st. 9lb. five, 8st. 5lb. six 8st. 10lb. Four yr old fillies allowed 4lb. Four miles.

The horses, &c. to be named to the Clerk of the Course on Wednesday in the race-week, before 9 o'clock in the evening.

Subscribers.

Lord Milton | Mr. Houldsworth | Mr. G. L. Fox.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS PLATE,

For three and four yr olds; three yr olds, 7st. 5lb. four, 8st. 7lb. Maiden colts allowed 2lb. maiden fillies, 3lb.—Two-mile heats. To pay three guineas entrance, which will be paid to the owner of the second horse.

No day mentioned.

Mr. G. L. Fox's b. c. by Macbeth, dam by Waxy, 8st. 3lb. agst Mr. Milnes' b. f. Marchesa, by Comus, out of Carlton's dam, 8st. 200gs. each, h. ft.—Last mile.

*** It is intended to commence our *Racing Report* with the Craven meeting at New-Market, on Easter Monday 1822,—so as to form a complete compendium of *Turf Sports*.

NEW BETTING REGULATION.

Before the new gold coinage of sovereigns, all bets made for pounds, were to be deemed and paid as guineas. But at a late meeting of the *Jockey Club*, it was determined, that all bets made subsequently to Epsom races in 1822, should be considered as made in pounds sterling, and not in guineas, as heretofore.

HORSE-RACING IN FRANCE, AND NEW LAWS AND INVENTIONS RELATING THERETO.

RACES.—The races in the department de l'Orne, took place on the 1st and 2d days of September last, on the royal course of l'Argentan. Twenty-four horses, male and female, the progeny of the most celebrated sires, and reared on the plains of Mer-le-veldt, contested various prizes, given by government. *Ceres*, a mare, five years old, the property of Monsieur Neven, obtained the highest prize; the same that won the great prize at the last Paris races. An immense concourse of foreigners and others from Paris and the neighbouring departments, met on the race-ground; all the *Sporting-world* was eager to run their horses, and contribute to this spectacle, so interesting to a country, *whose principal inhabitants are constantly endeavouring to rear a fine race of horses, which, for elegance of shape, for speed and strength, are inferior to none in the world!*

Vague, indefinite, and unqualified assertions can never be disproved; it is like Don Quixote encountering the windmills; but it is worthy of remark that, in France, the length of the course, and the time these famous horses run it in, are never mentioned, (as is the practice in England) from which a parallel might be drawn between the performances of the French and English racers: the reason is obvious enough;—the comparison would turn out greatly to the disadvantage of the former. Every cock (and the *Gallic* one especially) can crow upon his own dung-hill. We wish only to see the very best of these famous horses brought to Newmarket, and matched against English ones, for a few thousand *louis-d'ors* against as many *sovereigns*, in order to teach these boasting Frenchmen a little more modesty and wisdom—from experience. The wrong side of the *distance-post* would be about their mark!

NEW INVENTION.—The *Moniteur* states that the king's watchmaker has invented an instrument, which precisely marks the time, that not only the winning, but every other

horse takes in running the course, even if there should be thirty of them, and the interval between each, if only a quarter of a second. The '*Jury of Races*,' in the arrondissement of Paris, have expressed their full approbation of the contrivance, for which no name has been yet invented.

New Law.—In consequence of a law, passed very recently, no *mare*, once landed in France, under whatever circumstances, can be *re-embarked*. An English gentleman was detained at Calais nearly a fortnight, in the hope of obtaining some mitigation of this act, by a petition addressed to the director-general of the customs at Paris; but in this he was disappointed, the answer being, that the law could not be infringed in his favour. It may not be superfluous to remark, that this law now existing, has a particular view to the detention of *English mares*, by which France is ambitious of improving her breed of horses; and the English appear to be generally ignorant of a regulation, which cannot be rendered too public.

A recent Moniteur (alluding to the above law) states that regulations have been made, by which imported horses may be allowed to be taken back, on the animals being identified, by means of a previously detailed description. On this statement, we shall only observe,—Englishmen! keep your *mares* at home! '*Nimium ne crede colori!*'

SINGULAR METHOD OF HORSE-RACING AT ANCONA, IN ITALY.

The horse-course is more than an English mile in length, confined by two lines of rope running through the tops of posts about four feet from the ground, forming an avenue about forty yards in breadth. Previously to the day of starting for the prize, such horses as are intended to be run, are led up by their grooms, and for several days are exercised

within the space or avenue intended for the sport, until they become familiar with the spot: at the extremity of the course two poles are raised, to which is attached a ribbon, well covered on both sides with red-ochre. At the time of commencing sport, which is announced by the firing of a gun, beating a drum, or sounding a trumpet; the grooms bring forth their horses, and place them in proper order for starting at the first post, *for the horses all run here without riders.* The moment the gun is fired for starting, each groom whips his respective horse with some degree of severity, and to promote the greater speed, *little balls* with sharp points in them are hung to their sides, which, while the horse is employed in the race, act like so many spurs, lacerating the sides with severity. They have also pieces of *tin-foil* fastened to their hinder parts, which, as the animals rush through the air, make a loud rustling noise and frighten them forward. The gun fired as the signal for starting, serves also to give notice that preparations may be made to receive them at the goal. When the horses have run half the course, another gun is fired, and a third when they have passed the distance. To ascertain, without dispute, which has won the race, the horse is sought for that burst the ribbon, and that one, upon whose chest the *red-ochre* mark is found, is proclaimed the victor.

I was much entertained with these horse-races; and, although I prefer the manner of conducting these sports in my own country, I could not but acknowledge a fairness, upon the whole, beyond what we sometimes experience at home. The mark on the chest of the horse that breaks through *the ochre-ribbon*, places the matter beyond a doubt; here no jockeyship is likely to take place, no groom can be bribed to betray his master, no trick can be played: the speed and bottom of the horse alone decides the contest.

VIATOR.

HUNTING.

The ardour for the *Chase* has not suffered the least diminution, although it met with a very serious loss in the decay and death of that most accomplished Sportsman,—his late majesty King George the Third, who, as he was the *first man* in the kingdom, was also the *first hunter* in the field: a complete model for imitation! Superior to the little arts and meannesses of court-sycophancy, he knew how to enter into, and enjoy, *British Sports* and *Pastimes*, without derogating, in the slighest degree, from the dignity of majesty; and to set an example to many proud and ostentatious sprigs of nobility, how to behave towards their inferiors with genuine affability, condescension, and politeness. He was truly a British king, and a British sportsman.

But so interwoven is this manly sport with the very nature of a *free-born Briton*, that it depends, the least of any, on adventitious patronage: indeed, so very much are even the lowest classes addicted to the pursuit, that every proprietor of a pack of hounds is a petty king in his vicinity, if he be not a despot, and often hunts with the whole parish in his retinue. It is not possible to convey better to the understanding the transports diffused by a cry of hounds, than in the emphatic terms employed by a fox-hunter of the old school.—"I wish (says he) our morose philosophers could but once be witnesses of the gladness I have often diffused through a whole parish by a visit with my cry! Poor fainting puss having in vain made trial of the hills and heath-fields, at last ventures to expose her fortune to the highways and villages. The pack follows with full mouth, making the tower and chimnies echo to the tuneful melody. At the enchanting sound, what single soul does not forget every other call of Mammon, or the flesh, and (throwing down his food, his tools, or his very prayer-book) run out to partake.

"The thresher, in his shirt and reeden fillet, hastily exposes the open barn to the pigs and poultry:—the whistling plough-

man drops his tune, and leaves his cattle, staring at the tumult:—and the tailor follows after, slip-shod and hatless, with his thread over his shoulder.—The school-boy flies from the hated belfry to the top of the tower:—the old women hobble out three steps beyond the door, before they think on their crutches:—and even the parson of the parish (though the gravest man alive) mounts the old pacer; and if he can but keep in upon the *Canterbury*, is so gay and youthy, as to join his halloo in chorus with the boys. Such a moment is able to bring him back from sixty to eighteen."

Violent and dangerous as is the exercise of the chase, many are the instances of females becoming transcendently eminent in it. We have seen a Marchioness of Salisbury and a Lady Acland; the former of whom never refused any thing that the boldest hunter could undertake with prudence, the latter we remember to have heard address the huntsman, when he faultered at a leap: "Either over, or clear the way, sir;" and, upon his obeying, we have seen her take the leap in the most gallant style.

The portrait of the celebrated hunter, "Claret," given in this number, is copied from a painting taken from life, by that eminent cattle-painter, Mr. James Barenger, at Tattersall's Repository, Hyde-Park Corner, by permission of the proprietor, Sir Edward Poore, of Rushall Park, Wilts. Bart. who, with true politeness, affability, and condescension, added to that permission, the still greater favour of communicating to us, by letter, the following account of the pedigree and performances of his valuable hunter. "My grey horse, *Claret*, was bred by the Duke of Beaufort; got by *Sop* out of a thorough-bred mare of his grace's, by (I believe) a bloody-shouldered Arabian, and which the mark on the horse's shoulder (see the Plate) renders the more probable. He has been hunted with many of the best packs of hounds in England, such as Sir Thomas Mostyn's, the Dukes of Grafton and Beaufort, Mr. Farquharson's, Col. Berkley's, the old Berkley, and others. In speed, as a hunter, he was rarely surpassed, and seldom equalled; in a long-day he ever shewed himself pre-eminent, his wind and bottom being of

the first order, and his activity always extricating him from difficulties. He is now fifteen years old; and, being a great favourite, lives as easy a life as can be, and when no longer able to carry me pleasantly shall enjoy a pension for life."

Such a noble conclusion confers honour on humanity, and it were to be wished that every so humane a master possessed so valuable an animal as *Claret*, and that so valuable an animal may never fall into any other hands than those of such a master as Sir Edward Poore!

BUCK AND FOX-HOUNDS, HARRIERS, &c.

Melton Hunt has been numerously and splendidly attended, and the runs have been represented to us as some of the finest ever witnessed.

Mr. *Farquharson's* hounds, in Dorsetshire, have had several excellent chases, and, in one day, killed no less than three foxes, and were in pursuit of the fourth, when, the horses being all jaded, the dogs were called off.

Sir *Jacob Astley's* pack, in Norfolk, has had three fine runs after one doe from the covers of Mr. Wright of Buxton, without overtaking her at last.

Sir *John Cope's* fox-hounds have been represented to us as in most excellent condition, by a gentleman of rank, and a keen sportsman, who has condescendingly promised to favour us with the accounts of the best runs.

We have also received similar promises from distinguished sportsmen of the Duke of Grafton's, Earl Fitzwilliam's, Mr. Jolliffe's, the Surrey, the East-Sussex, and other *crack* packs, from various, even the most remote, parts of the country, which will, consequently, form a very interesting portion of the following numbers of the *Monthly Sporting Repository*.

COURSING.

Coursing is of great antiquity, and was treated of by *Arrian*, who lived about the year 150. It has always been a favourite sport with the English, many of their sovereigns having indulged in it. In the old Metrical Romance of *Sir Eglamore*, a princess, as a particular mark of favour, tells a knight:

> " Syr if you be on huntynge founde,
> I shall you give a good greyhounde,
> That is dunne as a doo;
> For as I am a trewe gentylwoman,
> There was never deer that he at ran,
> That might yscape him fro."

And A.D. 1203, a fine was paid of 500 marks, ten horses, and ten leashes of *greyhounds;* another, in 1210, mentions one swift running-horse, and six *greyhounds*. This dog of old times was long-haired, and somewhat resembling that used by warreners.

The Earl of Orford first formed the extraordinary and eccentric idea of improving the breed of the greyhound by a cross with the bull-dog; and, after a patient trial of *seven removes*, he obtained possession of the finest greyhounds ever seen, with the small ear, the rat-tail, the skin sleek and smooth, without hair; together with that innate courage, as to die on the field rather than relinquish the chase. From this cross Col. Thornton derived his famous greyhounds, Czarina, Old Jupiter, Snow-ball, Major, Sylvia, Skyagraphina, Venus, Blacksmith, and Young Snow-ball.

COURSING MEETINGS.

Ashdown-Park, (*Nov.*)

First Day.

Cup for Puppies:—Well contested. A sweepstakes, and 12 matches decided.

Second Day.

First Tie for the Cup:—First ditto for the sweepstakes, and 19 matches.

Third Day.

Second Tie for the Cup:—Sweepstakes won by Mr. Capell's Juggler, and 17 matches decided.

Fourth Day.

Cup won by Mr. Goodlake's Grayling. (Delightful Sport.)

LAMBTON-PARK MEETING.—Monday, *Nov.* 19.

The Stewards Cup, (value 20 guineas) won by Mr. Lambton. Several matches and by-matches were run.

Tuesday, *Nov.* 20.

Silver Collar won by Mr. Carter's Juno; and a match for 10 guineas won by Mr. Harrison:—several by-matches.

LOUTH:—Tuesday, *Oct.* 30.

This meeting was numerously and splendidly attended. The *Cup* was stoutly contested. The *Louth Sweepstakes* were won by Mr. Huggins's Laurel, and the *Withcall Sweepstakes* by Mr. Cooper's Jane.—Four matches were run.

Wednesday, *Oct.* 31.

The *Tathwell Sweepstakes* and nine matches were run this day.

Thursday, *Nov.* 1.

The *Cup* was well contested, and six matches were decided.

Saturday, *Nov.* 3.

The *Cup* was won by Mr. Cooper's Jane.—The *Tathwell Sweepstakes* were gained by Mr. Cooper's Bashful, and one match was run.

MALTON:—Tuesday, *Nov.* 6.

The *Cup* was well-contested in four classes, and won by Mr. Best's Streamer on the third day. A sweepstakes of five guineas each, (in classes) was won by Mr. Lumley's Ronald; and a similar sweepstakes for puppies, was won by Mr. Fox. Nine matches were run.

Thursday, *Nov.* 4.

The *Cup* and *Sweepstakes* were well contested, and 11 matches decided.

Friday, *Nov.* 9.

The *Cup* won: a piece of plate undecided; and another piece of plate won by Mr. Best's Vanity.

MIDGHAM-DOWNS MEETING.—(*Third Annual.*)

The *Silver Cup* was won by Capt. Jameison's Jane Elves; and 12 matches were run.

SEAFORD, (HANTS.) Tuesday, *Nov.* 30.

Several excellent matches were run, and the *Silver Collar* was won by Mr. Owen's Rambler.

SWAFFHAM, (NORFOLK,) Tuesday, *Nov.* 13.

The *Orford Cup* contested, and 15 matches decided.

Wednesday, *Nov.* 14.

The *Orford Cup* again contested. A sweepstakes of five guineas each, won by Lord Rivers's Romp, and another ditto by Mr. Wilkinson's Cumnor; and 19 matches run.

Thursday, *Nov.* 15.

The *Orford Cup* again contested, and 21 matches run.

Friday, *Nov.* 16.

The *Orford Cup* won by Mr. Fox's Elizabeth: a sweepstakes of five guineas each won by Mr. Wilkinson's Cumnor, and 17 matches decided.

IRELAND.

CURRAGH COURSING CLUB.

Monday, *Nov.* 26.

For the Sweepstakes, (First Class.)

First Course.—Lord Talbot's Syren beat Col. Bagot's Spring.
Second Course.—Lord Talbot's Mary beat Col. Keating's Whip.
Third Course.—Sir C. Coote's Cup beat Col. Bruen's Spring.
Fourth Course.—Sir C. Coote's Cream beat Lord Talbot's Triton.
Fifth Course.—Col. Bruen's Dart beat Sir C. Coote's Crow.

Tuesday, *(Second Class.)*

First Course.—Colonel Bruen's Dart beat Sir C. Coote's Cup.
Second Course.—Lord Talbot's Mary beat Sir C. Coote's Cream.
Third Course.—Sir C. Coote's Cat beat Lord Talbot's Syren.

(Third Class.)

Col. Bruen's Dart beat Sir C. Coote's Cat.

For the Sweepstakes.

Lord Talbot's Mary beat Col. Bruen's Dart.

Matches.

Col. Bruen's Lily beat Sir C. Coote's Cup.
Mr. L. Kelly's Flirt beat Col. Bruen's Meddler.
Capt. Dundas's Smoker beat Col. Bruen's Lily.
Major Keating's Spring beat Lord Talbot's Milton.
Major Keating's Whip beat Sir C. Coote's Cupid.

TROTTING-MATCHES.

A TROTTING-MATCH extraordinary took place (Dec. 20,) in the Green-Lanes, Newington, between Mr. T. Sadler and Mr. S. Harwood, for a wager of 50 guineas, the distance two miles. Mr. Sadler kept the lead for some time; but a gentleman's horse becoming unmanageable, passed Mr. Sadler on full gallop, and caused his horse to break; and while turning, Mr. Harwood came in contact. The latter gentleman was

thrown with some violence to the ground, but fortunately it did not prevent him from remounting, and coming in winner.

The greatest sporting-match known for some years in the trotting way, took place on the 14th instant, near Sunbury-common, for 500 guineas aside, between Mr. Hall's ch. mare, and Mr. Aldridge's br. mare, which were matched to trot against each other one mile, and on which immense sums of money were pending. The betting was six to four on Mr. Aldridge's mare, and five to four that the match would be done within three minutes. To carry 11 stone each. Won by Mr. Aldridge two seconds over three minutes. The bettings, of course, were lost. Mr. A.'s mare, at starting, took the lead; but it shortly broke into a gallop, and, consequently, was obliged to turn. Mr. A.'s mare is only 14½ hands —the loser's 15½ hands. *Umpires*—Messrs. Lawton and Hall. The loser was beaten by about 10 yards.

The other match, between Messrs. Fielder and Dyson, did not take place.

SHOOTING.

The accounts from different parts of the country, relative to the plenty or scarcity of *game*, are extremely contradictory, some representing it one way and others the other. This difference may be easily reconciled by considering the unfavorableness of the late season, which has driven the game from damp situations to others more dry and less exposed.

This will account for there being plenty of game in the latter, and very little in the former. Upon the whole, if the weather should change to dry and clear, and the same return to those lowland situations, from which it has been driven, it is to be expected that there will be found no deficiency, as has been apprehended by many persons, particularly when it is considered, that if the late season has been prejudicial

to the game, it has also been unfavorable to the pursuits of the sportsman, and the slaughter has consequently been much less considerable.

Grouse.—At a shooting-box of his grace the Duke of Rutland, called Bumper Castle, in Cumberland, no le-s than 664 were bagged by two gentlemen in one fortnight!

Partridges.—The supply of London has been very scanty, they being reported as very strong on the wing, and mostly old birds, the breeding season having been unfavorable. The same is said of the grouse in North Britain, there being scarcely a *cheeper* to be seen amongst them.

Rabbit-Shooting.—On the 15th Dec. Thomas Robins, Esq. while sporting near Tavistock, in Devonshire, having fired at a rabbit, which he wounded, two of the spaniels were so eager in pursuit of the animal, that rabbit and dogs, in skirting an old tin-shaft, fell in, a depth of 14 fathoms (84 feet). A miner was soon procured, who ventured down the shaft by a rope, and found one of the dogs at the bottom, not the least hurt; the other dog was missing and supposed to have escaped in an adit leading from the mine. The rabbit was dead.

Sir Harry Featherstonhaugh has been entertaining a select party of noblemen and gentlemen at Up-Park, who, in four mornings, brought nearly 1000 head of game to the bag from six guns. Mr. Delme betted the Marquis of Anglesea 100 guineas that he killed 100 hares in a given time, which was lost, as he bagged but 98! Does this look like a scarcity of game?

PRESERVATION OF GAME.

Unlawful Use of Spring-guns.—Two very serious and nearly fatal accidents occurred a few days since at Bankwood, near Bretton, occasioned by those detestable engines of destruction—spring-guns. Mr. H. Tinker, of Shepley, who is a gentleman having a certificate under the game-laws, was invited by a Mr. Hutchinson, of Bank-house, to spend a few days with him, to shoot upon his property. During his visit he went, accompanied by his servant, into Bank-Wood, (which adjoins Mr. Wilkinson's house, the property of Mr. Stuart Wortley, and in the royalty of Col. Beaumont of Bretton Hall.) They entered the wood by a private foot-path, and had not proceeded far, when the servant, running to pick up a bird, stumbled over the wire of a spring-gun, the contents of which were lodged in his legs and feet. Mr. Tinker, who was hastening with the same intention, had only proceeded a short distance further, when he became entangled in the wires of another gun, which also exploded; the contents lodged principally in the right arm and shoulder of this gentleman, though a considerable number of the slugs entered the head and body; one of them passed through the cheek into the mouth; a number of shots were also lodged in both thighs, and only a single shot took place beneath the knee. Surgical aid was instantly procured. The servant is pronounced out of danger, but Mr. Tinker is still considered to be in an alarming situation.

Independently of the *question of conscience*, whether a few wild-fowl are worth the killing and maiming of one's fellow-creatures, these destructive engines are declared, by the very highest legal decision, to be *unlawful*. Would it not be more humane, as well as more useful, to endeavour to increase and preserve the game by other *lawful* methods, such, for instance, as that pointed out in the following letter from one of our correspondents?

To the Editor of the SPORTING REPOSITORY.

SIR,

As the last two or three years were very bad breeding seasons with the partridges, there seems to be great danger of these delicious birds becoming extinct, or, at any rate, very scarce, except on the largest estates; my motive for writing to you on the subject, is to propose, to some worthy member of parliament, to bring in an act, to prevent partridge-shooting from commencing, in future, until the 14th of September, instead of the first; as, in my opinion, and in that of most fair sportsmen, more birds are destroyed in the first 14 days, than in double that time at any other part of the season. This would also stop the unpleasant way in which sporting is carried on to the farmer, in a late harvest like the last. I understand, some years since, shooting was postponed by Parliament, and that the next season was productive beyond example. I have many arguments in support of my request, but will not trespass on your pages by now stating them; in hopes my hint may be attended to, I am, with good wishes for your new undertaking,

SIR,

Your obedient servant,

A QUALIFIED SPORTSMAN AND FARMER.

21*st Dec.* 1821.

HAWKING, OR FALCONRY.

THIS most ancient, royal, noble, and elegant diversion has sunk into much neglect, among the civilized nations of Europe. Notwithstanding which it is the sport best calculated for the enjoyment of both the sexes in company; it displays their skill and gracefulness on horse-back to the greatest advantage; and, with respect to the fair-sex, it is divested of that dan-

A HAWK,

Of the Gentle Falcon Species.

The Property of Sir Francis Sykes Bart.

ger of broken limbs, and indelicate exposure, of which they run so great a risk in following the chase with the hounds. So greatly to advantage as the whole of the *Brunswick* family confessedly appear on horseback, it is to be wondered at, that they have never thought of reviving this amusement—the delight of the ancient kings of England, in which country it may be denominated a *primitive* sport! Britain and Thrace are the only countries where we have any evidence that this diversion was anciently used; and, of the latter, Pliny obscurely alludes to it as the diversion of only a particular district. Gibbon observes, that hawking was scarcely known to the Romans in the days of Vespasian; yet it was introduced soon afterwards, most probably through their intercourse with the Britons. From a curious, but well-authenticated tract of English history, it appears that the invasion of Britain, by the Danes, was occasioned by the assassination of Lodbrog, the father of Hinguar and Hubba, who, embarking with his *hawks* and dogs, and being driven on the coast of Norfolk, grew so much in favor with the king of the East Angles, for his skill in *hawking*, that Berice, the king's *falconer*, murdered him through jealousy, and to revenge his death, was the motive of the first landing of the Danes in hostile array. (During the reign of Egbert 828 to 838.)

That the *fair-sex* were early enamoured with this sport, we may gather from an ancient sculpture, in the church of Milton Abbas, in Dorsetshire, where the consort of King Athelstan appears with a *falcon* on her hand, tearing a bird. (925 to 941.)

Harold, afterwards king of England, is painted going on a most important embassy, with a hawk on his hand, and a dog under his arm. (About 1030.)

King John received of Jeoffrey Fitzpierre *two good Norway hawks*, to obtain leave to export 100 cwt. of cheese; and Nicholas, the Dane, was to give a *hawk* every time he entered the kingdom to traffic; hence, it appears, the Norwegian breed was so much in repute, as to be deemed a bribe for a king. (1199 to 1216.)

King Edward III., writes Froissart, in chap. 210, had with him, in his army, " trente fauconniers à cheval, chargez d'oiseaux, et bien soixante couples de forts chiens et autant de levriers: dont il alloit chaque jour ou en chace ou en riviere, ainsi que il lui plaisoit." Thirty falconers on horseback, carrying birds, and besides 60 couples of strong dogs, and as many greyhounds, with which he hunted every day on land or water, as he liked best. In the 34th of this king's reign (1361) it was made felony to steal a hawk; to take its eggs, even in a person's own ground, was punishable with imprisonment for a year and a day, and a fine at the king's pleasure; in Queen Elizabeth's reign, the imprisonment was reduced to three months; but the offender was to find security for his good behaviour, for seven years, or lie in prison till he did. Such was the enviable state of the times in *old* England, that the inferior rank of people, by the most unjust and arbitrary laws, were liable to capital punishments, to fines, and imprisonment, for destroying the most noxious of all the feathered tribes!!

Henry IV. granted to Sir John Stanley the Isle of Man, to be held by homage and service of *two falcons*, payable on each coronation-day; and Philip de Hastang held the manor of Combertown, in Cambridgeshire, by the service of keeping the king's falcons. (1399 to 1413).

Henry VI. is represented, at his nuptials, attended by a nobleman with his falcon, (about 1450;) in short, a person of rank scarcely went abroad without a hawk on his hand, which, in old paintings, is the criterion of nobility.

The Welch had an old saying, that one may know a gentleman by his hawk, horse, and greyhound; and amongst the English, in those days, it was thought sufficient for noblemen to winde their horn, and to carry the hawk fair, and leave study and learning to the children of mean people.'

Chaucer, verse 13,655, describes Sire Thopas as following this knightly sport:

' He code hunte at the wild dere,
' And ride on hauking for the rivere,
' With gray goshauk on honde:'

And *Spenser*, in Elizabeth's days, makes it a prominent feature in the education of Sir Tristram:

> 'Ne is there hauke that mantleth on her pearch,
> 'Whether high-tow'ring, or accoasting low,
> 'But I the measure of her flight doe search,
> 'And all her prey and all her dyet knowe.'

In the reign of James I. Sir Thomas Monson is said to have given 1000*l.* for a *cast of hawks.*

So lately as 1670, Mr. *Walton*, in his '*Compleat Angler*,' speaks of *hawking* as entering into competition with hunting or fishing, and gives a list of the various hawks used in the sport, as if it were then much in vogue.

The falcons, or hawks, that were formerly in use, still breed in Wales, North Britain, and its Isles. The peregrine falcon inhabits the rocks of Caernarvonshire; the same species, with the gyr-falcon, the gentil, and the gos-hawk, are found in Scotland, and also the lanner.

This sport, too, has one other recommendation to the *great people*, who appear to be so fond of keeping up a distinction in their amusements: *it cannot be attained by the lower classes!* The training of hawks requires so much skill, labour, and perseverance, as renders a bird, fit for the sport, above the reach of any one but a man of fortune, as in the case of Sir Thomas Monson, above cited. It must be, therefore, wholly confined to the great and the rich!

It was said, not long since, that his grace of Rutland had formed the intention of reviving this sport in its ancient splendour. It would be a much nobler pursuit than visiting the *hells* of the metropolis, or many other *fancy-sports*, which at present attract too many of the nobility, and persons of fortune. Col. Thornton made somewhat of an attempt, and evinced its practicability, but he had either too much versatility, or too little weight, to carry it through, or lead the fashion.

The hawk, of which a portrait is given in this number, was engraved from a painting, made from the life, by Mr. Barenger, already mentioned under the head '*hunting*,' by

permission of the proprietor, Sir Francis Sykes, of Basildon Park, near Reading, Berks, Bart.; who also, with the utmost urbanity and condescension, favored us, by letter, with the following account of those fine specimens of the feathered creation:—"They were beautiful birds, (Sir Francis had two —sisters) and both females, of the gentle falcon species. They are very rare birds in this country; but a few are to be obtained from four or five hills in Scotland, the names of which I am quite incorrect about; therefore, cannot inform you at present. Hawking is a fine amusement in an open country; but trees and hedges always spoil your sport, as every thing flies to hedge or tree, when pursued by a hawk."

It is truly gratifying to find gentlemen of such rank, affluence, and talent, as Sir Francis Sykes, Sir Edward Poore, and other eminent sportsmen, to whom we have made application, thus readily communicating their stores of information, for the public gratification, which no expense or pains of a single individual could otherwise possibly supply the want of. It augurs well for our undertaking, which we are determined to conduct on such principles of strict propriety and accuracy, as to admit no articles which we shall not have taken every previous pains to authenticate. We, therefore, confidently presume to solicit the communications of gentlemen from every part of the kingdom, to which we shall do the most ample justice in our power, to merit their future favors, as well as the public patronage.

ARCHERY.

In ancient times the bow was the chief implement of war, and by the expertness of the archers was often decided the fate of battles and of empires. To an improvement of this weapon, termed the *cross-bow*, our hardy forefathers were principally indebted for their glorious victories over the

French at Agincourt, Cressy, and Poictiers. And hence the English archers, in particular, became the most renowned in all Europe. Previously to the invention of gunpowder and fire-arms, the bow formed, and still remains, among many rude nations, yet strangers to the new inventions, the principal weapon used in *hunting* the wild animals of the forest, and killing the birds of the air, and the fishes of the waters, for their ordinary subsistence. The old ballad of *Chevy-Chase*, which will, perhaps, last as long as the English language, proclaims the feats of the bold outlaw, *Robin Hood*, and his warlike fellows, with this, then formidable, weapon. It would appear that the first use of the *arbalest* or *cross-bow* was introduced into England by William the Conqueror, as it is recorded that there were a considerable number of bowmen in his army, whilst no mention of such troops is made on Harold's side. An act, made in the 5th year of Edward IV. directs that every Englishman shall have a bow of his own height, of yew, wych, hazel, ash, or auburn; and that butts shall be made in every township which the inhabitants are to shoot up and down every feast-day, under the penalty of a halfpenny, when they shall omit this exercise. Several other statutes were made in succeeding reigns, for the promotion of archery; and in the eighth year of Charles I. that king issued a commission to the chancellor, lord-mayor, and several of his privy-council, to prevent the fields near London from being inclosed, "so as to interrupt the necessary and profitable exercise of shooting," and, also, to lower the mounds, where they prevented the view from one mark to another.

In 1753, targets were erected in the Finsbury-fields during the Easter and Whitsun holidays; when the best shooter was named captain, during the ensuing year, and the second, lieutenant.

Archery was again revived, about 40 years afterwards, when there were toxopholite exhibitions, in the neighbourhood of Bedford-square, and in a subscription-ground at Holloway, near Highgate. There is still one at Bayswater, but very little used.

As a manly exercise, however, the practice of archery has been revived, and still continues in various societies in Britain; as the toxopholite –woodmen of Arden—the royal company of archers in Scotland, &c. And, as conferring strength and health, and bestowing an elegance and gracefulness of attitude in *both sexes*, it forms an innocent amusement which we should be happy to see still further cultivated and countenanced.

THE SECOND DERBYSHIRE BOW-MEETING

Took place at Edensor, on Monday, the 10th Sept. and was numerously and brilliantly attended. His grace of Devonshire, and many others of the nobility, were present, and the sports took place within sight of Chatsworth. To Miss Brent and Miss Crawford were adjudged the two chief lady's prizes: the gentlemen's were won by Colonel Clows and the Rev. J. Hurst. Other innocent sports succeeded the graceful display of archery, and a dinner, tea, country-dancing and quadrilles, followed each other, under a tasteful canopy, on the open grounds, until midnight, when the company reluctantly separated, highly gratified by their entertainment.

THE BOW-MEETING

Of Mr. Pelham, at Whittington-Castle, was, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, numerously attended by the archers, and some excellent shooting took place.

ANGLING.

This diversion undergoes less variation than any other whatever; so that, in fact, all the modern treatises on this subject, are nothing more than the '*Complete Angler*' of

Mr. Isaac Walton, and Charles Cotton, Esq., newly revived. The very same modes of preparing the fishing-tackle; the very same receipts for compounding the baits, making the artificial flies, scouring the worms, gentles, &c., are now in vogue as were practised for two centuries back, and will ever so, as the nature of fishes will be ever the same and invariable; and man has made himself master of the baits most attractive of the different species, and of the different seasons for making use of them. We shall, therefore, have to notice under this head only the biography of famous sportsmen, and such remarkable occurrences, as they meet with in their pursuits; which to the young, gay, and giddy, however tiresome, monotonous, and insipid they may seem; yet to persons of a sedate and reflecting mind, afford indescribable delight, as they may enjoy their sports and contemplations at one and the same time, retired from the prying eye of idle curiosity, and undisturbed by the 'busy hum of men.'

EXTRAORDINARY TROUT FISHING.

A Mr. Thomas Vigor, formerly of Fleet-street, and Mr. Joseph Hodgkinson, of Arundel-street (both great lovers of angling) were in the habit of going to Batty's, the Black Lion at Hoddesdon, on the river Lea. At King's Weir, in the Old River, is a famous apron, under which trout, of the largest size, find harbour. On one of the excursions of these gentlemen, a trout of the largest size was hooked, but broke the hook in an instant. They went after it nine Saturdays following, and (most remarkable!) they hooked every time. Mr. Hodgkinson got tackle made on purpose by old Chevalier of Bell-yard, Temple-bar. The relator of this account was by him when he caught the fish with a minnow, and did his utmost to hold him. He fairly turned him, when the fish gave a wonderful slap with his tail, and broke the hook in half. The astonishment of Mr. Hodgkinson was so great, that though a very powerful man, of strong nerves, he trembled and turned very pale. The next week, Mr. Vigor caught

the same fish with a worm, and got his line clear of the apron. He then gave him full play: and getting into a punt, after three quarters of an hour, the fish lay apparently lifeless on his side. He was putting in his landing-net, when the fish made a last struggle: the line caught on the gunnel of the boat, and away he went with the hook, girt, and two yards of line. However, he had gorged the hook, and was found dead about a week after, when he weighed upwards of nine pounds!

THE following has been handed to us by an old experienced London sportsman, as an invaluable secret to his brother anglers, for attracting fishes to the spot where it is intended to try for them. He drills a hole through a large piece of *soap-boilers' greaves*, puts a cord through it, and throws it in, overnight, at the place where he intends to fish the next morning. This stuff is so hard and firm, that it will not dissolve in cold water; yet attracts the fishes in numbers, and keeps them nibbling—tantalizing rather than satiating them, as is not the case with grains and other loose bait, which renders them indifferent to the real bait, when thrown into them. On the contrary, this method renders them so voracious, as to seize and gorge the bait the instant they perceive it; and we have often seen him produce from his basket such stores of finny prey, as to fully convince us of his skill and success.

BIOGRAPHY

OF EMINENT DECEASED, OR LIVING, SPORTING CHARACTERS.

THE LATE SIR THOMAS CHARLES BUNBURY.

Sir T. C. Bunbury, of Bunbury, Cheshire, Baronet, was born in May, 1740, and succeeded his father, the Rev. Sir William, on the 11th of June, 1761. He married June 21st,

1762, Sarah, daughter of Charles the second Duke of Richmond, from whom he was divorced by act of parliament in 1776. The Baronet was an officer in the Suffolk militia, and an ardent lover of the pursuits of the turf, at a period when a misfortune the most acute to a feeling mind, had nearly deprived society of a man, who was destined at once to delight and to ornament it. But as distance of space softens objects, so it has been wisely ordained by Providence, that distance of time should wear away the most poignant of human afflictions, and as one tie on the affections gives way, another should lay hold, with firmer grasp, to supply the place of the former. After a lapse of time, the baronet's ardour for the turf returned, and never lost its hold to the last moment of existence. Sir Charles may be truly said to have lived and died on the turf, whose *slippery* course he trod with undeviating honor, and with the character of a true sportsman, more through the love of the sport than of any adventitious profit. To sum up all in a word, it would be impossible to describe the qualities and genius of the worthy baronet, in his sphere of action. Like those of a *Garrick*, they could be known and appreciated only by his *contemporaries.*

The loss of this worthy veteran, so distinguished in the racing annals, has left a chasm, which will not be easily filled up. But, as all vegetation undergoes a natural decay in winter; and, in spring, pushes forth new leaves, blos-oms, buds, and fruit; so, in human affairs, nature keeps up a constant succession of every variety of species and character, and, we may presume to hope, among so many young men of eminence—aspirants for turf-fame—as now grace the scene, a successor will, ere long, spring up, who will run a similar honorable career, and end his course with an equally fair-fame.

THE EARL OF EGREMONT.

THIS noble veteran, of sporting celebrity, was born in 1751, and succeeded to his father's title and estates on the 10th of August, 1761. As a staunch sportsman this noble

man has, for a long series of years, supported his character on the turf and in the field, with all the dignity becoming his elevated station and high lineage. As a *bon vivant*, the hospitality of his lordship's seat, at Petworth, in Sussex, and his affability and condescension to all his sporting friends and guests, are too well known to need a comment. As a politician, we shall refrain from giving any opinion on his lordship's character, as it does not fall within the scope of our undertaking, and it is our intention to adhere strictly to the adage of '*ne sutor ultra crepidam.*' The conduct of every *public character* varies as it is drawn by the hands of party, and party has but two colours—black and white; so that the same character, as it falls under the pencil of artists of either party, will be diametrically opposite. To give the most striking illustration of this point, we need only instance the late right honorables W. Pitt and C. J. Fox, who are either political gods or devils, as they are pourtrayed by friends or foes. At all events, it falls not to our lot *tantas componere lites;* we shall, therefore, content ourselves with saying, that as a sportsman and a philanthropist, whenever our worthy veteran departs this stage of life, he may well take leave of the world, in the words of the Latin Dramatist, Terence, '*valete et plaudite!*'

THE DUKE OF GRAFTON

Is a staunch supporter of the turf and of the field. To a high taste for literature, his grace also adds the character of being a patron of literary merit, which his penetrating genius discovers in obscurity, and his munificent liberality, without waiting for supplication or adulation, warms with its genial rays, and cherishes into expanded existence. His grace was the first and unsolicited patron of the poet *Bloomfield.* (See Biography of the Author, prefixed to his incomparable poem of the *Farmer's Boy.*)

THE LATE AND PRESENT EARLS GROSVENOR.

THIS may truly be said to have been a sporting family; Sir Richard Grosvenor, the grandfather of the present earl, was a most celebrated fox-hunter. One blood-hunter, Belford, got by Cade, the baronet rode stag and fox-hunting seven successive seasons, and he was allowed to be the best hunter ever known in Cheshire. It is said, that Shropshire owes its present system of breeding to the late Earl Grosvenor. They have, at present, a great number of stallions, for the most part thorough-bred, some of them let out *gratis* by the favour of the present earl, who patriotically wishes to encourage the breeding of horses in those parts, so well calculated for the purpose. The late Earl Grosvenor was the first patron of the late Mr. Stubbs, the horse and cattle painter, who soon grew into such celebrity, as to be employed by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, (his present Majesty); his Royal Highness the Duke of York; the Dukes of Queensbury, Richmond, and Grafton; the Earl of Egremont, Sir Joseph Banks, Colonel O'Kelly, Colonel Thornton, Christopher Wilson, Esq. General Stibbert, &c. This example and encouragement begat a new branch of the art in the *sporting line*, in which numerous other candidates for fame sprang up, such as Chalons, Cooper, Hill, Ward, Gilpin, Reinagle, Marshall, Barenger, &c. and stamped the fame of England, all over the world, for sporting subjects. His lordship's collection, in that line, has the fame of being the finest in existence.

JOHN TROTT, ESQ.

THE following account of the above gentleman, who resided near Honiton, in Devonshire, fell under the observation of the Editor, who knew him well, and excited the deepest sympathy amongst all the friends and acquaintance of so amiable a character. Though residing in a distant part of the country, and ranking not among the higher class of sportsmen, yet no man ever obtained more esteem within

his circumscribed sphere of action; none ever died more deeply regretted and lamented than this true country gentleman and sportsman, of the old school. Mr. Trott was at once an attorney *(mirabile dictu!)* and a country gentleman, combining practice with pleasure, and frugality with hospitality. His practice was not very extensive; neither did he wish it to be so, as he was possessed of an income of 7 or 800*l.* a year, and was passed the meridian of life; but what little he did, was to the benefit of the whole neighbourhood, as he allayed, rather than inflamed, the spirit of litigation, and deservedly obtained the dignified appellation of *honest John Trott.* Possessed of such an income, a substantial house, a good hunter, hounds: his life was a scene of happy tranquillity and enjoyment, enlivened by a most social disposition, and the respect and esteem of all who knew him. In this situation he was marked out by a Mr. E—ch——h, who had been a merchant at Tiverton, in the same county, and had failed there. He pointed out to Mr. Trott the immense advantage which would accrue from a speculation in the *hermitage* wine of France, the sale of which Mr. Trott could encourage in his social parties, which was all that he would be required to do; Mr. E—— undertaking the buying, freight, landing, warehousing, &c.; but the material part was, that Mr. Trott's credit was to be at stake for all. He fell into the snare—the speculation was ruinous—and his whole property was seized and brought to the hammer! He, conscious of integrity, was present during the whole of the sale, which he apparently beheld with the apathy of a stoic; but though a number of sympathising friends offered him every service in their power, and he might still have lived most respectably, on the profits of his profession, yet the last blow of the auctioneer's hammer was the signal of separation of his soul from its frail tenement! He survived but a few days, and the earth shrouded, in its bosom, the remains of as honest a man as ever existed upon the face of it.

PEDESTRIANISM.

THE rage for pedestrian feats seems to have not at all subsided; and it having been ascertained that the powers of the biped exceed those of the quadruped, for a long distance and continuance, the former now seems anxious to make trial of his fleetness for a short course. Man is not aware of the extent of his muscular strength, when called into activity and fully exerted.

A Mr. Miles, a half-pay officer, at Nutfield, near Croydon, in Surrey, undertook for a bet of 150 guineas to do 10 miles in 55 minutes. The trial took place on the 10th Oct. last. Seven and six to four were betted against the performance, but time was beaten by seven seconds, as follows:—

The first 2 miles in	10 minutes	31 seconds
2	10	52
2	11	6
2	11	10
2	11	14

The Pedestrian stopped twice to refresh himself, and his feat ranks foremost of short matches against time.

YESTERDAY morning (Dec. 20,) Mr. F. Duttry, a gentleman of fortune, at the west end of the town, started for a wager of 100 sovereigns to go five miles in half-an-hour; and, the unfavourable state of the weather considered, six and seven to four were betted against him. The spot chosen was a mile on the Edgeware-road. Mr. Duttry did

1 mile in	5 minutes	20 seconds
2	5	16
3	6	
4	6	9
5	6	
5	28	45

winning by one minute fifteen seconds.

WRIGHT, the pedestrian, undertook on Monday, 17th Dec., to walk 100 miles at Hull, one mile in and out, in 24 hours, which he accomplished upon the Analby-road, 22 minutes within the given time!

THE four miles match between Beal, a celebrated Yorkshire runner, and Ashton, the best production of Lancashire, took place on Monday, Dec. 31, over Pontefract race-course; Beal won it by 500 yards in 21¾ minutes.

PUGILISM.

THE opinions of men of the most enlightened understandings, and of many of the most eminent legislators, have been divided respecting this favourite *amusement* of the lower orders of the British public: some stigmatizing prize-fights as brutal to excess, and a degradation of human nature; others upholding them as tending to a display of manly activity and courage, and keeping alive the independent spirit of *free-born Britons*. That they have been so long, not only tolerated, but supported by men of the highest rank, is one evidence in their favour; and that several thousands of pounds should have been won by a colonel in the British army, on the last fight between Randall and Martin, is a proof of the importance attached to them. The opinion of his late majesty, whose prudence, love of order, and correctness of ideas, are allowed on all hands, was sufficiently disclosed by his injunctions on those about the royal person—*not to interfere with the sports of the people*. Pugilism having thus, if not received the side-wind sanction, at least been regarded with the eye of forbearance, by royalty itself, we think ourselves justified in ranking it among *British Sports;* but we shall refrain from being so prolix on this head as to prove tiresome, or so minute in the detail as to give disgust to delicate minds. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to general outlines of

those contests, which shall have excited the most curiosity, and give them in such terms as may not offend against even female decorum.

HICKMAN AND NEATE.

HICKMAN (nick-named *Gas*, from his having been in the employ of one of the Gas-light Companies) stands in height 5 feet 9½ inches; and is 11 stone 11 pounds, fighting weight. Besides a number of minor battles, his first regular stage-fight was with Crawley, whom he beat in 13 minutes. He then conquered Cooper in 13 minutes and a half, and next Oliver in 13 minutes.

NEATE (a master-butcher in St. James's Market, Bristol) stands 5 feet 11½ inches, and is 13 stone 7 pounds. He has fought several battles in his neighbourhood, but only once appeared against a London man, Oliver, whom he beat in style. A match was talked of between Neate and Spring, but it was off, through the former having broken his arm. At the time of making good the money, Hickman's friends backed him at 6 to 4, so long as there were any takers.

THE FIGHT.

On Tuesday, the 11th of Dec. the opposite parties from London and Bristol met on the downs, near Hungerford, Berks, about 65 miles from the former city. Notwithstanding the great distance, there were vast numbers of able *conveyancers* and *riflemen* (pick-pockets) from London, who were, without doubt, met by a nearly equal number of *doubtful characters* from Bristol. The chief attractions were the *presumed* invincibility of Hickman, and the determined courage of Neate; science was not expected, which the *sparring exhibitions* of both shewed they were pretty equally deficient of. The spectators were, therefore, not disappointed in this point; *Gas*, in every round, attempting to *bore in* and plant his favourite right-handed blow on the left jowl of his adversary; (by which manœuvre he had gained all his former battles) but being prevented by the longer reach and *slaughtering* left hand of the *butcher*. In the

10th round, Hickman bled profusely from his right eye, and in a subsequent round he received a *flush* hit in the throat, which distressed him very much. At the close of the 13th round, Hickman had received enough to satisfy any man but a *glutton*, and his friends should have taken him off; but he made play, without hope, to the end of the 18th round, when he was knocked into a state of insensibility, and could not come again in time *to the scratch*. Hickman was frequently *floored* in the fight; but Neate was *grassed* only twice. The 18 rounds occupied 24 minutes; Hickman was so severely punished, that it was hardly thought possible he could recover; but Neate did not appear to have suffered any inconveniency. Belcher and Harmer officiated in the ring for Neate, and Shelton and Spring for Hickman. One of the newspapers states the aggregate loss of bets at *one hundred and fifty thousand pounds!* But *credat Judæus*—tell it not at *Hogs-Norton*.

Thus was *London gas-light* extinguished, and Bristol *tallow* blazed away in full splendour. Hickman's supposed invincibility (like that of Buonaparte) was disproved, although he proved himself to be (what the London heroes of the fist always affected to disbelieve) a *game-fighter*, and a *sound-bottomed* man. If to a certain degree of science, he would add the advantage of hitting out with his left-hand as well as his right, he might make his conqueror's laurels shake in another contest.

Neate will now, probably, claim the high-sounding title of *Pugilistic Champion of England*, as Cribb would be unwise to risk his laurels against an opponent so much younger than himself; and he is also too well situated in life (as a jolly good publican) to stake his hard-earned *otium cum dignitate* against *a fanciful honour* —that of being at the top of the *Fancy*.

DISGRACEFUL TRANSACTION.

We cannot avoid noticing, under the head of Pugilism, as disgraceful and unmanly an act as any upon record:—an act which no circumstances can justify, and which will long redound to the dishonour and disgrace of the perpetrator, the particulars of which are as follow:—Cy. Davis, (cousin to Neat, the champion,) well known in the ring, was called from home (Friday the 11th inst.) on particular busi-

ness; on his return through Smithfield, he was met by an intimate friend, with whom he stepped into the Greyhound, intending only to remain a few minutes. No sooner had he entered than he was accosted in the most insulting manner by Shelton. Davis, quite surprised at such unprovoked treatment, asked the meaning of his conduct! Shelton, without hesitation, dragged him from his seat, at the same time exclaiming, with a most sarcastic grin, "Here's a pretty *thing* for you!" with several other epithets too opprobrious for insertion in our Magazine. Davis immediately placed himself in a fighting attitude, as did the other. The first blow given by Davis, disencumbered his opponent of one of his front teeth. Mutual blows were exchanged till both fell; in the scuffle to rise, Shelton seized hold of Davis by his neckerchief, pulled him off the floor, and gave him a most tremendous blow in the face; this he repeated three times, still holding him by the neckerchief, by which he dragged him forward at every blow! By this brutal act, the knot became so tightly drawn up to his throat, that, on releasing him, he fell, senseless, to the floor, completely strangulated. Immediate assistance was afforded him, and it was not till a lapse of 15 minutes that animation was restored. On cutting off his neckerchief, for it was impossible to untie it, an indentation of uncommon depth was discovered to have been made on the back of his neck! The landlord of the Greyhound (with whom Davis is on terms of intimacy,) used all his influence to prevent it, as did some other persons present. What the result will be is yet to be developed. We hope such conduct will not pass unnoticed.

SPORTING, OR FANCY-HOUSES.

Tom Belcher keeps the Castle Tavern (better known by the name of the *Daffy*) in Holborn, nearly opposite Chancery-lane. It is kept in style, frequented by the higher sort, who here hold their *pugilistic parliament*, and may be visited by *country gentlemen*, without risk of being *milled*, or *queered*, as *flats*.

Tom Cribb (the *ci-devant* champion of England) has also a public-house in Oxendon-street, Haymarket. There is a good parlour, resorted to by genteel company, where civility and decorum are the *orders of the day*. Tom is a quiet, good-natured, conversible man, worthy of that encouragement which he meets with.

Ben Burn has his share of business at the Sun, in Windmill-street; *Randall* at the Hole-in-the-wall, Chancery-lane; *Harmer* at the Plough, Smithfield; and *Spring*, *Shelton*, and *Cyrus Davis*, are publicans also.

SPARRING EXHIBITIONS.

The Fives' Court, in St. Martin's-street, Leicester-square, and the Tennis Court, Windmill-street, Haymarket, afford sparring exhibitions for the benefits of *old and young stagers*. Admittance three shillings each person. The latter court is open by subscription amongst gentlemen on particular evenings, and there is also one or two public days in a week.

PUGILISTIC SCHOOLS IN THE METROPOLIS.

Field-marshal Jackson has an *academy* at No. 9, Old Bond-street, which is accessible only to amateurs of the first order, where he teaches the *fistic art*, and provides every thing necessary for that purpose.

The veteran, *Dan Mendoza*, has also a school, near the Eagle Tavern in the City-road. Though inferior to the preceding, in the same ratio as the east is to the west end of the town, yet Dan reckons among his pupils many dashing city blades and aspirants for pugilistic fame, whom *he*, himself, ranks among the best sparrers of the day. Six lessons complete the course of *practical manœuvres*.

MARTIN AND RANDALL.

In a letter addressed to the editor of a weekly paper, Martin repeats his challenge to Randall to another trial of skill and manhood; which, according to his statement, Randall positively refuses, notwithstanding his public acceptance of a former one; he adds, that if Randall does not give some explanation of his conduct, he shall leave gentlemen to draw their own conclusions; but that, for himself, he shall consider him as a *rank cur*, and will fight him for *love!*

THE COACHMAN.

A SKETCH.

BY A MEMBER OF THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB.

> The Coachman's eye, in a fine phrenzy rolling,
> Doth glance from right to left, from left to right,
> And as imagination bodies forth
> The distant vehicle, the dexterous jehu
> Keeps his own side, and gives the passer by
> A nod of gratulation or contempt.

There is something in the nature of a stage-coachman that *smacks*, like his own whip, of conscious importance. He is the elect of the road on which he travels, the illustrious imitated of thousands. Talk of the king, indeed—the king even on his own highway, is but "cakes and gingerbread" to the jehu. For him John Boots whistles welcome, not so much *through* the goodness of his disposition, as *through* his teeth, and the publican waxes honest in his gin; for him Betsey, the pretty bar-maid, displays the symmetry of a well-turned ankle, and the landlady speaks volumes in a squint.

Survey him as he bowls along the road, fenced in coats,

numerous as the seven bull-hides of Ajax. Listen to the untutored melody of his voice, as he practices the word of exhortation to his tits, and enforces his doctrine with the whip. Hark! already he is entering the village—the horn sounds, the leaders rattle along the streets—the whip "discourses sweet music," and out rush the neighbourhood to bid him welcome as he passes. Survey his importance; to some of them he gives a cool nod, to others a smile of recognition, but thrice happy is he who is honored with "go it, Jemmy." Beatified James! thou hast lived eternity in a moment. *Felix heu nimium felix tua si bona norîs.*

Let none despise his calling, for be it known that the coachman, with his brotherhood of horse-dealers, is of infinite antiquity. Nestor is the first horse-dealer on record, the jockey as well as the statesman. Is it a degradation to be classed with Nestor? No.

There is the degree of coachman alike ancient and honorable. In the nature of his vocation, the coachman bears no indistinct resemblance to the poet. The one gives the reins to his horses, the other to his imagination; and when either run away, the consequences are equally hazardous. The poet's eye in a fine phrenzy rolls, so does the coachman's. The poet drives his steed along the high-road to Parnassus, and waters at the Castalian fount; the coachman, more terrestrial in his calling, drives his tits along the king's high-way, and waters them at the horse-trough of the village ale-house. The poet is the child of feeling, ditto the coachman. The one feels what he writes, the other what he drives—The one gets drunk with inspiration, the other with gin; and, finally, the one gives spur to his Pegassus, the other to his offside leaders.

Independently of other advantages our hero is illustrious from his connexion with classical lore. Pelops was a coachman, and has been immortalized for his ability to drive at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, by the first of Grecian bards. The history of his ivory arm is nothing more than a poetical illustration of the merits of his whip-hand. He fractured it, it

seems, in driving, for a wager, against king Anomaus, a brother whip, but it was so well set by Æsculapius, the first surgeon and accoucheur of his day, that popular ignorance, unable to account for the cure, ascribed the merit of it to Ceres. Hippolytus, the amiable Greek dandy Hippolytus, with whom Diana herself was detected in a *faux-pas*, was another notorious coachman, and kept the most fashionable curricle of his day. But he was a rash, though an expert whip, and paid the forfeit of his temerity by a fall from his vehicle, on a dark night, when there were no lamps lit. I might quote divers other instances, which, as Valpy's Grammar expresses it, "a familiarity with the best writers will easily suggest;" but there would be no end to my essay, for in good sooth, "hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise," when I attempt to enumerate the charioteers, whom, in my shool-days, I have been taught to reverence.

But, in addition to such classical associations, the coachman is celebrated for the morality with which his name is connected. "All the world's a stage," says Shakspeare, and time may be considered as the jehu who trundles it along the high-road of life to eternity. To reflective minds this association will appear obvious; and, in his more serious moments, the philosopher will love to consider a journey to Bath as a type of his journey to eternity. And now, that I am on the subject of eternity, let me shed a tear for thee, who hast already finished thy course; illustrious hell-fire Dick, or, if too familiarly I address thy shade—Pandemonium Richard! thou wert the Shakspeare of coachmen—the lucifer of Cambridge. Grateful was the hour, when, as the college bells rung for evening prayers, I encountered thy sainted form in stables, of which Augæas might be vain. Triumphant was the moment, when, under thy superintending kindness, I bowled along the course to Newmarket, and symphonious the voice of thy whip, as it smacked sweet music along the gay-decked Trumpington road. But these times are for ever vanished, and the tophet of Cambridge is more! Thou art gone, sulphureous Richard, where Numa and Ancus have gone before thee, while melancholy remembrance can alone exclaim, "*Virgilium vidi.*"

Hark! to the hurried accents of despair,
Where is Dick Vaughan? and echo answers "where?"

"My muse—turn from him—turn we to survey" another instance of the importance of the coachman in the tender affections with which his vocation is associated. He is the winged Mercury of love—the Cupid of Valentine's day,—the legal conveyancer of reciprocal esteem from friend to friend. He alone can "speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul" at the somewhat expeditious pace of seven miles an hour, and bring the travelled husband to the anticipative optics of his wife. Sweet to behold him in a calm evening of summer, bowling along the village enshrined like Ixion in a cloud—of dust, with a crew of breechless urchins, screaming welcome as he passes. A smile is on the face of the hamlet, and even the schoolsmaster doffs his hat at his approach. The maid-servant rushes out in hope of a packet from her lover; and the barber with the weekly newspaper tossed down to him from the box, flies pregnant with greatness to be delivered at the village ale-house.

With respect to his accomplishments, they are certainly few but select. If his conversation has not the copious elegance of Coleridge, it has all the easy copiousness of nature, with expletive beauties more peculiarly its own. It is at once nervous, flowing, and anecdotal—garnished with a few anathematical execrations, which give it the full force of the celebrated apostrophy of Demosthenes to the shades of the Marathonian dead; which leads me to conjecture that the dialect of the one is nothing more than a ramification of the Ionian dialect of the other; incorporated, as is frequently the case, with the native idiom of our language.

In the fashionable science of music, the coachman is no mean proficient. His school, as Lord Byron said of Christabello, is "wild and singularly original and beautiful," and not unfrequently contrives to "match a grace beyond the reach of art." Some, however, prefer the Italian—others, the Irish—others, the English—but I prefer the *whip* school of music, for like the instrument from which its name is derived; it is ***striking***, flexible, and melodious. There is a

plethora of sound about it that elicits the deepest attention; and I can imagine nothing more truly touching, than to hear a coachman as he trundles along the road "warble his native wood-notes wild," to the pathetic tune of the "Lass of Richmond Hill," or the more impassioned melody of "Sally in our Alley."

The mention of music reminds me of that most musical of all modern whips, the late Isaac Walton; the Mæcenas of coachmen—the Braham of the Bath-road. Sticklers for symmetry might, perhaps, assert that he was stout, inasmuch as he measured five feet four in height, and four feet five in breadth. His proportion, however, was correct, and though his body resembled a beer-barrel, and peradventure had been as often tapped, it was supported by legs of adequate thickness; which, from the pleasing originality of their shape, might deceive the most cunning anatomist. His head, which was surmounted by a top-knot of hair, as woolly and black as a hat-brush, bore no indistinct resemblance to an ace of spades; and as for his face, it appeared formed of the crust of a veal-pie, seeing that it was equally as cadaverous and as expressive of good cheer. In creating this goodly personage nature seemed to have overlooked the trifling appendage of a neck, which was a subject of ridicule to his friends; who used frequently to assert that honest Isaac could never be hung according to law, inasmuch as he had no neck to be hung by. For myself I am not fond of repeating such idle tittle-tattle, and shall therefore close my description of his person by saying that, when set in motion, he gave no faint idea of a buttock of beef upon castors.

In his public capacity he was well known to every tavern-keeper from London to Bath; and thrice fortunate was the ostler on whom he turned the light of his countenance. On the road he was an epitome of regularity; and was never known to pass a town or village without suffering his stomach to take toll at the first public-house. Thus fortified he would manfully journey on, enlivening each mile by some witty anecdote or humourous ditty, of which last article he had an incalculable collection, and of such an accommodating

nature, that one tune would actually suit them all. This tune generally lasted a fortnight, and was then laid aside on half-pay till called again into active service. By strange ill-luck, however, I happened to be usually on the road when it was high in favour with Isaac's lungs, and it is only on the authority of other travellers, that I mention the apochryphal fact of its dismissal.

It was a pleasant thing to hear this man "of intolerable entrails" warble the air of Old King Coal, for there was a vocal abruptness about him, that with the boldness of original genius o'erleaped both time and tune. His ditties were mostly of a humourous *cast*, like the *cast* in his own eye, and one principal merit attending them was, that unlike the negligent minstrelsy of the modern stage, they were never sung so badly as to be called for a second time.

But great as were his musical propensities, I much doubt whether they were superior to his conversation; for he had an infinite stock of eloquence, springing like the oak from the acorn, from one solitary idea. His stories usually commenced at Brentford; and continued till he arrived at his journey's end. The first lasted till you reached Hounslow, and a second long-winded one, touching his juvenile amours, warmed the body as it passed over the keen thicket of Maidenhead. The third commenced when, after a supper at Newberry, the journey was resumed, and gave the patient listener a strong inclination to sleep. This was a felicitous stroke of policy; and let casuists say what they will, none but a man of genius could have devised it.

Pity it is that such accomplishments should ever be lost to the world. But all flesh is grass, saith the preacher; and our Jehu was doomed to be a melancholy instance of this biblical truth. He was suffocated in attempting to force a laugh at one of his own jokes, a necessity imposed on his muscles by the serious demeanor of his hearers. His death clouded the countenance of every ostler from London to Bath; and many a publican, as he cast a rueful glance at his well filled beer-barrels, thought with a sigh of the thirsty bowels of poor Isaac.

Peace be with thee! thou fat child of Bacchus, and unmolested be the sod that enwraps thee. The pretty bar-maid, bedecked in summer top-knots and neat russet shawl, shall long stand listening on tip-toe to the smack of thy whip, that never-failing herald of a kiss. Long shall the landlady sigh for thy pleasant speeches, and the traveller for his wonted anodyne. For me, as long as the White-horse crowns the Vale of Evesham, and Marlborough's keen downs recall the virtues of thy box-coat, I will think of thee with sorrowing tenderness, but console myself by reflecting that thou hast not left thine equal, as a *Whip*, behind thee.

THE SMITHFIELD-CLUB CATTLE-SHOW

Was held at Sadler's Repository in Goswell-street, West Smithfield, on the 14th, 15th, and 17th of December.

The well-known regulations of the committee is guided by the weight of the animal, the speed of rearing, and the quantity and kind of food consumed therein, and the prizes were adjudged accordingly. Besides the animals, bred according to these restrictions, there were a number of others, exhibited as extra-stock, and therefore not entitled to any prize claims. The principal cattle were,

An Ox, bred by Mr. Thomas Pilley, of Sudbrooke, near Lincoln, three years old, nearly 16 hands high.

An Hereford Ditto, bred by Col. Mathews, of Belmont, and fed by Mr. Kitclu, of Castlethorp, was too late to compete the prize, and was sold in Smithfield for £47.

A Durham Heifer, exhibited by Mr. John Wetherell.

Two Buffalo Ditto, with each a calf; they were naturally vicious, and exhibited no claims whatever on the public, as tending, in any shape, to improve the taste of *beef-loving* Britons.

A Pig of the China breed, so extraordinarily fat, as to render it

necessary to kill it. The carcase, though scarcely exceeding three feet, was supposed to weigh 14 stone.

Pigs of the Neapolitan breed, and crosses of the same with the Essex strain, were exhibited by Christopher Tower, esq., of Wealdhall, Essex: twenty-one, in number, of both sorts.

At this meeting, the secretary of the Smithfield-club, Mr. Farcy, received the following—

IMPORTANT COMMUNICATION.

The Duke of Bedford has withdrawn himself from the Smithfield-club. In his letter to the secretary, he writes:—"It may gratify, perhaps, the personal vanity of some of us, to exhibit extraordinary animals; but the public derive no benefit from our bringing to a greater degree of perfection animals of a breed known to possess the highest merit. Agricultural societies should have but one object in view—the public benefit; this has been the early, constant, and unremitting pursuit of the Smithfield-club; if no further general good is to be obtained, I think the sooner we dissolve ourselves the better." His grace is perfectly right; good and not over-fat meat, nor oil-cake fat, but cheapness, and not largeness of size, are the only requisites in animals for food, that can redound to *the public benefit!*

YORKSHIRE CHRISTMAS HORSE-SHOW.

Our correspondent from York writes us word, that—"This show commenced last Monday; but as the mart was principally confined to the stables of the inns, both on Monday and Tuesday, it was difficult to determine what business was done. It however got known that several buyers had arrived, and that good horses of every description were likely to be in considerable demand. One hunter was sold from Mr. Hardcastle's stables, the White Swan, for the high price of 200 guineas, and coach-horses and roadsters fetched freely from 50 guineas to 80 guineas each. Great hopes were anticipated of Wednesday and Thursday, and, in some

measure, realised. The fair became general nearly over the city: the supply of horses was immense, and coach-horses and machiners were in uncommon request. A fact came to light from these purchases worthy of recording:—it appears that the extra demand for coach-horses arises out of the new regulations of the post-office, which, it is said, cause the death of two horses on an average in three journies of 200 miles. Horses fit for the public coaches, therefore, met with full prices, and much business was done in the fair by coach-proprietors from all parts of the kingdom.

EAST-SUSSEX PACK OF HOUNDS.

Our correspondent at Lewes, writes us to the effect, that, in spite of the very unsettled and uncommonly wet weather, the East-Sussex *crack* pack of fox-hounds meet regularly, and continue their sports so effectually as to ornament the kennel-door at Ringmer with fresh trophies of victory. The members of the hunt, like true veterans of the *pad* and *brush*, regardless of their exteriors, never flinch, lag, nor hang back. They are, what your *London millers* would term, *game to the back-bone*. Their appearance, on their return from a day's sport, is truly grotesque, though sportsman-like, and the *scarlet colour* of their uniforms is so beplastered with *Sussex dirt*, as to render it doubtful whether it were not originally what is termed—a *Devonshire brown*.

Heigh-Over!

Sir Robert Hill's Harriers, in Shropshire, had a most dashing run the last week but one in December, of one hour and twenty minutes, after a bag-fox, without a single check, and killed him in high style in the river. It is extraordinary that, though the dogs passed through three covers, in which were numerous hares, they never changed their scent.

On the 14th of December last, Mr. Wills, with his hounds, found a fox in King's-wood, near Ulcome, Kent, and, after a fine run, killed it in Ditchley-wood, in the parish of Lenham. During the chase, the dogs were heard by a mare 21 years old, belonging to Mr. J. Fullager, of Lenham, which leaped from the pasture, and followed the chase for about two hours, and was with difficulty stopped, about five miles from the pasture, by some men who knew her, and sent her home.

SPORTING IN LOW LIFE,

OR, THE BEGGARS' GALA ON CHRISTMAS-EVE, 1821.

A numerous and *splendid* collection of these *sporters* on the *miseries of human life*, assembled at the Hampshire-Hog, near St. Giles's church, on Christmas-eve, to hold a jubilee in honour of that christian festival. An *alderman hung in chains*, (a turkey garnished with sausages,) and a ham, ornamented each end of the table, which was also well set out in the centre. After they had replenished and emptied their platters, almost to suffocation, the president, by way of *grace*, roared out the opening song in the Beggar's Opera:

"Through all the employments of life,
Each neighbour abuses his brother;
W— and rogue they call husband and wife,
All professions be-rogue one another;
The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer be-knaves the divine,
And the statesman, because he's so great,
Thinks his trade is as honest as mine."

They then toasted '*success to trade*,' and set in for a batch of downright swigging, punch being the *order of the night*, and humble *max* quite out of fashion, except a glass or two taken at intervals by some of the *ladies*, who, in excuse for being so low-minded, pleaded that use was second nature. After being pretty well primed, the fiddlers struck up, and the *elegantes* and the *exquisites* of St. Giles's com-

menced *reeling*, with more *spirit*, though rather less *etiquette*, than is observed at a ball in St. James's. The age of miracles seemed to be renewed, as all the *cripples* took up their trotters and *toddled* away on the 'light fantastic toe,' and the *blind* were restored to sight in a manner most surprising. In the course of the evening, the *decrease of charity* became one of the topics, and one of the street-sweepers gave as an instance, that he had been ma'am-ing the b-tc-s all day, and had only been able to draw *seven bob* from them!

The jovial crew kept the game alive till day-break, when they separated reluctantly, *pairing off* for their respective *snoozing kens.*

CHRISTMAS SPORTS IN THE COUNTRY.

An all-wise and beneficent Providence has decreed that no season of the life of man, doomed to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, should be without some sort of enjoyment, or recreation, to unbend the mind, soften the rigor of fate, or, by rest, renew the strength for future toils. No sooner are the labours of agriculture suspended, or confined to the barn or farm-yard, than the fields, cleared by the farmer of their late exuberant crops, and left to recover their fertility, through the nitrous particles of frost and snow, than they are thronged by birds, and animals of the chase of all kinds, and seem devoted to the pleasures of the sportsman. The bulky woodstacks supply the Farmer's chimney with a lively blaze, and the good man, seated with his family and dependents around the cheerful hearth, tells and hears alternately the village tale, the rustic song, and cracks the harmless joke, enlivened by the brown-jugs of mirth-inspiring *October.* Or—

> ——————— he follows to the field
> Some *sporting* lord.

Now is the music of the horns and the hounds, and oft repeated peals of the slaughtering gun, delightful to the far-

mer's ears, who now dreads not the havoc and destruction of his standing crops, and the reward of all his expense and toil, by the too ardent and unfeeling sportsman. Were but this destructive eagerness for pleasure restrained within due bounds, and the ground suffered to be cleared before the sportsman commenced his career, no farmer would grumble; on the contrary, it is evident that he must be a gainer by field-sports. The oats, hay, straw, bran, pollard, &c. consumed or used by the horses and dogs; the numbers of extra servants kept by the landlords or proprietors of land, who must all be fed from the produce of the farm, and the strangers, who are constantly drawn from all parts, to partake of those sports, and expend their money, must be more than a sufficient remuneration for a few gaps in his hedges, or a few trifling repairs to his fences. Were the sportsmen, therefore, more considerate in this respect, and more particularly were the *game-laws* less severe on the farmers, who support the game they dare not pursue, or were gentlemen less strict in enforcing their severity, and suffered the farmers to join in moderation in those exhilerating pursuits, we should hear no more grumbling at the destructive ravages of hunters, and the partial and unjust rigor of the game-laws. It would be easy to prove, too, that if the farmers themselves were interested in the preservation of game, it would be in greater plenty; and *poachers* would be no more, as every *farmer* would be a *gamekeeper*. Such lenity, therefore, would redound to the interest of the sportsman, as well as to the satisfaction of the farmer; and its beneficial results would be soon apparent: the farmer would no longer destroy the brood in the nests, or kill the young leverets, ere their tender limbs gave them a chance of flight for their lives. He would consider the season of rest from his agricultural labours as the period of enjoying the pleasures of the field, and he would be as anxious for a plentiful supply of game, as any landed proprietor or sporting gentleman. There would be no longer any night-hunting, stalking, driving, nets, gins, wires, halters, and other destructive schemes for killing game by covies or dozens; but all would be *fair sporting*. We

can speak from experience, that in those parts of the country where the game-laws are not enforced at all, or only against vagabonds and poachers, there is always to be found the greatest plenty of game of every kind.

Grouse-shooting ceases, by act of parliament, on the 10th of Dec. but pheasants, woodcocks, snipes, these all affect low, moist, marshy places, bogs, springs, &c.; wild geese, ducks, and all kinds of water-fowl, may be found on the margins of rivers and little pools, and, in severe frosts, in places where the waters are not frozen. These spots are the most certain, because these tribes are confined to such places in order to procure aquatic herbs, which are almost their only food at this season. In places near the sea-coasts, or on the banks of tide-rivers, it is necessary to follow this sport in *punts*, or flat-bottomed boats; and in some parts, as in Suffolk, it is usual for the sportsmen to make use of *plashers*, (pieces of wood 18 inches square, tied to the feet in the manner of skates) to enable them to follow the birds over the mud without sinking. The sea-shores abound with immense flocks of fowl, which afford vast sport to the gunner, though they contribute little or nothing to the delicacies of his table. This amusement is followed by night as well as by day; but is very trying to the constitution; and unless great care be taken, and a deal of extra clothing worn, the sportsman is very apt to rue his hours of pastime, by years of racking pains, rheumatisms, lumbagos, and a whole host of chronic disorders.

When the frost, deep lying on the ground, destroys the scent, and puts a stop to the pursuit of the hounds, the sportsman marks the traces of the hare, in its morning or evening rambles in quest of food, and either waylays it, or follows the track till he puts it up, and get a shot at it. In a word, there is no season, however varied, to which the sportsman may not vary and adapt his pursuits, and find a full scope and exercise for his ingenuity. Even the ice-bound waters do not protect the finny tribes from the snares of man, as by breaking holes in it, and using proper baits, he may be sure of success; and we have even seen an old

experienced angler catch trout, in that method, even with a fly of his own invention. Well may man, therefore, be said to triumph, not only over all animals, but all times and seasons!

A SONG,

THE IRISH FOX-CHASE.

Oh, had you but seen, near the stone they call blarney,
The sportsmen set off to the lake of Killarney!
Oh, that was the day, soon the fox was in sight,
And great, O my soul, was our joy and delight!
We were all in full glee—'twas a beautiful morn,
And echo struck up a duet with the horn,
Cries the horn, "How d'ye do?"
"Mighty well I thank you."
Oh! a glorious duet 'twixt the echo and horn,

Away Paddy Rafferty dash'd o'er the plain,
His fine mettled horse de'il a bit could he rein;
Till the rude vicious beast, by a sly ugly twitch!
Neck and heels soused poor Paddy plump into a ditch!
While the oaths and the screams, as he lay there forlorn,
Made a curious duet for the echo and horn;
Dam'me, there he lies flat;
Fait, and you may say that,
Oh! the curious duet 'twixt the echo and horn.

ANECDOTES.

ANIMAL SINGULARITIES.

Extraordinary Lactation.—A female of the bull-dog breed, belonging to Mr. George Baldock, of the Nightingale public-house, St. Mary-le-bone, Middlesex, having whelped and lost her litter, was supposed to have gone dry for several months, when she became attached to a kitten, which she would remove in her mouth, with the utmost care and tenderness, from one part of the house to another, generally

bringing it to her usual place before the tap-room fire, where she would lie down and suckle it. This she continued to do for weeks, till the kitten was killed accidentally, to the admiration and astonishment of numbers of spectators of so uncommon a scene.

Another.—A she-greyhound, belonging to a Mr. Merchant, at Bishop's Sutton, whelped three pups, which all died immediately; and a sow, belonging to a farmer of the same place, died, leaving a farrow of 12 pigs. Four of them were placed with the greyhound, which suckled them, and they are thriving fast.

Canine Maternal Affection.—A gentleman who kept a pack of hounds, had among them a favourite female, of which he was very fond, and used to let her have the run of the parlour. This female had a litter of whelps, and her master, one day when she was absent, took them out of the kennel, and drowned them. Shortly after, the dam came to the kennel, and missing her litter, sought for, and, at last, found them in the pond. She brought them, one by one, laid them at her master's feet in the parlour, and when she had brought the last whelp, she looked up in her master's face, laid down, and died!

Singular Attachment.—A brood of young partridges were discovered in the Grampian Hills, following a moor-cock and hen; the parent partridges not being present, it is inferred that the moor-hen had hatched them.

Surprising Instinct.—Mr. Joseph Lane, of Fascombe, in the parish of Ashelworth, on his return home turned his horse into a field, in which it had been accustomed to graze. The horse had been just new-shod, but improperly. In the morning the horse was missed, and search made for it, when the following curious circumstance transpired. The animal feeling lame, made his way out of the field by unhanging the gate with his mouth, and repaired to the farrier's shop, a mile and

a half distant. The farrier no sooner opened his shed in the morning than he espied the animal, which appeared to have been waiting for him, and which advanced to the forge and held up the ailing foot. The farrier examined it, discovered the injury, and rectified it; on which the horse trotted off merrily back to its pasture. Mr. Lane's servants, who were on the search, arrived at the smithy, and mentioning their supposed loss, the farrier replied: "Oh, he has been here, and shod, and gone home again!" as was actually the case.

A BEAUTIFUL tigress belonging to the menagerie of Mr. Shore, whelped two cubs at Otley, on the 21st of October last, which are suckled by a female terrier!

Canine Sagacity.—A gentleman travelling in the Liverpool Umpire, caressed and fed a spaniel which one of the passengers had with him in the coach. Between Litchfield and Congleton, the dog made several attempts to jump out of the coach, which induced the gentleman to ask the guard to let the coach stop. As soon as the animal was let out of the coach, it ran back as fast as it could, and soon returned with a small parcel, which the gentleman had unconsciously dropped.

Another.—A medical gentleman, in the neighbourhood of Worcester, in the beginning of the present shooting-season, borrowed the favourite pointer of a particular friend, who was about to visit the continent, for the months of September and October. One day, in sporting, the dog, in endeavouring to disentangle himself from a hurdle, broke his leg, which the immediate and constant attention of the worthy surgeon, in a short time, cured; so that, at his friend's return, the dog was delivered to him as sound as before; but the kindness of his careful nurse was not to be forgotten by the faithful animal, who repeatedly paid him a visit. One morning, however, the gentleman was disturbed in his study by a scratching and whining at the door, on opening which,

he discovered his old patient, and a *friend with him* (another dog,) which had broken his leg, and gazed in the humane surgeon's face, with that powerful look of entreaty, which is sometimes so much more persuasive than words, and which, it is needless to say, obtained the ready attendance of the surgeon.

SINGULAR FOX-CHASE.

Some years ago, the fox-hounds of the Rev. Mr. Bate Dudley, that hunted the Dengey hundred country, in Essex, had frequently a drag on the banks of the Crouch river, without finding their fox. One morning, as they were drawing the remote church-yard of Crickseth, overgrown with thick black-thorn bushes, a labouring-man called out to the huntsman—"You are too late to find reynard at home, he crept off when he heard the hounds challenge about a quarter of an hour ago!" Although, in consequence of this information, the hounds chopped in different spots for some miles, a fall of sleet prevented their hunting up to their fox for that day; but, about a fortnight afterwards, he was found in an adjoining copse, and after a very sharp run of more than two hours, he shaped his course to his favorite church-yard. Upon the hounds being there at a check, a bitch, named Gaylass, raised herself against an old buttress of the church, and gave tongue; on which the master of the pack, declaring his confidence in the staunchness of this favourite hound, dismounted; and, with another of the gentlemen, ascended the broken buttress up to the low roof of the church, which was thickly covered with ivy, wherein they found five or six fresh kennels. While viewing these extraordinary retreats, one of the sportsmen below assisted the eager spirit of the hounds, by lifting them up the buttress, when three or four couple were, in an instant, in full cry on the chancel roof; and there, after a short contest, this extraordinary fox was compelled to surrender his life, *without benefit of clergy!*

OLIVER CROMWELL.

CROMWELL was, (like most other country gentlemen of his day) fond of *field sports*, and was far from being naturally of a gloomy and ferocious disposition, until ambition, and the terrors consequent on regicide and usurpation, harrowed his soul. He could, at times, descend to facetiousness and even buffoonery. An anecdote is related of him which proves, that if he had lived in the present age of *jehus*, he would have made a dashing member of the *whip* and *four-in-hand* club, and have been much more harmlessly employed than in beheading a king and usurping a throne. Sir John Birkenhead wrote a poem entitled '*The Jolt*,' made upon Cromwell's being thrown off the coach-box of his own coach, which he would drive through Hyde Park, drawn by six German horses, sent him as a present by the Count of Oldenburgh, while his secretary, John Thurloe, sat in the coach, in July, 1654, (Cibber's Lives of the Poets, vol. 2, p. 182). Hume adds (note K to vol. 8,) that the horses were startled and ran away; he was unable to command them, or keep the box. He fell upon the pole, was dragged upon the ground for some time; a pistol, which he carried in his pocket, went off; and by that singular good fortune, which ever attended him, he was taken up without any considerable hurt or bruise!—Notwithstanding the hypocritical cant of *puritanism*, it appears that he retained a love of the *sports of the turf*, even after he had usurped the regal power. Richard Place (his *stud-master*) was proprietor of Bustler, got by the Helmsley Turk, of the famous white Turk, the sire of Wormwood and Commoner, and of several brood-mares, one of which, a great favorite, he concealed in a vault, during the search for Cromwell's effects at the Restoration, whence she afterwards took the name of the *Coffin-mare*, by which she stands in various pedigrees.

HEREFORDSHIRE OX.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EXTRAORDINARY CATTLE.

This plate is engraved from a picture, by Mr. Barenger, of a Herefordshire ox, bred by Mr. Jones of Lower Breinton, near Hereford, and fed by Mr. Westcar, of Creslow, Bucks, on grass, hay, and oil-cakes.—Weight 200 stone:—won the prize of 25 guineas at Mr. Sadler's show, Goswell-street, Dec. 1820.

ON HYDROPHOBIA.

[Particularly addressed to the Gentlemen of the Faculty.]

To the Editor of the Sporting Repository.

It has often occurred to me, that during a residence of six years in the United States of North America, I do not recollect to have ever heard (I do not mean to deny the existence) of a single case of hydrophobia, though I travelled from Boston northward to Charlestown, South Carolina. Has the climate any influence in preventing this disorder?—Whilst the *faculty* are so frequently engaged in dissecting dead-bodies, to trace the origin of other diseases, how is it that we do not hear of similar operations on dogs, other animals, or the human species, who have been the victims of this dreadful scourge? Is there any peculiar danger attending the dissection of *subjects* that have died of canine madness, more than of any other disease, that occasions this apparent apathy, on a subject so interesting to mankind from the frequency of its occurrence? I have not the honor of belonging to the *profession*, and, therefore, should be glad of some communication from one of the members of that most useful body, relative to this subject; and, also, his opinion, whether by dissection of diseased bodies, there may not be a hope of tracing this disease to its source, so as to render the prevention or cure of it possible, or at least probable, by sur-

gical operations, or pharmaceutical preparations. I think your readers will universally concur with me, that the faculty could not be more usefully employed in the service of mankind, and that a few pages of your '*Sporting Repository*' could not be better engaged than in a discussion so interesting to the world at large, and particularly to *sportsmen*, whole packs of dogs (his majesty's late pack of fox-hounds for instance) having fallen victims to this dreadful infliction of Providence.

HUMANITUS.

THE LAST OF THE BREED OF ANCIENT CALEDONIAN CATTLE.

ON Friday, the last day of September, 1821, a *bull* and two *cows*, supposed to be the only existing remains in Scotland of the ancient Caledonian breed, were removed from a field near Ardrossan, where they had been kept for nearly *thirty* years, to Mr. Corbett's, of Doughall, a distance of *twenty-two miles!* Being in their wild and untamed state, they became quite unmanageable on the road. The bull rushed on the man on horseback, and tossed both over a hedge; threw down another man and horse, and attacked several horses, carts, and people on the road, in the most furious manner; but luckily his want of horns prevented him from doing any material injury. It was at length found necessary to fasten the bull and one of the cows on separate carts, which was attended with considerable difficulty; and in this state they were carried to their place of destination, where one of the cows died in about an hour from *fatigue*, and the bull was not expected to survive. These animals are of the common size, but of a very handsome make; they have no horns, and with the exception of part of the ear, which is brown, their bodies are entirely white.

CHALLENGE TO ALL ENGLAND! —We are informed, through an authentic medium, that Cy. Davis has challenged to fight any man in England, whose weight does not exceed 11st. 2lb. for 100 guineas.——Money ready at a few hours' notice.

THE FINE ARTS.

Mr. James Barenger, the artist, at Tattersall's Repository, who is now enjoying his well-earned fame and *otium cum dignitate*, and is now painting *con amore*, in addition to the loan of the three paintings, with engravings from which our present number is embellished, has favoured us with the following account of his works now on the easel:—

A Portrait of Sir Francis Sykes, Bart. on his hunter, in the act of taking a leap.

A Ditto of the hunter of Mr. St. Quintin, of Sunbury.

A ditto of the famous stallion '*Rubens*,' (as has been already announced) to which we have to add, that our next Number will be embellished with an engraving taken from it.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF NEW WORKS,

ON SPORTING SUBJECTS.

In one Volume, octavo, on fine Drawing Paper, with fac-simile Wood-Cuts, &c. a reprint of Fifty Copies only, from the Original Edition, by Wynkyn de Worde, in 1496; of "A Treatise of Fysshynge with an Angle, attributed to Dame Juliana Barnes, or Berners, accompanied with the Readings and Variations from an early Manuscript, from which the Original Edition appears to have been deduced; and also from an Unique Copy of a subsequent edition, "the treatyse of fysshynge with an Angle," in quarto, in the Haworth Collection, with an Introductory Preface and Glossarial Index, by Joseph Haslewood, Esq.

In one Volume, demy octavo, embellished with fac-simile Wood-Cuts, &c. &c. "Bibliotheca Piscatoria; or, a Bibliographical Catalogue of all the Books written either for the improvement in, or that are descriptive of, "the Art of Angling." Commencing with the Treatise attributed (though perhaps erroneously) to Juliana Barnes, or Berners, published in 1496, and continued to the last

work which has appeared on the Subject, with notices of the various Editions and Peculiarities of each; and brief Biographical Sketches of Authors and Editors; together with copious extracts, comprising the most interesting portions of the rarest and most valuable works.

A limited number of Copies, on Imperial octavo, will be printed, to be delivered to Subscribers in extra boards.

Mr. Weatherby, of Oxendon-street, Haymarket, has just published the second volume of the General Stud Book.

By Mr. Burn, Bookseller and Publisher, of Maiden-lane, Covent Garden, the following:—

Portrait of Mr. Francis Buckle, the celebrated and much esteemed Jockey, from an original taken at Newmarket, by A. Cooper, Esq. R. A. in the possession of Mr. T. Gosden, and engraved by an eminent artist. Proofs on India paper, 2s. 6d. Prints, 1s. 6d. and in Colours, 3s.

A beautiful engraving of a Jockey, equipped and ready for mounting, in colours, 3s. each.

The Jovial Fox-Hunters, from the original Picture, painted by L. Clennell, in the possession of Mr. T. Gosden, Proofs on Quarto India paper, 5s. Prints of ditto, 2s. 6d. in colours, mounted for framing, 7s.

"This Picture was the admiration of the Sporting world, when exhibited at the Royal Academy."

Impressions of a Series of Game, and Subjects connected with the Sports of the Field, from a Set of Silver Buttons (in the possession of Mr. T. Gosden), elaborately engraved by the celebrated Scott; drawn on the Buttons by A. Cooper, Esq. R. A.; a novel and interesting article to Sportsmen. Printed on a single sheet, for the purpose of framing, or prefixing as a Frontispiece to Daniel's Rural Sports, 5s. each set.

The same in a volume, forming Head-pieces to each Subject. Large octavo, 7s. 6d. small paper, 5s.

"The most curious and interesting work on the Sports of the Field, that ever appeared."

The Effigies of Walton and Cotton, with elaborate and appropriate accompaniments, in Bas Relief, 10s. the pair. A novel

Ornament, when framed, for the Chimney-piece, and to the Lovers of Angling a great treat.

View of Madeley Manor, Co. Stafford, the seat of John Offley, Esq. to whom Walton dedicated his Complete Angler, (not hitherto attainable as an illustration, and the House has some years since been rased to the ground.) Quarto, 3s. octavo, 2s.

Tottenham-Cross, from an original drawing by Shepherd, Proofs on India paper, quarto size, 3s Prints, octavo, 2s.

The Fly Fisher, with a Cenotaph to the memory of Walton and Cotton, Proofs on India paper, quarto size, 3s. Prints, octavo, 2s.

A Series of Wood-Cuts, upwards of thirty in number, to illustrate Walton and Cotton's Complete Angler, Daniel's, and other publications on Rural Sports, 5s.

Three Emblematic engraved Title Pages, for Walton and Cotton's Complete Angler, accompanied with an exact fac-simile of the Title of the First Edition, 1653, folio, 7s. The three Title pages, octavo size, 3s.

" To the Illustrators of Walton and Cotton's Complete Angler, the above are valuable acquisitions."

Also a few Impressions of the justly admired emblematic Frontispiece to the reprint of " An Essay on Hunting," by the Rev. Dr. Squire, Designed and Engraved by Scott, proofs, 2s. 6d. prints, 1s. 6d.

The Fox's Head, from a Painting by A. Cooper, Esq. R. A. beautifully engraved in the line manner, Proofs on India paper, quarto size, 2s. 6d. Prints, 1s. 6d. in colours from the original, 3s.

The Sportsman and Dogs, (from the " Songs of the Chace,") with an engraved border, on quarto paper, 2s.

The Young Sportsman's Instructor in Angling, &c. by Gervaise Markham, elegantly reprinted from the scarce original edition, 32mo. sewed, 1s. 6d.

The same, beautifully and appropriately bound in various coloured morocco, with richly tooled covers, gilt leaves, 7s.

" The smallest Treatise ever published on Sporting."

Mr. Major, bookseller, of Snowhill, is publishing an Edition of " Walton's Angler;" the fish are most beautifully painted from life, by A. Cooper, Esq. R. A.; and the work, when completed, will stand unrivalled for beauty. Mr. Bagster, of Paternoster-row, is preparing the same work, and they are endeavouring which shall excel.

TATTERSALL's.

BETTING ON THE GREAT RACES TO COME, UP TO THE TIME OF OUR MAGAZINE GOING TO PRESS.

DERBY.

9 to 1 agst Lord Foley's c. by Partisan, out of Sycorax
9½ to 1 agst General Grosvenor's Marcellus, by Selim, out of Briseis
16 to 1 agst Lord Darlington's c. by Haphazard, out of Landscape
20 to 1 agst Lord Exeter's br. c. by Haphazard, out of Bess
20 to 1 agst Lord Grosvenor's c. by Thunderbolt, out of Opal
20 to 1 agst Duke of York's c. by Seymour or Whalebone, out of a sister to Castanea
25 to 1 agst Lord Egremont's b. c. by Frolic, out of Silvertail's dam
25 to 1 agst Lord Egremont's b. c. by Whalebone, dam by Election, out of Amazon.

OAKS.

4½ to 1 agst Duke of Grafton's b. f. by Rubens, out of Parasol
5½ to 1 agst Mr. Rush's ch. f. by Rubens, out of Reserve
6 to 1 agst Lord Grosvenor's f. by Thunderbolt, out of Meteora
10 to 1 agst Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. f. by Bourbon, out of Cat
12 to 1 agst Major Wilson's f. by Rubens, out of Tippitywitchet

ST. LEGER.

9 to 1 agst Mr. Watts's b. f. Marion, sister to Tramper
10 to 1 agst Mr. Cunningham's Ajax, by Amadis
12 to 1 agst Mr. T. O. Powlett's gr. c. The Swap, by Catton
15 to 1 agst Mr. Claridge's ch. c. Akarius, by Catton, out of Platina
18 to 1 agst Mr. Baird's ch. c. by Stamford, out of Young Clementina, by John Bull
20 to 1 agst Mr. T. S. Duncombe's ch. f. Euphrosyne, by Comus, dam by Shuttle.

NEWMARKET.

2 to 1 agst c. by Stag
5 to 1 agst c. by Stamford.

RIDDLESWORTH.

4 to 1 agst c. by Thunderbolt
4 to 1 agst c. by Orville.

The Hon. T. O. Powlett took 1200gs. to *one*, nine times over, at Tattersall's, on Monday, (the 7th Inst.) that his horse The Swap, would win the St. Leger. Mr. Powlett is the owner of Jack Spiggot, the winner of the last year's Leger.

MARKETS.—AVERAGE PRICES IN DECEMBER.

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN.

Wheat 49*s.* 2*d.* to 53*s.* 11*d.*
Rye 23*s.* 7*d.* to 25*s.* 3*d.*
Barley 22*s.* 1*d.* to 25*s.* 1*d.*
Oats 18*s.* 7*d.* to 19*s.* 1*d.*
Beans 24*s.* 9*d.* to 28*s.* 1*d.*
Peas 28*s.* 3*d.* to 30*s.* 3*d.*

BREAD.

Highest price of the best wheaten bread 10½*d.* the quartern loaf.

CATTLE SOLD AT SMITHFIELD.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
18,166	1,631	118,320	1,590

MEAT BY CARCASE, PER STONE 8*lb.*

Newgate.

Beef....2*s.* 4*d.* to 3*s.* 4*d.*
Mutton-1*s.* 8*d.* to 2*s.* 8*d.*
Veal---3*s.* 8*d.* to 5*s.* 8*d.*
Pork---3*s.* 0*d.* to 5*s.* 0*d.*

AVERAGE PRICE PER LOAD OF

HAY.	CLOVER.	STRAW.
Smithfield.		
60*s.* to 80*s.*	80*s.* to 90*s.*	26*s.* to 32*s.*
Whitechapel.		
70*s.* to 80*s.*	80*s.* to 100*s.*	30*s.* to 36*s.*
St. James's.		
60*s.* to 84*s.*	72*s.* to 90*s.*	24*s.* to 31*s.*

THE COACHMAN

THE

Sporting Repository.

VOL. I.] FEBRUARY 15, 1822. [No. II.

COACHIANA.—No. II.

With an Engraving.

[A Series of interesting Articles under this Head, will be given in our future Numbers.]

MEMOIRS OF THE LATE R— V—, ALIAS HELL-FIRE-DICK,

DRIVER OF THE CAMBRIDGE TELEGRAPH.

I knew him, *Tom Hicks*, a coachman of excellent faculty.
Shakespear.

When a great man like the late driver of the Telegraph stage-coach falls off the stage of existence, a sacred duty devolves on the survivors to illustrate his virtues and his talents, that posterity may be taught to appreciate them. To the uninterested biographer the task is at best but mournful, but to him who unites the two characters of friend and historian it is peculiarly overwhelming. In tracing the hallowed reminiscences of affection, fancy conjures up the buried form, and the heart weeps tears of blood while the hand indites its records. With feelings of similar poignancy the present biographer sets forward on his course; and although it is some time since the smack of his friend's whip has ceased to

sound, and his genius to ennoble the road, reflections which it is maddening to recall, have hitherto prevented him from appearing publicly as his historian and associate.

The late R—— V ——, or, as with affectionate familiarity he was called, from the combustible nature of his disposition, *Hell-fire-Dick*, was the only son of Mr. James Vaughan, publican of Newmarket. Dry in his humour and disposition, he was the darling of the paternal tap-room; for, like the divine Plato, he elicited his faculties at an early period, and first saw the light in a stable; a circumstance that his father, with pardonable enthusiasm, predicted as symbolical of his future calling.

His memoirs, up to the age of fourteen, are, unfortunately, "like angels' visits few and far between;" and although I have diligently searched the Newmarket records, yet I can find no trace of R——, until engaged as a stable-boy at the Grey-hound. It was about this period that he lost both his father and the benefit of his taps; and as his mother had died during his infancy, he was thrown for subsistence on his own immediate ingenuity. A contemporary describes him, at this time, as being, like Dr. Johnson, the delight of his associates, and has often met him sauntering along the Beacon-course, with head boldly independent of hat, and coat at open war with shape, mimicking the different cries of jockeys, black-legs, or betters.

Such precocious ability could not long be concealed in a town like Newmarket, where merit is always sure of its reward; and accordingly our novice, at the tender age of eighteen, was apprenticed to the driver of the Cambridge Union, with a promise that promotion should attend his exertions. He continued in this situation about two years; giving out parcels, cleaning the pannels, and now and then officiating as book-keeper, until an affair of honour with the whipping-post deprived him of the use of the ribbands. "Great geniuses," says Richardson, "seldom have small faults," and our Dick was not more remarkable for his eccentricities than his talent. Meanwhile he employed the interval of his retirement from office, in qualifying himself for the important day when he should be called to the box; and so

strict was his attention to the minutia of coaching, that he knew every stage from Cambridge to London, and was critically skilled in the duties of each trace, martingale, and horse-collar. Such assiduity recommended him, in due course, to the publican of the Eagle and Child (an hotel at Cambridge) who appointed him to the command of a post-chaise, with the rank and emoluments of post-boy. In this situation he first acquired the habit of drinking, and it is of him that the following well known anecdote is recorded.

A friend had often vainly cautioned him against the immoderate use of spirits, until a severe illness wrung from him a promise of reform. He accordingly abstained for some days from his wonted potations, when he was ordered, one unlucky evening, on his favourite stage from Cambridge to Freestanton. About half-way was the inn which he had never yet passed without a visit. The horses instinctively stopped—but no—tenacious of his promise, our Dick galloped by the fascinating Cat and Bagpipes. "Well done resolution," he exclaimed, "you deserve a glass for that," and posted back to the inn to indulge his horses and himself with a drop.

It was about this time that a vacancy occurring in the Telegraph stage-coach, which was then newly started, Dick was promoted to the box. And now came the hour of his triumph. He had previously rendered himself well known to the university graduates, and his genius confirmed the justice of their penetration. The art of driving, it must be observed, was then at the lowest ebb. No brilliant touches—no dexterous slight of hand—no judicious handling of ribbands graced the character of the coachman of those days—all was mechanical insipidity, and the science threatened, like the Egyptian mode of embalming, to be numbered among lost arts. But Richard raised it from degradation; and by the irresistible refulgence of his example, reduced it to a perfectible system. He exposed the absurdities of the old school of whips; and by his felicitous mode of handling the ribbands—slinging the button, &c. attracted the notice of the four-in-hand club, who in a committee appointed for the purpose, honoured him with the appellation of the

"founder of the Cambridge school of driving." In short, to sum up his merits in one expressive line,

"The force of genius could no further go."

But notwithstanding such transcendent abilities, the old members of the old school of driving were annoyed at being thrown into the back-ground by this new Johnny-Raw, or bang-up Jessamy. He was accordingly termed a hoax, a rum quiz, and other insulting nick-names, which served for a time to obscure his sun-shine. Even his unrivalled mode of spitting through the teeth at any given time or distance was condemned; and his whistle was uncivilly likened to the vociferous quavers of a jack-ass.

"Fancy," as Dr. Johnson observes of Milton, "can hardly forbear to conjecture with what temper Dick surveyed the silent progress of his genius, and marked his new method of driving stealing its way in a sort of subterranean current through fear and silence. I cannot but conceive him calm and confident—little disappointed—not at all dejected, but relying on the force of his own genius and the impartiality of a future generation."

Our hero had now attained the discreet age of thirty, and thought it high time to marry. He wedded Miss Susan Spoke, a lively young farmer's daughter, at Trumpington, and the world was thus indulged in the fond hope of a perpetuity of illustrious coachmen. But his wedded life appears to have been fraught with disappointment, for in a letter to a friend, one Nahum Noggins, of pugilistic celebrity, he prettily observes—"Mrs. V——, though well enough in her way, ar'nt exactly the mare as suits me. The moment she feels the whip off she goes, and the devil a-bit can one stop her. But she is sound wind and limb, a famous breeder, and well put together in her quarters. Alas! Noggins, though I has the whip-hand on the box, Mrs. V—— has it in the house." But notwithstanding such domestic discomfitures, the life of Richard was, on the whole, a pleasant one. His situation as driver of the Telegraph ensured him a pretty annual sum, his lodgings at Cambridge were the resort of fun and fashion.

His driving was in great request—and his friends numerous and affectionate.——

Slight accidents, it has been observed, originate lasting intimacies, and it is pleasing to analyze the nature of that sympathy which attracts within its golden circle two congenial spirits. It was in the autumn of 1812 that the writer of these pages first became acquainted with their subject. They met, accidentally, in the tap-room of the "Pig and Tinderbox," at Newmarket, and the acquaintance, thus commenced over a glass, soon ripened into a friendship which death alone could destroy.

That friendship is now, alas! dissolved; but as it is not the intention of the present Biographer to enlarge on the (so well-known) merits of his lamented Richard, he shall hasten, as briefly as respect will allow, to the mournful moment of his exit. "Whom the gods love die young," was said of yore; and Dick was doomed to be an instance of this melancholy aphorism. Like Hippolitus, of old, he was killed by a fall from his gig at Puckeridge, on his road to Cambridge; "Oh! what a fall was there, my countrymen." His friends hurried to his bed-side,—but the glazing eye and faultering tongue announced that the hour of dissolution was near. His wife—his little children—and his dearest associates hung, in frantic earnestness, by the couch of death, anxious to catch one farewell glance from the friend they had so highly valued. But his head, alas! was broken, never to be mended; his genius eternally eclipsed. Even to the last moment he retained his senses; and when quivering in the convulsions of death, faultered out—"Dammee, I'm done for."

So lived and so died, in his 32d year, Richard Vaughan, the scientific in horse-flesh, the unequalled in driving. To those who knew him, panegyric is useless—and to those who did not, the sole melancholy duty (and a sacred one it is) remains of purchasing these Memoirs; and recommending the Sporting Repository to the attention of men of science and of taste.

The tidings of his decease were received at Cambridge with unfeigned regret—the Doctors of the University met on the occasion—a funeral sermon was preached by the Vice Chan-

cellor—and the subject of the prize-poem for the next year, was "Luctus in mortem Ricardi Vaughan." Indeed, nothing can more strongly attest the general sympathy than the fact, that ever since the death of Vaughan, the proprietors of the Telegraph have been losing in reputation, and it is, indeed, a heart-rending sight to see their coach bowl into the White Horse, Fetter-Lane, innocent alike of passengers and parcels. Who shall wield the bow of Ulysses—who shall handle the whip of Pandæmonium Richard?

In person, Vaughan was somewhat ungainly, with a face like a plumb-pudding, and as smooth as the sugary superficies of a twelfth-cake. His eyes, deep set in his head, appeared busy in looking for his nose, which, being snugly tucked up in a featherbed of cheek, lay screened from ocular detection. To a poetical imagination his body gave no bad idea of a quartern loaf; and supported by two dumpy legs, which, on a cursory glance, showed like a couple of ninepins, reminded the fanciful spectator of a fillett of veal upon crutches. On the road he was usually drest in a gay upper Benjamin, white top-boots, and natty cravat, and to his lucky box companion was a source of infinite facetiousness.

His mind, like his person, was cast in an original mould. Its strongest characteristic was *irritability*, as the following anecdote will prove. He was one Sunday enticed to church, *at half price*, to use his own dramatic phraseology. As ill-luck would have it, the clergyman was tedious, and Dick unusually hasty. In the course of the sermon St. Paul's name was frequently mentioned. "Where," said the preacher, "shall we place this great apostle? shall we place him above the patriarchs—or the prophets, or—?"——"Place him in my seat," said Dick, unable any longer to control his impatience, "and I warrant you, he'll soon have enough of it." On another occasion he was listening to the long-winded anecdotes of a Cambridge freshman, until his temper being somewhat chafed, he suddenly jumped up from his seat, exclaiming to the astonished audience, "Courage, friends, I see land—the gemman talks of a finish."

But, notwithstanding such petty failings, he had that liberal principle about him which selects worth in preference to

rank for companionship. A young Cambridge nobleman once sued for an introduction to him through the medium of a mutual friend. "Who, and what is he?" said Dick.—"A decentish sort of fellow, but something like a butcher in his manners."——"D—n my eyes," replied Richard, "Mrs. V. and the little ones shall *pig* with no butchers."

Like many another original genius, his confidence in his own ability was implicit, though free from arrogance;—and he once offered to lay a wager that he would cut a fly from off his wife's nose, at the distance of a dozen yards. In company, he was exceedingly whimsical. His stories abounded in point, and when drunk, which (alas, for frail mortality!) he too frequently was, his frolicksomeness was unbounded.—It must be curious to know what so great a mind thought of the speculative subject of religion. He was devout, but unostentatious; was well acquainted with the commandment, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's horse," but thought that the coveting of a whip should be specifically added, inasmuch as he had lost many a good four-in-hand whip on the road; a theft, which he, naturally enough, attributed to the negligent omission of the commandment.

Having now brought the memoirs of Richard Vaughan to a conclusion, the lover of departed genius may perhaps wish to know where he was interred. He is buried in a corner of Puckeridge church-yard, under a plain marble slab, which his friend Tom Hicks, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph and elegy,

ALAS! POOR DICK.

Ten times a day has Dick's ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over with such a variety of plaintive tones as denote a general pity and esteem for him. A footway crossing the church-yard, close by his grave, not a passenger goes by without stopping to cast a look on it, sighing, as he walks on,

Alas! Poor Dick.

* * *

Field Sports for the Month.

Hunting,—*Coursing*,—*Hawking*.

Game,—Partridges, Hares, Rabbits, Wood-cocks, Snipes.

Angling,—Carp, Tench, Perch, Eels, Chub, Flounder, Grayling, and Roach.

*** By an Act of Parliament passed in the 2d Geo. III. (1762) no person, under any pretence whatsoever, shall take, kill, buy, or sell, or have in his custody, any partridge between the 12th day of February, and the 1st day of September; or any pheasant between the 1st day of February, and the 1st day of October; or any heath-fowl, commonly called black-game, between the 1st of January and the 20th of August; or any grouse, commonly called red-game, between the 1st of December and the 25th of July in any year; under the penalty of 5*l*. per bird, to go to the prosecutor.

AGRICULTURAL DIRECTIONS, &c. FOR FEBRUARY.

Plough for barley.—Sow beans and peas.—Sow rye, if missed in Autumn.—Look over wheat-land, that no water stands.—Continue to repair hedges.—Lay up your meadows clean.—Set osiers, poplars, willows, and other aquatics.—Lop trees, and drain wet land by griping.—Open half the passage of your bees.—Break and swingle hemp and flax, and beat out flax seed.—Feed your bees.—Top-dress wheat.—Finish ploughing if the weather will permit.—Sow wheat where you missed doing it in Autumn.—Set potatoes to come in early.—Get rid of your fat lambs, and fatten the ewes in clover.—About the end of the month sow oats if open weather.

OBSERVATIONS PECULIAR TO THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY.

Such a winter as the present has not been known for many years. Generally speaking, the severe weather breaks

up about this time with a sudden thaw, accompanied by wind and rain; but as yet we have had neither frost nor snow of more than a day's duration:—the weather has been remarkably mild during the whole of the winter months;* but the heavy rains have done considerable damage by their inundations. Rivers have swoln beyond their beds, and have carried away bridges, cattle, mills, gates, &c. much to the injury of the farmer.

About the 4th or 5th of this month, the wood-lark (*alauda arborea*) one of our earliest and sweetest songsters, renews his note; a week after, rooks begin to pair, and geese (*anas, anser*) to lay; the thrush and the chaffinch sing; turkey-cocks strut and gobble; the yellow-hammer (*emberiza citrinella*) sings; and the green wood-pecker (*picus viridis*) makes a loud noise.

Partridges (*tetrao perdix*) begin to pair; the house-pigeon has young; field-crickets open their holes; missel-thrushes couple; and wood-owls hoot; gnats play about, and insects swarm under sunny hedges; frogs (*rana temporaria*) croak, and the stone-curlew (*otis œdicnemus*) clamours. By the latter end of this month, the raven (*corvus corax*) has generally laid its eggs, and begun to sit. Moles (*talpa Europæus*) commence their subterraneous operations. This animal makes its nest a little below the surface of the ground, forming a commodious apartment, where it prepares a warm bed of moss and herbage; from this there are several passages in different directions, to which it can retreat with its young ones in case of danger. Into these, likewise, it makes excursions in quest of food. In the act of forming its tracts or *runs*, it throws up large heaps of mould, which are extremely injurious in meadows, grass-lands, and cultivated grounds. Moles feed on worms, beetles, and the roots of plants.

The flowers of the crocus (*crocus vernus*) appear before the leaves are grown to their full length. The vernal and

* As a further corroboration of this assertion, it is only necessary to observe, that a boquet of flowers, consisting of wall-flowers, polyanthuses, and some others, was gathered in a garden at Durham about three weeks back.

autumnal crocus have such an affinity, that the best botanists only make them varieties of the same *genus*. Yet the vernal crocus expands its flowers by the beginning of March at the farthest, often in very rigorous weather, and cannot be retarded but by some violence offered; while the *autumnal* crocus, or saffron, alike defies the influence of the spring and summer, and will not blow till most plants begin to fade and run to seed.

> **Say what impels, amid surrounding snow,**
> **Congeal'd, the crocus' flamy bud to glow?**
> **Say, what retards, amid the summer's blaze,**
> **Th' *autumnal bulb*, till pale declining days?**
> **The God of Seasons, whose pervading power**
> **Controls the sun, or sheds the fleecy show'r;**
> **He bids each flower his quick'ning word obey,**
> **Or to each ling'ring bloom enjoins delay.**
>
> White.

The barren strawberry *(fragraria sterilis)* the laurustinus *(viburnum tinus)* and the yew-tree *(taxus baccata)* are in flower. The elder-tree *(sambucus nigra)* begins to put forth its flower-buds, and the catkins of the hazel are very conspicuous in the hedges. The gooseberry-bush *(ribes grossularia)* and the red currant *(ribes rubrum)* shew their young leaves about the end of the month. Many plants appear above ground in February, but few flowers, except the snowdrop, are to be found. This 'icicle, changed into a flower,' is sometimes fully opened from the beginning of the month.

SPORTS OF THE TURF;

OR

HORSE-RACING.

In our last Number, under this head, we took a glance at the advantages likely to result, in a national point of view, from the proper cultivation of that noble animal *the horse:* and endeavoured to shew that our superiority in battle arose, in a great measure, from the vast improvement in our race of chargers. The French, aware of its importance, have long been aiming to vie with us in this respect; but, as yet, they have not succeeded. In no animal, perhaps, exists a greater difference than in the horse; and it is frequently observable, that one may have strength and vigour for a long journey, and yet not be able to bear the shocks and strainings of the Chase; another may be swift enough to win a plate on a smooth turf, which yet will be crippled, or heart-broken, by an hare in February. These peculiarities, however, are well known to all who are conversant with the sports of the turf, and therefore require neither our interference nor remarks.

Horse-racing is of classical antiquity, and was, doubtless, known to our Saxon ancestors, as far back as the ninth century; but *when* it was first introduced into this country, we have no exact data by which to be regulated. According to the testimony of an old romance writer, it was considered a necessary accomplishment for a man of fashion to understand the nature and property of horses, and to ride well, "to run horses, and to approve them." It is not improbable that France preceded this country in a knowledge of the course, though we, at present, so far excel them in this respect. We draw our conclusions from the circumstance that when Hugh Capet, of France, solicited in marriage the sister of Athelstan, of England, among other valuable presents which he sent that prince were several running-horses, with their saddles and bridles; the latter embellished with bits of yellow gold. It appears very evident, however, that horse-racing, in those

early ages, was solely confined to the great: and it was not till the reign of Henry the Second that this diversion became more general. To so great a length was it then carried, that the fortunes of the nobility became greatly injured thereby. The famous George, Earl of Cumberland, is recorded to have wasted more of his estate in horse-racing, than any of his ancestors.

The theatre of it was the *Smoothfield*, (now called Smithfield,) a field in those days very different, in respect of extent and smoothness, to its present condition, although it is still applied to the same purpose as it was then—the sale of horses. At that early period of our history, valuable hackneys and chargers were exposed for sale in Smithfield, and were generally matched together, in order to prove their worth for speed and game, or for a prize. When a match of this kind was made, a shout was immediately raised, and the common horses were ordered out of the way, and the course to be cleared. Three miles appear to have been the long course, and forty pounds the usual prize.

In 1599, private matches, by gentlemen who were their own jockeys and riders, were very common; and it is well known that James I. was the original royal patron of the turf. In his reign public races were established at various places, when the discipline and mode of preparing the horses were much the same as they are now. Bell courses were now in vogue in various parts of England, so called because the prize was a silver bell; which bells were afterwards changed into cups, bowls, or some other pieces of plate, of the usual value of 100 guineas, and upon which were engraved, as in our days, the names and pedigrees of the winning horse. Towards the close of the reign of Charles the First, races were performed in Hyde Park. Newmarket was also a place for the same purpose, though it was first used for hunting. At this place Charles the Second had a regular establishment, and entered horses in his own name. Racing was much encouraged by this monarch. It is, therefore, not surprising that it then became one of the most fashionable pursuits of the day.

William the Third founded an academy for riding, and

RUBENS.

London, Published by Thomas M.ᶜ Lean, Haymarket, 1832

added to the plates; and Queen Anne continued the bounty of her ancestors, adding several plates herself. In her reign was perpetrated that disgraceful and barbarous act of castrating a horse at starting (the famous racer *Dragon*,) in which state he ran over the Beacon course, and after winning, dropped dead at the ending-post. George the First, towards the end of his reign, discontinued the plates, and substituted instead 100 guineas. An act was passed, 13th George the Second, for suppressing races for ponies, and other small and weak horses, &c. by which all matches for any prize under the value of 50*l.* are prohibited, under a penalty of 200*l.*, to be paid by the owner of each horse running, and 100*l.* by such as advertise the plate; and by which each horse entered to run, if five years old, is obliged to carry 10 stone; if six, 11, and if seven, 12. It is also ordained, that no person shall run any horse at a course unless it be his own, nor enter more than one horse for the same plate, upon pain of forfeiting the horses; and also every horse-race must be begun and ended on the same day. Horses may run for the value of 50*l.* with any weight, and at any place, 13 Geo. II. cap. 19.

RUBENS,

(*With a correct likeness by Barenger.*)

The pedigree of Rubens is as follows:—he was bred by His Grace the late Duke of Queensberry, and was foaled in the year 1805. He was got by Buzzard, his dam by Alexander, grandam by Highflyer, great-grandam by Alfred, great-great-grandam by Engineer, out of Bay Malton's dam, by Cade.—Lass of the Mill, by old Traveller, &c.—Castrel, Selim, and Rubens, are own brothers; were all the speediest horses of their respective years, and are esteemed valuable stallions. Their own sister, Bronze, won the Oaks Stakes, at Epsom, in 1806. Their dam lived to a great age, having had sixteen foals, (as appears by the General Stud-Book) and was the property of his present Majesty, from 1813 to 1819, when, being worn out, she was destroyed.

Rubens is the sire of Sir Joshua, Sovereign, Landscape, Bobadil, and many other good runners, and now covers at

Barton Court, near Newbury, Berks, at 12 guineas a mare, and half-a-guinea the groom.

His produce has been renowned on the Turf, as prime racers, and winning horses; of which the following list will give some idea.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. won 2,500gs., and 600gs. at Newmarket.

Mr. Gully's Brutus, 100gs.,—50gs.—and 45gs., at Chelmsford.

Mr. Stevens's Charming Molly, the Ludlow Stakes, at Ludlow.

Mr. Dundas's Chef d'Œuvre, 200gs. at Kingscote.

Mr. Radclyffe's ch. f. the Cup at Winchester, 85gs., 50*l.* and 50gs. at Blandford.

Mr. West's ch. f. 40gs. at Worcester.

Mr. Sadler's Defiance, 50*l.* at Ascot—134*l.* at Bath—and the St. Leger Stakes at Warwick.

Mr. Pryse's Doctor Eady, 45gs. at Maddington, —50*l.* at Kingscote,—85gs. and 50*l.* at Monmouth,—50gs. and 50*l.* at Cardiff.

Mr. Sadler's Lady Foot, the Woodcot Stakes at Epsom, and 75gs. at Warwick.

Mr. Dundas's Orelio, 200gs. at Newmarket.—50gs. and 70gs. at Abingdon.

Mr. Pullen's Rubena, 50*l.* at Tenterden.

Mr. Terrett's Sovereign, 60gs. at Worcester.

Mr. Charlton's Strephon, 100gs.—100gs.—and 20gs. at Newmarket.

Mr. Lake's Teniers, 186*l.* 10*s.* at Newmarket.

Lord Warwick's Wouvermans, 50gs. at Newmarket.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

The Knavesmire Stakes (a Handicap) of 30gs. each, 10gs. forfeit for four year olds— The last mile and a-half.

Five Acceptances, or no Engagement.

	st.	lb.
Jack Spiggot	8	12
Fortuna	8	7
Statesman	8	7
North-Wester	8	6
Melody	8	4

	st.	lb.
Coronation	8	4
Sandbeck	8	4
Lord of the Manor	8	3
Jonathan	8	3
Loadstone	8	3
My Lady	8	1
Champagne	8	0
Cataline	8	0
Vingt-un	8	0
Jock the Laird's brother	8	0
B. c. by Golumpus—Magistrate's dam	7	12
Colwele	7	12
Bl. f. by Cœlebs, dam by Stamford	7	12
Lunatic	7	11
Hamilton	7	11
Henry	7	11
Civet	7	11
Richard	7	10
Packman	7	10
Amiable	7	10
Czernicheff	7	10
Byram	7	10
Northern Light	7	9
Ursula	7	9
Marigold	7	9
The Baron	7	9
B. f. by Fitz-Teazle, dam by Hyacinthus	7	8
B. c. by Prime Minister, dam by Ruler	7	8
Gr. f. by Comus, out of Lisette	7	7
Odds	7	7
Lady Peter	7	7

Acceptances to be signified to Mr. R. Rhodes, at York, or to Mr. Whetherby, either in London or Newmarket, on or before the 1st day of March next.

WINNERS OF ROYAL PURSES AND GOLD CUPS IN 1821.

Royal Purses.

Ascot Heath ..... Moonraker, by Rubens.
Caledonian Hunt ..... Archibald, by Stamford.
Canterbury ..... Robin Hood, by Octavius.
Carlisle ..... Gonsalvi, by Cardinal York.
Chelmsford (for mares) ..... Tipsey, by Election.
Chester ..... Æacus, by Camillus.
Doncaster ..... Sir John, by Smolensko.
Edinburgh ..... Hambletonia, by Stamford.
Guildford ..... Tybalt, by Thunderbolt.
Ipswich ..... Sporus, by Orville.
Lewes ..... Little John, by Octavius.
Litchfield ..... The Main, by Haphazard.
Lincoln ..... Cora, by Waxy.
Newcastle-upon-Tyne ..... Borodino, by Smolensko.
Newmarket First Spring Meet. (for mares), Caroline, by Whalebone.
Newmarket First Spring Meet., Master Henry, by Orville.
Newmarket First October Meet. Luss, by Hedley.
Nottingham ..... Ashbud, by Ashton.
Richmond ..... Eliza Leeds, by Comus.
Salisbury ..... Haldon (late Moonraker), by Rubens
Warwick ..... The Main, by Haphazard.
Winchester ..... Moonraker, by Rubens.
York Spring Meeting ..... Sir John, by Smolensko.

Gold Cups, value 100gs. each.

Aberdeen ..... Bessy, by Young Gouty.
Abingdon (paid in specie) ..... Shreckhorn, by Skiddaw.
Ascot Heath ..... Banker, by Smolensko.
Ayr ..... Brown Colt, by Stamford.
Beverley ..... Cardinal Wolsey, by Cardinal York.
Blandford ..... Shreckhorn, by Skiddaw.
Bodmin ..... Nightshade, by Aladdin.
Brighton ..... Antar, by Haphazard.
Burderop ..... Bay f. by Haphazard, out of Spinetta.
Burton-upon-Trent ..... Anti-Radical, by Marmion.
Caledonian Hunt ..... Fair Helen, by Viscount.

Carlisle .....Fair Helen, by Viscount.
Chelmsford ..... Antiope, by Whalebone.
Cheltenham.....Claudius, by Camillus.
Chester.....Tarragon, by Haphazard.
Derby .....Teniers, by Rubens.
Doncaster.....Consul, by Camillus.
Dumfries .....Fair Helen, by Viscount.
Edinburgh .....The Champion, by Stamford.
Epsom .....Moonraker, by Rubens.
Exeter .....Bay f. by Haphazard, out of Spinetta.
Fife Hunt ....Hambletonia, by Stamford.
Hereford .....Alpha, by Ashton.
Hoo (Herts). ....Cardenio, by Cervantes.
Huntingdon.....Luss, by Hedley.
Irvine .....Chance, by Stamford.
Knutsford.....Tarragon, by Haphazard.
Lancaster .....Reveller, by Comus.
Leicester .....Cnes. f. by Waxy—Penny Trumpet.
Litchfield.....Belvidere, by Thunderbolt.
Lincoln..... .....Reveller, by Comus.
Manchester .....Anti-Radical, by Marmion.
Nantwich .....Tarragon, by Haphazard.
Newcastle-upon-Tyne .....Gonsalvi, by Cardinal York.
Newcastle-under-Lyme.....Teniers, by Rubens.
Newmarket Craven Meeting.....Sultan, by Selim. [Michael's Cup.
Newmarket First Oct. Meeting..Michaelmas, by Thunderbolt (Duke
Newmarket Houghton Meeting..Varennes, by Selim.
Northampton .....Coxcomb, by Fitzjames.
Nottingham.....Halston, by Langton.
Oswestry .....The Duke, by Comus.
Oxford.....Strephon, by Reubens.
Perth .. ..Caroline, by Walton.
Pontefract .....St. Patrick, by Walton.
Preston .....Doctor Syntax, by Paynator.
Richmond .....Doctor Syntax, by Paynator.
Shrewsbury.....Snowdon, by Skiddaw.
Stafford.....Tarragon, by Haphazard.
Stamford .....Antelope, by Whalebone.
Stranraer .....Clootie, by Whitworth.
Warwick .....Master Henry, by Orville.

Winchester .....Moonraker, by Rubens.
Worcester .....Master Henry, by Orville.
Wrexham .....Thrysis, by Young Sorcerer.
Yarmouth .....Luss, by Hedley.
York Spring Meeting .....St. Patrick, by Walton.

REMARKS ON TURF-TRAINING,

With respect to Race-Horses and Jockeys.

THROUGH the practices of the unskilled pretenders to the veterinary art,--the ignorance of grooms who purge, bleed, sweat, and cripple one-half at least of the horses entrusted to their care,--and the relentless and wanton cruelties to which they have been exposed, this noble animal finds *in man* his greatest *enemy!* The establishment of the Veterinary College, under the inspection of Professor Coleman, and other gentlemen of science, has been productive of much real benefit: there are yet, however, a vast host of pretenders to the art, who veil their ignorance with the impenetrable covering of *mystery*, and who evade all questions by a nod or a shrug of the shoulders;--to extirpate such characters from so valuable a profession is an object 'most devoutly to be wished.' If gentlemen would think and act for themselves, instead of submitting their better judgment to these intuitive geniuses, the eye of science, guided by nature and reason, would soon detect the great impositions to which they are continually subjected.

The late celebrated *Sam Chifney*, when discarded by the *Jockey-Club*, and left to exclaim, like the moor—

"Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone;"

began to unfold some of the *secrets* of his late *prison-house*, and to disclose the tricks of his brethren of the whip, who were jealous and envious of a man, whom they could never hope to eclipse. What his opinions were on the subject of *training the race-horse*, will be best collected from his own

words, which, to every reflecting mind, will convey a strong impression of truth, though in a very homely garb, full of repetition, and of a peculiar diction and phraseology.

Sam. Chifney's Reasons why the Turf-Horses degenerate, and Guides to recover them to their Strength and Speed.

"I have said in page 144, (says this author in his curious work intitled "*Genius Genuine*") that horses change in their twice running. If a horse is in perfect fitness for running, he immediately becomes exhausted, little or much; he must then change in his running. A horse cannot keep his perfect fitness for running more than one race, till rested. I have seen one sweat between their twice running, change horses for the worse astonishingly. It is destruction to horses to sweat them in the manner they are sweated at Newmarket, as the practice there is to sweat them once in six days, sometimes oftener; and between those days of sweating, it is usual for the horse to go out twice a-day, each time having strong exercise. In those sweating days the horses are mostly covered with clothes, two or three times doubled, and go in their sweats six miles, more or less, and at times go tolerably fast. Directly the horse pulls up, he is hurried into the stable, which is on the spot for that purpose. As soon as he gets in, there is often more clothes thrown upon him, in addition to those he has been sweat in. This is done to make the horse sweat the more, and he stands thus for a time, panting, before he is stripped for scraping; that with being thus worked, clothed, and stoved, it so affects him at times, that he keeps breaking out in fresh sweats, that it pours from him, when scraping, as if water had been thrown on him. Nature cannot bear this; the horses must dwindle.

"I think, in the first place, that the horse has been too long at this sort of work for his sinews; then the clothing and stoving forces his juices from him in such quantities, as must destroy his spirits, strength, and speed; and much clothing jades horses. A horse don't meet with this destruction when he runs, for then he is likely to be lighter in his carcase, lighter in his feet, having plates on, not shoes, which

is wonderfully in favour of his sinews; and he is without clothes, and not stoved, and his course in running is very seldom more than four miles; therefore this difference in sweating and running is immense.

" When a horse pulls up from his running, he has time given him to move gently in the air, and usually scraped out upon the turf, and by these means the horse perspires no more than suits his nature.

" When a horse is first taken into work after having had a long rest, his carcase is then large and heavy, and the practice is to put more clothes upon the horse, and order him to go a longer sweat. But the horse in this stage of his training, is in the legs less able to bear more clothes, and go further in his sweats; for the horse himself being heavy, that, with boy and clothes, at times has a great weight upon his legs; that with this pressure and his weight heating him, it makes his sinews full and weak; and thus working a little too fast or two long upon his sinews at one stretch, they are forced out of their places. This once done, the horse seldom stands training after.

" It is ignorant cruelty in the great number of horses being thus unskilfully lamed at Newmarket; and gentlemen not only lose the use of their horses and their money by it, but so greatly deprives them of the sport that they otherwise would have.

" The first fine care in training horses for running, and hunters and hacks for hard riding, is, to train their legs to be able to carry their carcase; using them first to short exercise, short gallops, short sweats, and giving time between their work for their sinews to rest, or the best of legs will become destroyed.

" Horses' legs are very soon destroyed at first coming into work; but when they have had time to be well trained, scarce any running or riding will hurt them.

" Some few, I am informed, have a way of pinching their race-horses in their meat and water. This is another certain way of perishing a horse in his spirits and strength. Where a horse is too large in his carcase, he should be well fed, as horses, I believe, for the most part of them are at Newmarket;

and, instead of pinching him in his water, where a horse is greedy of it, he should be watered very often, and at all times as much as he will drink; he will then drink less, and come straight and strong in his carcase."

Another reason, which the same *practical writer* gives, is of the utmost importance to the *breeder*, who can expect to be indemnified for all his vast trouble, expense, and anxiety, in no other way, than by the superiority of his young stock; and it carries with it such a force of argument, as must convince any unprejudiced mind.—In pages 169 and 170 of the same eccentric work, he writes thus:

"The outcry is, why are there so few good runners, or that the Turf-Horses degenerate? Some say they think it is from running horses too young. My opinion is this, viz. That the best running-mares are trained till their running is gone from them little or much, then turned into the stud exhausted of their juices. Perhaps drop a foal on the following year, and so on year after year, suckling one foal while breeding another. The mare is thus turned into the stud, drained of her strength, and her continually breeding keeps her so, without she lays herself barren a year or two by her mistanding to the horse. This chance manner of her laying herself fallow gives her an opportunity of recovering her juices, or strength to enable her to breed a stronger foal, provided the horse that is to her is the same in proper plight.

"And it is the same with the horses. They are turned out of training into the stud, thus drained of their nature. And the better runner he is, the more he is immediately pressed with numbers of the best mares, and in a manner all to the stallions at one time.

"These are my reasons why the turf-horses degenerate in strength, speed, and beauty."

*** We purpose submitting to our Readers, in our next Number, some *queries*, with the *opinions* of gentlemen, eminent for their learning, skill, and practical experience, which will speak volumes on this subject so important to *Sportsmen* in general, who are so highly interested in the improvement of the faculties of that noble animal the *Horse*.

LANCASTER RACES.

No less than ten horses are entered for the gold cup, among which is Dr. Syntax again.

OXFORD RACES, 1822.

The following are the nominations for the Gold Cup:—

Duke of Marlborough names ch. c. Careless, by Fyldener, 4 yrs. old.
Earl of Macclesfield names b. g. Philip, 6 yrs. old.
Earl of Abingdon names bl. c. Nightshade, 4 yrs. old.
Sir Alex. Croke names bl. c. Gleaner, 4 years old.
Mr. Wright names ch. f. Scarpa, 4 yrs. old.
Mr. Fane names Orelio, 6 yrs. old.
Mr. Ashhurst names Strephon, aged.
Mr. Peers names b. f. Souvenir, 4 yrs. old.
Mr. Annesley names gr. f. by Young Grimaldi, 4 yrs. old.
Mr. Pryse's Dr. Eady, 6 yrs. old.
Mr. Boast's ch. m. Elizabeth, 5 yrs. old.
Lord Jersey's Sporus, 5 yrs. old.
Mr. Davidson's ch. g. Liberty, by Walton, 6 yrs. old.

MATCH AGAINST TIME.

A chesnut mare, belonging to Mr. Watson, butcher, of Cleaden, near South Shields, was backed to run 48 miles in four hours, on the Newcastle, Sunderland, and Shields roads, for a wager of 5*l.* which extraordinary task was well performed in three hours 38 minutes, which was 22 minutes within the time specified.

MATCH FOR FIFTY GUINEAS.

On Friday, Jan. 11th, a match was run over Stokesley race-ground, in the county of Durham, (two miles) between Mr. Appleton's horse Old Lad, and Mr. Joseph Smith's filly Arcot, which was well contested and won by the former by half-a-neck. The betting was five to four at starting in favour of Old Lad.

NEWCASTLE RACE-COURSE.

Alterations have long been deemed necessary in this northern race-course, which is now likely to be accomplished. Persons have been employed for some time, in marking out the new *line*, and the alterations are now in a considerable state of forwardness. These improvements are made at the suggestion of several turf-amateurs, and are intended to avoid the hill on the western side of the town-moor. When finished, the course will be rendered as good as those of York or Doncaster, and the change is confidently expected to induce a greater number of horses to be entered here than hitherto.

STEEPLE-CHACE, SWEEPSTAKES.

A sweepstakes of 25 gs. each took place on Tuesday, between Messrs. Bartleman, Howard, and Gibson, from Bradford Hall, Herts, the seat of Mr. Standish, to Ellston, a range of 23 miles across the country. The country is woody, and the intrepid horsemen had to encounter several hazardous leaps. Mr. Bartleman's mare fell in a leap at a fence, and the other two kept the same direction, and made an excellent race until half-a-mile from home, when Mr. Howard won the race cleverly, leaving all the sportsmen followers in the rear.

DEATH OF MR. PEIRSE'S COLT.

We regret to hear that Mr. Peirse has lost his favourite colt, by Amadis, out of a sister to Rosetta, engaged in the three-year-olds' Produce Stakes, in the next York August Meeting, &c.; and intended for the Doncaster St. Leger, 1822. The colt died of an inflammation in the bowels.

RACES.

There will be races this year in Exton Park, at the close of the hunting-season, and the week before Cooxten-Park races. Sir Gerard Noel, the Hon. Col. Lowther, and General Grosvenor are the stewards.

CEDRIC, BY WALTON.

Mr. Clay, of Wem, Shropshire, has purchased Sir T. S. M. Stanley's Cedric, by Walton—his dam, Trull, by Precipitate, which he intends as a stallion in Shrewsbury and Wem the ensuing season.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

IRVINE MEETING.

First Day.—A Gold-Cup value 100gs. by subscription of 10gs. each;—three yr. old colts, 6st. 10lb; four, 8st. 9lb; six 8st. 12lb; and aged, 9st.; Mares and geldings allowed three pounds. A winner of 50gs. value in the present year to carry 3lb. and of 100gs. value, (matches and sweepstakes excepted) 5lb. extra. Three miles.

Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Androssan, 3 yrs. old.
Sir D. H. Blair's Maria, by Tressy, 4 yrs. old.
Colonel Blair names a b. h. by Stamford, 5 yrs. old.
Mr. C. Alexander names Mr. J. H. Blair's g. f. by Viscount, dam by St. George, 3 yrs. old.
Sir Wm. Maxwell's b. h. Montreith, 5 yrs. old.
Mr. Montgomerie names Sir Wm. Maxwell's Ben Nevis, 4 yrs. old.
Lord Glasgow, Sir D. Moncreiffe, and another subscriber did not name.

MALTON MEETING, 1822.

Third Day.—Mr. J. Gilbert's br. g. by Shuttle, against Lord Muncaster's b. h. Warter, by Julius Cæsar, aged, 12st. each. Four miles, 50gs. h. ft.

THE TURF.

At the commencement of the new year, the nominations for the great stakes ceased, yet the number appears to be greater than we ever remember. For the Doncaster St. Ledger, 72 Subscribers' names are down:—54 for the Derby at Epsom, and 42 for the Oaks.

HUNTING AND COURSING.

FOX-HUNTING, OF THE OLD AND NEW SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the SPORTING REPOSITORY.

SIR,

I AM a Fox-Hunter, and (as you will not be long in perceiving) one of the *Old School*, as I commenced my sporting career nearly half a century ago. The times are now strangely altered, and the *Sportsman* of that day would be reckoned an *Old Woman* by the present dashing race of *Out* and *Outers;* but it is not always that *new customs* are the *best.* The character of the *English Country Gentleman* has not more changed, since the days of *Fielding*, than have the modes of following his favourite amusement of the *Chase.* The Sportsman of the old school rose before the sun topped the eastern hills. His first business was to open his window, and consult the state of the weather. If it augured favourably for a fine scent-lying morn, he was out with his pack as soon as the sun rose above the horizon, when the scent was fresh and strong. Thus, by the refreshing air of the morning, and vigorous exercise, his frame was rendered hardy and athletic. Robust himself, the strength and powers of his horse were proportioned to the weight he was to carry, and the toils he was to undergo. The description of such an animal, as was then deemed proper for the chase, was as follows: A vigorous, sanguine, healthy colour; a head and neck as light as possible (whether handsome or not); a quick moving eye and ear; clear wide jaws and nostrils; large thin shoulders and high withers; a deep chest and short back; large ribs and wide pin-bones; tail high and stiff: gaskins well spread, and buttocks lean and hard; above all, his legs and pasterns short; for it was then firmly believed that a long limber-legged horse was never yet able to gallop down steep hills, and take bold leaps with a weight upon his back, without sinking or foundering; or, as I have seen it more elegantly versified:

Much fam'd is the *Arabian* breed, but best
The horse whom sportsmen prize above the rest;
Such he, whose shape with these perfections crown'd,
Lightly he shifts his limbs, with speed he scours the ground.
Something above his head his neck should rise,
With looks erect, full fifteen hands in size;
His chop should to his neck below incline,
And his full front with sprightly vigour shine;
Let waving locks adown his foretop fly,
And briils embrown'd should edge his broad bright eye;
Wide nostrils, ample mouth, and little ears;
Arch'd be his neck, and fledg'd with floating hairs;
Like a plum'd helmet, when he nods its crest,
Broad and capacious be his stately chest;
Let his strong back be furrowed with his chine,
His tail branch out in a long bushy line;
Clean be his thighs, and sinewy, but below
Strait, long, and spare, his well-turn'd shanks should show;
Lean be his legs, and nimble as the stag's,
With whom, in speed, the fleeting tempest flags;
Firm let him tread, and just, and move along
Upon a well-grown hoof, compact and strong;
Proud of the sport, with too much fire to yield:—
Such be the horse to bear me to the field!

The *hounds* were selected for the goodness of their noses, and the precision with which they could hit off the scent, rather than for their being over swift of foot, or light-heeled. The breed between the southern hound and the northern beagle was preferred; the former for his accurate sense of smelling, and the latter for his speed and vigour, to counteract, or rather to amend, the slowness of the former; whence arose a progeny possessing the best qualities of both, without the defects of either. The cry was formed as nearly equal to each other as could be, that they might run together, with sufficient retention of breath and spirits, and with their tongues at command; which it would be impossible they could do, if they were ill-matched, and the swiftest of foot were encouraged, nay, urged on to exert their utmost speed and outrun the rest; by which means, running in a string, they would often overshoot the scent, baffle the truest dogs, and utterly spoil the sport. Of what other use could the *whipper-in* be, than to bring up the straggling or slower footed hounds, and

keep the whole pack together, running, as they say in horse-racing, so that a petticoat might cover the whole? Hunting was then a *science*, by which the doublings of the chase were to be struck off with the most minute exactness and precision, and the principal part of the sport was deemed to consist in witnessing the efforts of the prey to elude pursuit, and of the dogs to baffle all the wiles and craft of their fugitive victim. The sportsman followed, rather than drove on the pack, and contented himself with taking such leaps as fell in his way with skill and intrepidity, taking none in vain, and seeking to avoid none that were necessary, or would take him too far out of his way. The business of the field was commonly over by noon, or, in a fine day's sport, an hour or two at most after; when, if the sportsman was 15 or 20 miles from home, he might return to dinner, or, at least, time enough to refresh himself before going to *his own* bed. Such, sir, was the custom of the *Old School.*—Now, mark the contrast!

At the present *enlightened* æra, the hunter's meet at kennel, or at the place of throwing off, at 11, A. M.; when most commonly the scent is dissipated by the wind, or spoiled by being crossed by other animals, or by the heat of the sun. Their horses are thorough-bred racers, unable to contend against a hard run over a trying country, and to whom a ploughed field would be such an obstacle, that scarcely two or three, besides the huntsman, ever behold any thing of the chase after the first burst, or are within a mile or two at the death, or the end of it. The hounds are chosen for speed; and, instead of running together, (in which I take it the beauty of the sport consists) straggle after each other, yelping, in a long string, like stag-hounds; and—as for the horsemen—outriding each other seems to be all the aim of the present race of *soi-disant* crack sportsmen. The sport is seldom finished till night-fall, when the hunter must either remain at an inn, or travel home wet, dirty, hungry, weary, and benighted; the former is very expensive; the latter, dangerous to health; and both extremely disagreeable to most persons. What was formerly a *science*, is now only *fool-hardiness*—a break-neck match of horse against horse;—in short, a *steeple race* would answer all the purposes of a modern Fox-

Chase or Hare-Hunt. Old as I am, sir, I am not so bigotted to *Old Fashions*, as to reject all *new ones*, as innovations or deteriorations; but, until my *reason* can be convinced that the *new ones* are the *best*, I shall take a pride in subscribing myself

A Fox-Hunter of the Old School.

*** We shall be glad if any *modern* Fox-Hunter will favour us with a defence of the *New School*, against this formidable Nimrod, of '*olden times*.'

REYNARD'S VISIT TO THE MISSES BUCK.

Since our last, the hounds of Mr. Blackland have had a fine fox-hunt, which afforded most admirable sport. They found in Beacon-hill woods, near Ospringe, and reynard, who was a very bold and gallant fellow, soon broke cover, and made for Charing; but when near that place, he turned and headed back by Shieldwich, through Ospringe-street, passing close to the powder-mills at Faversham, from whence he made across the orchards, and leaped a garden-wall at the back of Preston-street, where he secreted himself under a water-butt, but being perceived, he again mounted the wall, and passed over into an adjoining garden. His pursuers being pretty close to his heels, he darted through the kitchen window of the Misses Buck, and made his way into the front parlour, (the door being open,) and seated himself very comfortably under a harpsichord; he was by this time quite spent with fatigue, and quietly allowed himself to be removed from his comfortable quarters. Poor reynard was, after all this, cruelly taken into an adjoining meadow, and turned down before the dogs, but being quite worn out, he could only run a few yards before he was caught and killed. The chace lasted nearly five hours, and the extent of country over which they ran was very great.

About three weeks since, the Duke of Rutland, and a field amounting to 453, met at Normanton covert, threw the hound in; found, ran through a deep country, or rather, if possible, raced, and killed, after a chace of 45 miles, in Foston lordship.

EXTRAORDINARY FOX-CHASE.

On Friday, the 11th of January, the fox-hounds belonging to H. Taylor, Esq. of Christon Bank, unkennelled a fine large fox of the greyhound breed, a little below Low Trewitt. He broke cover with great spirit, and was seen for about a mile taking his fences like a greyhound; he took his line by Cartington, crossed the Whitton Burn, and, after trying for Rothbury Crag End, dashed over Rimside Moor in gallant style to Brickburn; he next struck through Framlington and New-Moor-House Dean to Swarland-spring Wood, where there was a check of about three minutes; then shaping his course by Felton Park, Acton Wood, Hazon-dean, and Guyzance-dean, he swam the Coquet* to Merwick, and ran through Acklington Park-wood and village to Broom-hill, where he was headed; he then took away to the east of Chevington and Widdrington, and afterwards turned back, passing through Amble and Amble Hope to Warkworth Barns, where, after having tried every manœuvre to save himself, he was run in upon and killed at Warkworth Banks, and so literally had he been run down, that when taken up, he was "stiff as a tree." The above chase must rank among the first in the Annals of Fox-hunting; it was nearly one continued burst the whole way, and the distance ran over could not be less than between 50 and 60 miles. Of 26 horsemen who took the field in the morning, only three were in at the death!

DOE HUNT.

On Friday, Jan. 11, Mr. Best and some friends enjoyed a great treat in hunting a very fine doe, which had been known to be resorting in the large woods near Rochester, for the last eight or ten days, and being seen by a woodman, Mr. Best was informed where she was to be found. That gentleman took out ten couple of his harriers, and very soon discovered her. The doe came out into a large field between the woods, and was killed between Stockbury and Binbury,

* A celebrated river in Northumberland, which falls into the German Ocean.

after a run of nearly three hours, in which the hounds scarcely came to a check. Five of the horsemen were in at the death.

SHEEP-DOG FOX-HUNTING.

On Saturday, the 5th Jan. as Mr. A. Byres, of Highstone Ridge, accompanied by Mr. Johnston, of Chapel-hill, was travelling over Eskdale-moor, a common sheep-dog, esteemed a cur, which had been trotting quietly along, commenced barking at some distant object, and springing forward was soon out of sight. At first they paid little attention to the circumstance, imagining the dog was attracted by some moor-land hare, with which he was taking a gambol; but upon riding a little out of the way to partake of the sport, how greatly were they surprised at finding *Colly* busily employed in turning and returning a full-grown fox athwart the face of a pretty steep hill. In point of speed the parties were pretty well matched, but the strength and cunning of the fox are well known, and the gentleman expected nothing less than that sly reynard would shortly "turn a corner juking," and earth him in some heathy retreat. But no. In this they were agreeably disappointed. In spite of every fox-like effort to get away, the now *courageous cur* kept close at the heels of his *scented* prey, or fought him in a gallant style, until he at length succeeded in fairly killing him, and he was borne off in triumph to attest in all time coming the mettle of the dog of Highstone Ridge.

BAG FOX-HUNTING.

Sir Robert Hill's hounds have had three brilliant runs within the last three weeks. The first was on Saturday, the 12th of January, when a bag-fox was turned out at Steele, near Prees, which immediately crossed Whitchurch-heath, left the Twemlows to the right, and up to Ightfield; thence to Cloveley-hall, at the back of which he passed through a small cover, and proceeded to Shavington, where, owing to the hares being very numerous, he was lost after a severe turn of forty-five minutes—*best pace*. The second was on the

following Thursday, when another bag-fox was turned out near Admiral Bowen's seat at Cotton, which made off to the right of Wem, where he was viewed, and thence crossed to the back of Clive through the grounds to Sansaw, by Hardwick to Hadnal, between which place and Astley he was killed, after an admirable run of an hour and a half.

During the chace, the Ellesmere canal and the river Roden were each crossed; and out of 70 horsemen at starting, so severe was the running, only fifteen were up at the death. The third was on January 19, when another bag-fox was turned out at the same place, and immediately ran up the wind for the first two miles to very near the village of Whixall, which he passed to the right; thence through a deep country to Whitchurch-heath, by the Twemlows, almost to Ightfield, from whence he proceeded to Cloveley, where, unfortunately, after the hounds had run an hour and a quarter without a check, a hare sprang up before them, and caused a delay of a quarter of an hour; the huntsman, however, succeeded in recovering the scent on to Styche, where many of the sportsmen (having a great distance to return home) gave up the chase, which renders it out of our power to say whether reynard lost his life or not.

On Wednesday, the 23d ult. Mr. Hill's hounds had a very fine run of three hours, and scarcely had a check. The latter part of the run was particularly fine. The fox, in making for the cliffs at Scarborough, tried to earth at Oliver's Mount, but being closely pressed, was prevented, and obliged to run towards the town, and was shortly afterwards gallantly run in to on the sands, between the life-boat house and the Spa. The scramble to get the brush was great; the huntsmen who were up the cliff dismounted, and Lieut. Campbell (who got the brush) in descending the cliff took a leap of twelve yards.

On the same day, the Earl of Harewood's fox-hounds had a most excellent day's sport. The first fox was killed in a gallant style, after a run of one hour and 20 minutes; a second was found, and run to ground, after a severe chase of two hours and 35 minutes. All horses were completely tired.

On Wednesday, Jan. 23, Sir G. Sitwell's hounds met at Bramley-moor. A fox was immediately found, which afforded to a numerous field of sportsmen a chase of one hour and 40 minutes, over one of the heaviest countries, perhaps, ever crossed; when he was killed in gallant style.

Northamptonshire is hunted by Mr. Chaworth; he having removed from Nottinghamshire, where he is succeeded by Lord Middleton.

Sir Richard Sutton has the Burton Hunt, in Lincolnshire, lately given up by Mr. T. Smith; and Lord Middleton (also disabled by a fall) is succeeded in Warwickshire by Mr. Shirley, with a subscription of 2,000 guineas per annum.

HUNT AT SANDBECK PARK.

The Earl of Scarborough's hounds had a capital day's sport on Friday, Jan. 25. They met at Sandbeck Park; found in the plantation; and had a short but quick burst. They then went to Malthy-wood, and found a fine old fox, which immediately left the wood, and went through Hell-wood, Roche Abbey, and skirted King's-wood; then turned to the left through Stone, and over Sandbeck Park, through Wolthwaite Bottoms, by Carr-house, and along the village by Parkin's mill, near to Thickhill town; then turned to the left to the north-end of the town, near the Doncaster road, when reynard, finding himself rather pressed, took a straight direction nearly to Wadworth town, where he returned to the left by Wilsie, through Stainton-wood to Stainton, when he was headed back again to the wood; but not finding himself safe there, he went by Stainton-wood-house to Malthy-wood, which he reached with the greatest difficulty, as the hounds were close at his brush the latter part of the chase, which lasted two hours and ten minutes, almost without a check. Immediately on his getting into Malthy-wood, a fresh fox got up, which preserved poor reynard's life for another day's

sport. After this excellent run, it is no wonder that there were not many horsemen up at the last, though there was a large field in the morning, and those that held out, had quite enough.

BADSWORTH HUNT.

Since the days of Old Bright, the annals of this hunt can scarce furnish so brilliant a day's sport as the present establishment, under Mr. Petre's management, afforded last month. The hounds met at Brodsworth, soon found, and ran, for some time, through the adjoining covers to Melton-wood, and back, with a bad scent, to Hooton Fagnel. They then proceeded, at 2 o'clock, to try Hooton-wood, a sure find, under Mr. Dawson's zealous care. Scarcely had the hounds entered the cover, when a well-known tongue proclaimed the traitor found. At first he tried his well-known haunts, but finding all subterfuge vain, he gallantly faced the open field, with the whole pack close at his brush, making, as it seemed, for Hampole-wood; but, changing his direction, he flew down to Moorhouse at as tremendous a pace as we ever remember to have seen; he here crossed the Hampole-beck, to Stubb's-hall, leaving the Hollin's to the right, and passed on by Wrangborough to Walton-wood. Few, out of a large field, were now on any terms with the fleet pack, which might have been covered with a sheet. Jack Richards, on his favourite mare; Mr. Bowen Cook; a Nottinghamshire gentleman, and young Mr. Steer, from Doncaster, were the only happy few, who could be fairly said to witness the exertions of each hound, through Thorpe Plantations to Went Hills. Here they viewed the fox as he crossed the river only 30 yards before the leading bitch, *Willing*, whose speed might have stopped his career, had not a severe bite, the last season, rendered her rather cautious of the attempt. Stapleton-park then witnessed the continued race, but here a sad spectacle soon presented itself of tired horses, and breathing of veins. The huntsmen, Messrs. Greaves, Payne, Gee, and the foregoing gentlemen, were alone able to follow the determined pack close by the hall at Stapleton, two miles beyond which

they turned back by Womersley to Birk Spring, where a fresh fox saved the life of his devoted brother.

This splendid run of one hour and a half, from finding to whipping off the hounds, furnished one hour of the hardest racing without a pull, that was ever seen. The length of the run was not less than 14 miles. Mr. Petre's horse failed him near his own door, when a fresh nag soon enabled him to recover his hounds below Womersley. With his wonted kind attention, he sent out his grooms to administer to the distresses of his brother sportsmen in the field, who quickly found for themselves and their tired horses, that most ample refreshment his liberal hospitality always affords. Richards was enabled, on his very superior mare, to take home his hounds without the aid of his whip, and we believe there was not one wanting when they reached the kennel. Several of the horses, we understand, have suffered severely from the day's work; and we are sorry to add, that a very valuable one, belonging to Mr. Denison, is at present in a very dangerous state.

EXTRAORDINARY SPORTING CASE.

The hounds of the Rev. C. Sweet, a short time since, killed a fox under the following most extraordinary circumstances:—Lord Forte-que, Lord Arundel, Mr. Karslake, and numerous other gentlemen, met at Kemblend Cross, near Bratton Down, when they found a hare, which was killed after an hour's run. They had tried a small brake, where they chopt a hare and a rabbit. Soon after they left the brake, old Abbleyard began to sing out in such a determined manner, that all the pack immediately rushed back into the brake, when the inspiring cry of *Tally-ho* was set up, and out started a fine fox, in full cry. The hounds ran as hard as they could to the parish of Charles, all through Bay-stag woods, and from thence to North Molton, when the riders could follow no longer: but the dogs kept on all through the forest of Exmoor to Exford, when nine couple of gallant hounds ran in to master reynard and killed him, and were about to make a relishing meal of him, but were prevented by a man who happened to be on the spot.

All the way from North Molton to Exford there was not a single horseman with the pack. Two of the hounds slept in the stable of the White-horse at Exford that night, and the landlord next morning let them out, with a note tied on one of their necks, saying 'that they had killed a large dog-fox, and that the rest of the pack were running a hare the same night after dusk.' The hounds came home, a distance of 15 west-country miles, in two hours.

ACCIDENT IN HUNTING.

J. R. Gregory, Esq. met with an alarming accident on Monday, Jan. the 14th, in following the hounds of the Farley Hunt, Hants, in taking a hazardous leap which most of the field of sportsmen refused. It was a quickset hedge of six feet, with two feet of ditch approaching it, and three feet on the other side. A Mr. Corbett first cleared the leap, and Mr. Gregory followed, when his horse's hind legs became entangled in clearing the second ditch, and he fell upon his rider and caused a dangerous compound fracture of his left-leg. He was conveyed to a neighbouring farm-house senseless, from a contusion on the head also, and has since undergone amputation. Mr. G. is 60 years of age, and of corpulent habit.

BEAR HUNT.

A few months since the inhabitants of Londonderry (United States), having had their flocks annoyed by the ravages of bears from the adjacent mountains, turned out to destroy them. Mr. Hazen and his son, a lad about twelve years of age, were among the number. A large bear was discovered by Mr. H. and his boy: and being wounded, passed round a rock or hedge, where it was met by Mr. H. who, in attempting to disable it, was disarmed and thrown down by the furious beast. He called to the lad in this exigency; the youth, with a presence of mind beyond his years and strength, rushed upon the bear with his axe, and so dexterously applied his blows, that he rescued his father, and

they killed the bear. Mr. H. was considerably injured. As he fell he clenched the under jaw of the bear, and though his hands were severely wounded, this circumstance probably saved his life. A minute's delay or perturbation in the boy would have been fatal to the father.

To the Editor of the SPORTING REPOSITORY.

SIR,

PERCEIVING that your useful Work is not confined merely to British sports, but that you have extended your researches to France and Italy, I have extracted from Lichtenstein's Travels a short account of the manner in which Elephants are hunted in Africa; as it is probable that several of your sporting readers may not be in possession of that book, to them it will not only be new but interesting; and will exhibit a wide contrast, in point of danger, between the sports of that country and our own.

Yours, &c.

ANONYMOUS.

London, Feb. 4, 1822.

AN ELEPHANT HUNT.

TWO persons, whose names were Muller and Prince, being out together, discovered the footsteps of a very large elephant, and soon espied the animal itself upon the declivity of a naked and widely outstretched hill. It is a rule, when an elephant is found thus, to endeavour to get above him upon the hill, that, in case of necessity, the hunter may fly to the summit, whither the animal, on account of the unwieldiness of its body, cannot follow him fast. This precaution was neglected by Prince; he shot too soon, while they were yet at too great a distance, and the elephant was upon higher ground than himself and his companion: the wounded monster rushed down towards them, while they endeavoured to push the horses on, and gain the brow of the hill. But the elephant, who upon favorable ground would run as fast as a horse, soon came up

with them, and struck with his tusk at Muller's thigh, he being the nearest of the two fugitives. Muller now considered his fate as inevitable, as he endeavoured, in vain, to set his almost exhausted horse into a gallop, and saw the monster, after giving a violent snort, raise his powerful trunk above his head; but it was not on himself, but on his companion, that the stroke fell, and in an instant he saw him snatched from his horse, and thrown up into the air. Scarcely in his senses, he continued his flight, and only in some degree recovered himself by finding Prince's horse running by his side without a rider; then looking back he saw his unfortunate friend on the ground, and the elephant stamping upon him with the utmost fury. He was now convinced, but not without the greatest astonishment, that the sagacious animal had distinguished which of the two it was had wounded him, and wreaked his whole vengeance upon him alone. Muller, on this, went in search of the rest of the party, that they might collect the mangled remains of their companion and bury them; but they were soon put to flight by the elephant rushing again from a neighbouring thicket, to vent his wrath, once more, upon the corpse so dreadfully mangled. While he was busied in doing this, however, he was attacked by the dispersed hunters, and sacrificed to the manes of his unfortunate victim.

ELEPHANT HUNTING.

[From the Ceylon Letters, received December 1821.]

Among the several perils attending this supereminent sport, that of running to the herd is not very common. A party of Europeans being out, pursuing one of those massy animals with much vigour, they found themselves unexpectedly in the midst of a numerous herd, and fell into utter confusion; the trampling of beasts was terrible to the hunters, who could scarcely keep together, and the danger was imminent in the extreme. One of the tame animals having been overthrown by two wild ones, these rushed forward for the purpose of destroying its dismounted rider. Hereupon a captain belonging to the Ceylon army, with a coolness and intrepidity

not to be surpassed any where, promptly threw himself in the way, and discharging one barrel of his double rifle, dropped the foremost; the second, receiving the contents of the second barrel, also fell instantly after. Both were perforated to the brain, the bullet entering just above the eye of each, this being the mortal mark alone to be aimed at in cases of emergency.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE HARE.

To the Editor of the SPORTING REPOSITORY.

SIR,

PERMIT me to congratulate you on the appearance of the first Number of the "SPORTING REPOSITORY,"—a work which, in my opinion, has a high claim to public patronage. The Sports of the Field have long been my delight, but the infirmities of age, which are creeping on apace, preclude the possibility of my engaging in them with my wonted pleasure. The frequent interviews which I have with some of the most celebrated Sportsmen of the present day, recal to my fond imagination the delightful enjoyments of former times, and almost induce me to wish that I was young again. It has been asserted, but I now forget where, that "the life of man is too short to obtain a perfect knowledge of the art of hunting," with this assertion I most cordially agree: and though I have now arrived at the age of *fourscore years*, and have, for the greater part of my life, made the wiles of the hare my study, yet am I perpetually puzzled and outwitted by that subtle creature. The incessant rains which have fallen in these parts for the last three months, have made me a prisoner at home. During this period, as an idle life is not altogether congenial with my disposition, I have spent the greater part of my time in my study, which, I believe, contains as valuable a collection of books as is to be found in most private libraries, but chiefly on sporting subjects. I was much surprized on perusing a Treatise on Hunting, by an anonymous writer of the early part of last century, to find

that his ideas completely accorded with all the discoveries I have been enabled to make, up to the present day; and particularly as it respects the *hare;* and, in order to render myself useful in my old age, I have resolved assuming the new capacity of a *scribbler*, but my subjects must be confined to my favourite topics, —*Field Sports;*—and if they are found of sufficient importance to occupy a niche in your "Repository," it is not improbable, as I enjoy (notwithstanding my age) an excellent state of health, but I may forward you, from time to time, such observations and remarks as my situation and opportunities allow.

The writer, above alluded to, speaking of the hare, observes—"this little animal, when I think myself sure, often puts some unexpected trick upon me; and hardly do I ever lose her in tolerable scenting weather, but I can afterwards discern that it was the effect of some oversight, or want of providing for such and such a contingency. For the conquest of a hare (like that of an enemy) does not depend only in rigorous attacks or pursuits, but there are a hundred accidents to which the success of the field is obnoxious, and which ought always to be in the head of the huntsman, if he would come off with glory. It is not enough, with good judgment to choose our forces, to raise their courage with wholesome food and frequent exhortations, and to make them subject to the word of command, by constant discipline and exercise; but, *in time of action*, we ought to be armed with a calmness and presence of mind to observe the various motions and stratagems made use of to defeat us, and furnished with prudent foresight and provision for every new emergency, to which the fortune of the day is subject. We must never forget that every hare has her *particular play;* which play is occasionally changed, according to the variation of wind and weather, the weight of the air, the nature of the ground, and the degrees of eagerness with which she is pursued. Nor are we to be unmindful of the numerous accidents she may meet in her way, to turn her out of her course, to cover her flight, to quicken her speed, or to furnish her with an opportunity of new devices. I say, it is not enough to have a general knowledge of these things before the game is started; but

in the heat of action (when we are most tempted to be in raptures, with the sound of the horns, the melody of the cry, and the expectation of success) we must carry them in our heads; every step we make we must calmly observe the alterations of *soil*, the position of the *wind*, the time of the *year;* and no less take notice with what *speed* she is driven; how far she is before; to what place she tends: whether she is likely to keep on forward, or to turn short behind; whether she has not been met by *passengers*, frightened by *curs*, intercepted by *sheep;* whether an approaching storm, a rising wind, a sudden blast of the sun, the going-off of a frost, the repetition of foiled ground, the decay of her own strength, or any other probable turn of affairs, has not abetted or altered the scent. There are other things still no less necessary to be observed than the former, viz. the particular quality and character of each dog; whether the present leaders are not apt to overrun it; which are most inclined to stand on the double; which are to be depended upon in the highway, on the ploughed ground, on a bare turf, in an uncertain scent, in the crossing of fresh game, through a flock of sheep, upon the foil, or stole back. The size also and strength of the hare will make a difference; nor must the hounds themselves be followed so closely, or so loudly cherished, when fresh and vigorous, as after they have run off their speed and mettle, and begin to be tired.

"It is also advisable (says the same author, in whose opinion I fully coincide) that a young huntsman, when the scent lies well, keeps himself pretty far behind: at such a time (especially if it be against the wind) it is impossible for the poor hare to hold it forward; nor has she any trick or refuge for her life, but to stop short by a way, or path, and when all are past, to steal immediately back, which is often the occasion of an irrecoverable fault in the midst of the warmest sport and expectations; and is the best trick the poor hare has for her life in scenting weather. Whereas, if the huntsman was not too forward, he would have the advantage of seeing her steal off, and turning her aside; or, more probably, the pleasure of the dogs returning, and thrusting her up in view.

"It is very common for the fleet dog to be the favourite, though it would be much better if he was hanged. Be a dog in his own nature never so good, yet he is not good in that pack, that is too slow for him. There is most times work enough for every one of the train, and every one ought to bear his part. But this it is impossible for the heavy ones to do, if they are run out of breath by the unproportionable speed of a light-heeled leader. For it is not enough that they are able to keep up (which a true hound will labour hard for) but they must be able to do it with ease, with retention of breath and spirits, and with their tongues at command. It must never be expected that the indentures of the hare can be well covered, or her doubles struck off, if the harriers run yelping in a long string, like the deer or fox-hounds."

I have here given you a long extract, and that the author's judicious remarks might not lose any of their force, I have strictly adhered to his style and phraseology; which, indeed, I should have considered presumption to have altered. The dinner-bell has rung twice; ere I receive a third intimation, I will just observe, that in this sport much depends on the excellency of the dogs. A liar and chanter, and those that are trifling or silly, without nose or sagacity, are completely useless. It is a certain maxim, "that every dog that does no good, does a great deal of hurt:" they serve only to foil the ground and confound the scent; and I will venture to affirm, that four or five couple, all good and trusty, will do more execution than thirty or forty, where a third of them are eager and headstrong, and noisy in doing nothing. Such is my decided opinion, in which I am borne out by the author above quoted, as well as by several modern sportsmen.

Your's, &c.

AN OLD FIELD-SPORTSMAN.

Stockton-upon-Tees, Jan. 27, 1822.

COURSING ANECDOTE.

About three weeks since, a party of Mansfield gentlemen coursing on Sherwood Forest, near the race-ground started a hare, which proved "a teaser," leaving her eager pursuers no other alternative than "to play all they knew," and "prove their metal." Sprightly puss led the way o'er hill and dale in gallant style, and, confident of her fleetness, bid defiance to the speed of winds. However, on coming near the silent tomb of the immortal pious Thompson (whose remains are interred on the open forest) she dashed furiously among the ling, and making a double, Mr. Mellor's dog, Dart, came in contact with the poor animal, when, for a short time, all sight was lost both of dog and hare, but at length brave Dart was discovered laying prostrate on his back, and matchles puss, extended almost breathless beneath his loins, was actually taken up alive by a person present. This remarkable circumstance, we believe, stands unprecedented in the annals of sporting history.

COURSING.

Frimpton-Park Coursing Meeting, Essex.

Thursday, *Jan.* 31.

The Silver Cup and Couples.—Mr. Waldron's y. d. Sancho beat Mr. Harrison's blk. b. Maria;—Capt. Coutt's blk. d. Fiddler beat Mr. Fox's brnd. d. Lurch;—Mr. Woolcomb's w. d. Petty beat Mr. T. Creasy's y. d. Warrior;—Mr. Mapleson's fawn b. Sally beat Mr. Hutchinson's blk. Diamond.

First Ties for the Cup:—Mr. Waldron's Sancho beat Capt. Coutt's Fiddler;—Mr. Mapleson's Sally beat Mr. Woolcomb's Petty.

Ties for the Cup:—Mr. Waldron's Sancho beat Mr. Mapleson's Sally. Sancho won the cup and Sally the couples.

Matches.

Mr. West's blk. d. Smuggler beat Capt. Paul's w. b. Fancy.

Mr. Poulton's r. b. Juliana beat Mr. Horncastle's y. d Wasp.

Mr. Phillip's r. d. Neate beat Mr. Roden's br. d. Nut.

The hares were strong on their legs, and made some excellent runs.

As a party were *coursing* at the Grange (Hants), a hare was started, which, after running over two fields, went to ground in a fox-earth. The party procured a spade, &c. and, after three hours hard labour, took out the hare, and turned her off before the dogs again, when she showed good sport, and was killed by two noted dogs, Eclipse and Magpie, after a hard run of at least a mile.

COURSING-MATCH.

A COURSING-MATCH took place on Lanston-heath, on the 29th of November last, for 12 gs. between a leash of first-rate greyhounds (as they were called), belonging to Mr. Andrew Perce, of Longbridge Deverill, Wilts, and a leash belonging to Mr. Mitchell, of Iwerne and Hinton Saint Mary, in the county of Dorset. The match was decided in favour of Mr. Mitchell's dogs. The Wiltshire gentlemen challenged to run the same dogs, on the same ground, again for 30 gs. which was accepted, and the day appointed; but, before that day, the Wiltshire gentlemen paid forfeit to the Dorsetshire.

COURSING-CLUB IN KENT.

A COURSING-CLUB has been established at Stoke Marsh, in Kent, which is to be held annually. The prizes to be contended for are a silver cup and couples. The club first assembled on the 29th of December last, and the cup and couples were won as follows:—

Mr. Gunning's wh. b. Guinea-fowl beat Mr. Nicholson's blk. d. Hector;—Mr. Smith's blk. d. Sancho beat Mr. James' y. b. Jennet;—Mr. Potter's r. d. Pettish beat Mr. Northcote's blk. and wh. d. Nero;—Mr. Treslove's blk. d. Tramp beat Mr. Warner's brind. b. Wasp;—Mr. Wells' blk. d. Warrior beat Mr. Edmonston's blk. b. Ellen;—Mr. Handley's blk. d. Jasper beat Col. Paulet's blk. b. Paulina;—Mr. Trevor's fawn-c. b. Thalia beat Mr. James' r. b. Jessamine;—and Mr. Fielder's wh. d. Fiddler, beat Major Macdonald's blk. d. Major.

First Ties for the Cup and Couples:—Mr. Gunning's wh. b. Guinea-fowl beat Mr. Smith's blk. d. Sancho;—Mr. Handley's blk. d. Jasper beat Mr. Potter's r. d. Pettish;—Mr. Wells' blk. d. Warrior beat Mr. Treslove's blk. d. Tramp;—and Mr. Fielder's wh. d. Fiddler beat Mr. Trevor's fawn-c. b. Thalia.

Second Ties:—Mr. Handley's blk. d. Jasper, beat Mr. Wells' blk. d. Warrior; and Mr. Gunning's wh. b. Guinea-fowl beat Mr. Fielder's wh. d. Fiddler.

Reduced to a Brace:—Mr. Handley's blk. d. Jasper beat Mr. Gunning's wh. b. Guinea-fowl, and won the cup; and Guinea-fowl the couples.

The sport on the whole was most excellent, the hares very stout, and all the dogs in the highest possible condition, especially the two winners. Jasper proved himself an extraordinary good-bottomed and fast dog. The last course was one of the severest that the frequenters of the marshes ever recollected. Guinea-fowl comes in a direct line from the celebrated dog Miller, and Jasper is a son of old Jasper, brother to Champion. He is an Oxfordshire bred dog. There were several matches run.

Last week, a coursing-meeting was held at Cansdale, near Hunmanby. The day being extremely fine, attracted the greatest number of sportsmen ever remembered on such an occasion. The dogs were selected from the best breeds that could be produced on the Yorkshire wolds. Upwards of 300 horsemen were on the ground, amongst whom we observed Major-General the Hon. Godfrey Bosville, Sir F. and Lady Boynton, &c.

On Friday the 25th ult. a grand coursing-match took place on the Eastbourne-hills, between the farmers of Jevington and Lewes; which was decided in favour of Mr. Ade's dogs, of Jevington. Several of the farmers' wives were present, and rode in excellent style. The parties afterwards partook of an excellent dinner. The Eastbourne band attended, and played until the party broke up, which was about ten o'clock. Most of the farmers, with their wives, were present.

THE MELTON HUNT

Is superior to any establishment of the kind in England; at the head of which stands the Duke of Rutland, as founder. Independent of the fine packs belonging to this nobleman, the celebrated Quorndon-hounds as well as several other packs visit this place. Melton-Mowbray is, therefore, now become a place of considerable importance. The country is admira-

bly adapted by nature for hunting, and has received from art every improvement of which it was susceptible;—covers are contrived at proper distances, and every thing which can increase the pleasure of the chase is strictly attended to. It has, in consequence, become the meeting-place of the greater part of the fox-hunting nobility and gentry in the kingdom, who have a very full meeting here annually, which increases every year in number. Their horses are excellent, perhaps we may pronounce them—*the best in the world:* consequently, no better market can be found for a fine hunter than that of Melton-Mowbray.

TROTTING-MATCHES.

A TROTTING-MATCH of two miles for 200 gs. aside, took place, Jan. 15, on the Bagshot-road, between Mr. Wells's roan mare and Mr. R. Painter's black horse. The mare made the play, and kept it the first half-mile, when she broke into a gallop, and turning the horse passed her. At the mile the horse broke, when neck and neck, and got four lengths a-head. Every inch of the ground was contested, and both were together when 200 yards from home. The mare won by two lengths in 6 min. 31 sec.

THE match for 200 gs. between Messrs. Maddison and Houldsworth, to trot three miles and to carry 10 stone each, was decided early on Friday morning, Feb. 1, on the Staines road. Betting 6 to 4 on Mr. Maddison's gelding, and even betting that the winner did not do the ground in 11 minutes. Mr. Maddison broke into a gallop at half a mile, while leading by three lengths, but he turned and came up with Mr. Houldsworth's mare at the two miles, she having broke into a gallop also. A severe encounter followed, neck and neck, until within 100 yards of home, when the little the mare had left in her was exerted, and she won in 11 minutes and 48 seconds.

The money is all staked for the great trotting-match, for 1000 gs. a-side, to take place on the 18th of February, and one of so much interest has not been known in the sporting world for years. The match was made by Mr. Fielder offering that his black hog-maned horse, carrying 11 stone, would take a stone and trot three miles, for 100 gs. against any horse that could be produced in England. The match was accepted by Mr. Dyson, who is to pick England and carry 12 stone. It is not known what Mr. D. will bring forward, but it is rumoured that a bay horse, the property of a gentleman well known in the sporting world, is likely to be the one. He is supposed to be the fastest that has ever appeared, but he gives so much weight that the current betting is 6 to 4 on Mr. Fielder. Mr. F.'s black horse is an American, which draws forth our national jealousy, and makes this match one of great interest. It is expected the winner will do the ground in nine minutes.

JACKO MACAUCO,

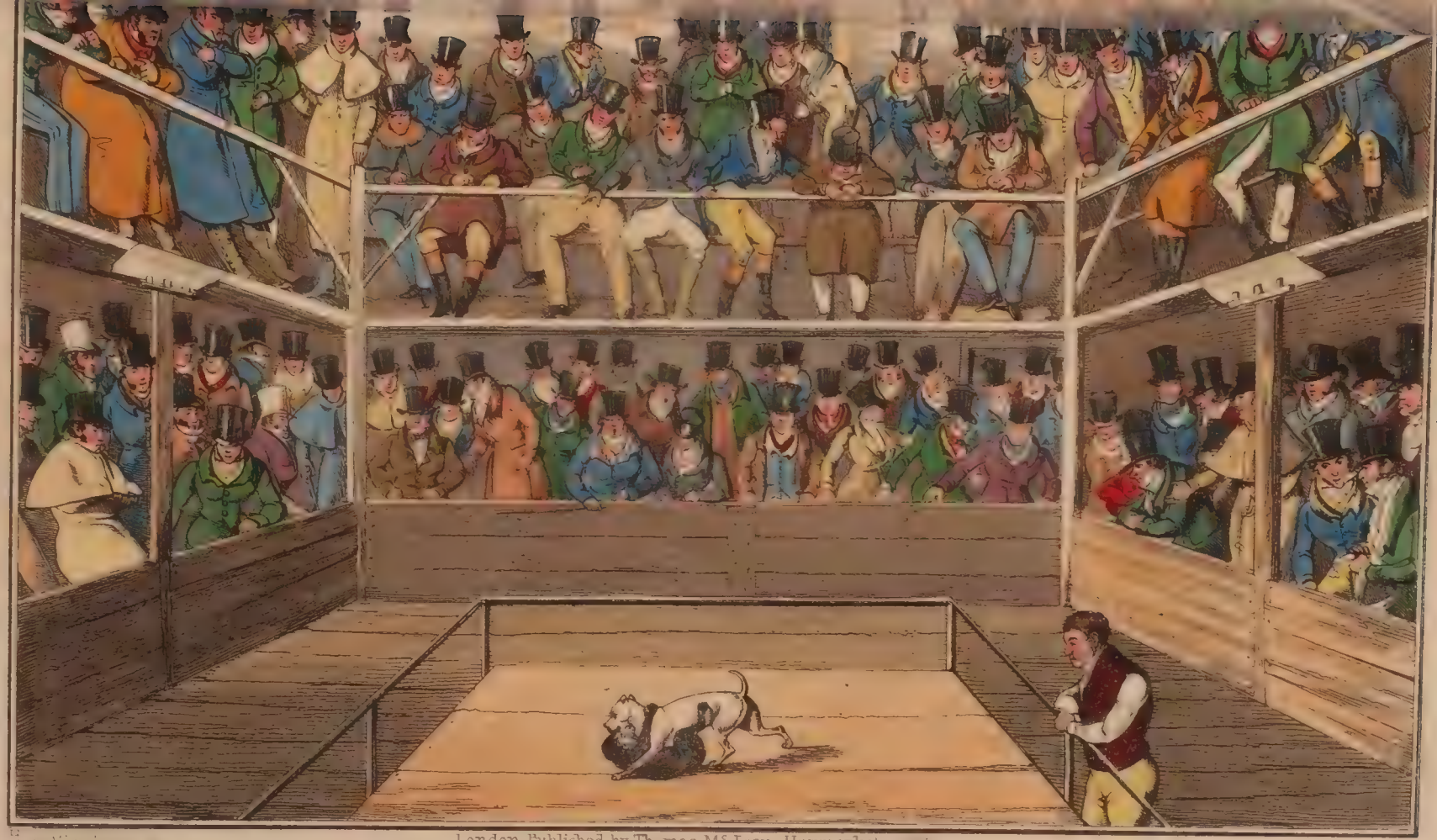
OR,

THE GAME MONKEY.

[With an Engraving taken on the Spot, by Henry Alken.]

The *celebrated Jacko Macauco* (the champion of Monkeys) is a native of Africa, and derived his first name from the jolly *jack*-tars (his sponsors) on board a merchant-ship, which brought him when young from his native country to England; and the latter from some *pretended* naturalist, who was ignorant that *Macauco* is the addendum of the *Lemur*, which, though comprised in the same classification, is an animal of a very different species. However, taking the name as we find it, we shall proceed to give the reader such an account as we have been able, with no little trouble, to glean of this *gamest* of all *game* animals.

Jacko was landed at Portsmouth; and whether he displayed any token of his invincible spirit and rising glory on



London, Published by Thomas Mc Lean, Haymarket [illegible].

JACKO MACACCO OR THE GAME MONKEY.

shipboard, is not known; although it is very likely he might have done so, as a dog is no very uncommon animal in a ship. However that might be, his courage was soon put to the test at the place of his landing; and as the managers of the London theatres ransack all the provincial ones, and transplant actors of promising talent (particularly those of *foreign* extraction, to whom the English are notoriously partial) to the boards of the metropolis, so *Jacko's* increasing fame caused him soon to be removed to the London *arenas*, where his valour burst into a full blaze, or, as the late *Napoleon Buonaparte* phrased it, the sun of *Marengo*, *Austerlitz*, and *Jena* shone on him, and instigated him to further deeds of glory.

Jacko was transferred by his new master to Hoxton, in the vicinity of London, and was exhibited in the pit in Chick-lane, West-Smithfield, and in the Tottenham-court-road pit, where he fought and won several battles, and took the conceit out of some of the very stoutest breed of dogs that this country can boast of. But whether his master allowed him too small a share of the golden spoils, or for some other reason which is best known to himself, for *Jacko* is not over and above communicative, he once bit, instead of kissing the *managerial fist*, when presented to him, and was disposed of, as an *ungrateful monkey*, to the present proprietor Charles Easlop, *Esquire*, who is also proprietor of that famous dog-fighting, badger, and bear-baiting arena, the *Westminster Pit*, in Duck-lane, Orchard-street. This *aceldama*, or *field of blood*, is professedly a cock-pit, of about 20 feet by 18, with an area and a gallery or tier of boxes over, capable of containing about 200 persons, or perhaps a greater number of less refractory persons; but the common run of spectators is so obstreperous, and so agitated by various emotions, according to the amount of bets depending and the various turns of the conflicts, that a decent orderly person would feel himself much incommoded by a much less number. This was the case with *ourselves*, who, in consequence of *our* duty to the supporters of the SPORTING REPOSITORY, deemed a *personal* attendance absolutely necessary, in order to give a faithful description of this Champion of the monkey

and terror of the canine race, which we hope to be able to accomplish, with the assistance of an eminent artist, who accompanied *us* to take a sketch of the arena, the company, and the sports, of which the annexed plate gives a most correct delineation.

Besides the proprietor (who acts as the *Beau Nash*, or *master of the ceremonies*) there is also some *gemman*—a distinguished amateur—who is selected to fill the important situation of *umpire*. He is placed in a seat of honour, with a *stop-watch* in his *fist*, to mark the duration of the combat (the bets being mostly upon *time*) to the greatest nicety. The spectators are as motley a groupe of *fashionable personages* as ever were seen at a masquerade, only disguise is rejected at the *Westminster Pit* as disgraceful. At first, the feats of *Signor Jacko Macauco* were witnessed only by amateurs of the lowest order; but as his victories increased, and fame blew her trumpet louder and louder at every conquest, the curiosity of the higher orders was excited, and the *patricians* of *St. James's* and the *plebeians* of *Tothill-Fields*, were seen intermingled in one undistinguished incongruous mass, and the *peer* and the *pick-pocket* actually elbowed each other.

Jacko was regularly advertised as being open to the attack of any dog, not weighing above 20 pounds, (he himself not being above half that weight,) for a bet of from 10*l.* to 50*l.* that the dog shall not *tarry with him* five minutes. *Jacko* is of that species of the *Simiæ*, denominated the *Gibbon* (he is not of the *Bill Gibbon* family) which sit with their fore-paws upon the ground; he is of a cinereous or ashey colour, with black fingers and muzzle, and the abdomen naked. He eats heartily, and takes his allowance of a pint of porter daily, and sometimes an extra drop with an *amateur-friend*. In appearance he is neither old nor ugly.

Our *hero's* mode of attack, or rather of defence, was, at first, to present his back or neck to the dog, and to shift and tumble about, until he could lay hold on the arm or chest, whence he ascended to the windpipe, clawing and biting away, which usually occupied him about *one minute* and *half;* and if his antagonist was not then speedily withdrawn, his

death was certain, as his windpipe would be torn away; the monkey exhibiting, at this time, a frightful appearance, being deluged with *blood;* but it was that of his opponent alone; as the toughness and flexibility of his skin rendered him impervious to the teeth of the dog. But, after fighting several battles in this manner, *Jacko*, improving in science from experience, changed his system of *tactics*, and adopted the plan of jumping upon his adversary's neck, where, with greater security and perfectly at his ease, he dispatched his business in three minutes, although one dog, which was five or six pounds above the prescribed weight, took him three minutes and a half to put him *hors de combat.*

After *taking the shine* out of *fourteen* of the very best dogs that could be brought against him, *Jacko* was backed on Thursday, the 14th of June last, against *Tom Cribb's* famous white and yellow spotted bull-bitch, *Puss*, of 20lb. weight, for a considerable wager, that she stayed with *Jacko* five minutes, or killed him; being a minute and half longer than any other dog had been able to keep the game alive; but the dog of the *Champion of Men* shared the same fate as his fourteen predecessors had done, and was obliged to knock under to the *Champion of Monkeys.*

It may not be amiss to state, that as *merit* is ever sure of attracting jealousy and envy, so the proprietor of the Westminster Pit, before he purchased *Jacko*, advertised a large *baboon*, the property of a Captain L——, which was to rival, or eclipse the famous *Hoxton Monkey;* it was, however, but a pitiful attempt to subtract from the fame of our *hero*, as the rival proved but a rank cur at the best, and the failure of the baboon only served to increase the renown of the monkey.

If any of our readers should be induced, through this representation, to visit this famous arena, it may be as well not to put on their very best *togs*, nor to carry much *bit* in their *clies;* nor sport the alluring appendages of their *tatlers*, or the ends of their silk *wipes;* as, notwithstanding the proprietor does all in his power to maintain *order* and *decorum;* yet, amidst such shoals of odd-fish, some *conveyancers* and *fogle-hunters* must be expected to be met with; especially, when at some *other fashionable routes* in the squares, the

attendance of *police-officers* is always deemed necessary to prevent the intrusion of *improper persons*. The surest way is to wear nothing, and to carry nothing that one may not care to have spoiled or to lose; in which case, a *tanner* and a few shoves of the elbows will pay the reckoning, and, for *once in a way or so*, it may be worth the venturing into this second Noah's Ark, to witness so novel a *set-to*. The attendance, at the time our sketch was taken, was on the whole very respectable.

SHOOTING.

Shooting, says the pious Bishop Latimer, is an amusement in every respect adapted to the middle and inferior classes of people, whilst that of Hunting is only fitting for men of rank and opulence. Exercises of this sort appear to have been ordained by an all-wise and inscrutable Being, for the amusement and healthful recreation of man; and least any of our readers should, from too great a scrupulosity of temper, imagine that diversions of this nature are incompatible with their profession of christianity, we need only refer them to authorities whose names will be revered by the great and good to the latest posterity, to convince them that such ideas are erroneous. The truly pious and excellent Mr. Madan indulged himself in horse-racing, hunting, fishing, and shooting. Archdeacon Philpot, of old, relaxed himself, now and then, from the severity of his pious labours, with "huntynge, shootynge, bowlynge, and such lyke." The severe and rigid Calvin, was yet no enemy to healthful and cheering diversions, allowing sports on the Lord's day, (this, by the bye, appears to us, rather exceeding the bounds of propriety,) in which he was followed by our mother Protestant Church; and the late Bishop Horsley, in his sermons, declares himself of the same sentiment, as did the Rev. Augustus Toplady. The paramount argument of utility, as it respects the promotion of health, and the necessary destruction of wild animals, which would otherwise superabound, overrun, and destroy the country, will be generally deemed decisive. Such are

the arguments adduced in favor of Field Sports, by several contemporary writers; and such are the ideas which must irresistibly force their way to every man of reflection and common sense. Thus it will appear that even Nature herself, by her wise system, ordains the perpetual destruction of one class of animals by means of another, compels man to the duties of the chase, in which are intermingled both usefulness and delight, the system alone being responsible for the degree of cruelty unavoidably attendant. In this way we may rationally and safely quiet our conscience; and we presume that the scruples of the most rigid religionist, will be removed by the liberal opinions of the above quoted dignitaries of the church.

Shooting, independent of the pleasure derived from the pursuit, is extremely flattering to human vanity, in respect to the skill which may be acquired, and the power over distant objects thereby conferred. In our country this amusement is solely confined to the male-sex, but in Germany the ladies pursue it with the greatest eagerness, and are proud of their skill in firing at the target.

Shooting being now the topic on which we are engaged, it may not be uninteresting to make some remarks on the particular species of dog used in this sport—and also on such birds as are the Sportsman's chief attraction.

The POINTER, so necessary and indispensable an attendant in our Shooting excursions, is evidently of Spanish extraction, as history informs us that our first Pointers came from Spain, but have since been crossed with the modern English fox-hound, thereby giving him superior lightness, elegance of form, and speed, but detracting from his olfactory powers. Very few, if any, of the true Spanish breed remain in this country, but many which strongly resemble them as having been slightly crossed; it has been no uncommon thing to cross the Pointer with the Setter, indeed crossing has been interchangeable between those two rival breeds.

"The purposes to which the gunner applies his Pointer are to *find* and *point* the game; and also, particularly in the absence of the Spaniel, to find and bring in the dead or wounded game. In order to the due performance of this last

duty, the dog must be trained to have a tender mouth, and great carefulness, that the feather of the game be as little broken as possible, and the flesh as little bruised and torn. Some sportsmen contend that neither Spaniel nor Pointer should be suffered to intermeddle in this affair; in which case the duty of finding, however difficult and fatiguing, must devolve upon their servants or themselves.

"Of all sporting dogs the Pointer is most difficult to train, not only as being void of that ductility of disposition by which some other species are distinguished, but that his lessons are more numerous and tedious, and requiring a greater share of sagacity and heed. To complete his education, he must be made staunch 'to bird, dog, and gun,'—to *back* his partner, —to *quarter* his ground thoroughly and honestly,—to know his place, and to yield a steady obedience. A stately high-ranging pointer, endowed with these qualifications, is a valuable property to any gentleman attached to the sports of the field. Pointers and Setters may be used indiscriminately for the same purposes; but the former are chiefly employed in Partridge and Pheasant-shooting; in the pursuit of *moor* game, the Setter, as the most hardy, is now universally preferred. The price of a good Pointer is about twenty to twenty-five guineas, but some individuals of this species, endowed with very high qualifications, have obtained for their owners proportionate prices, of which Col. Thornton's famous Dash is a well-known example. Dash was sold for nearly £300, in wine and other property."*

The SETTER, another dog used in Shooting, is of an old English variety, and has been in sporting use for centuries. "There can be no doubt but this dog was originally a long flewed Spaniel, taught to find, and then to *set*, or mark the game for the net or gun, as the Pointer has been since trained to *stand*, or point it. It is lower in stature than the Pointer, but of considerable length, his coat generally sheeted with brown, or liver-colour, and white, with his long ears, tail, quarter, and legs feathered. It has been remarked that this

* See Alken's National Sports of Britain.

breed is deficient in substance upon the loins; they however resemble, in that respect, the Spaniel, from which they are descended, and evince no weakness in consequence, being among the *stoutest*, which is to say, most *lasting* of sporting dogs."

The Setter "is endowed by nature, in an eminent degree, with all the attractions of the Spaniel,—sagacity, affection for man, and a pleasing docility. He is the successful rival of his kinsman—the Pointer, and preferred upon the moors, and in thick covert-shooting, for his unceasing activity, spirit, and hardiness, which never desert him in the longest day; his narrow, hard, and hairy feet, fearing no kind of ground, and his coat defying the closest covers. The Pointer is, nevertheless, his superior for stately figure, high-ranging, a deep rate, and, generally, steadiness. Setters, it should seem, have been always in high estimation in Ireland, from the vast prices recorded to have been given for them in that country, even to the exchanging a considerable estate in land for a single dog of this breed! In this country they have never attained those extraordinary prices which have been lavished for Pointers; and in several sales at Tattersall's, Setters were sold at the hammer, at from two to ten guineas each. This dog is educated and trained in the same mood, and under nearly similar discipline with the Pointer, but with considerably less difficulty; it must, at the same time, be remembered, that he is not quite susceptible of that high regularity of training."*

The Spaniel, like the Pointer, is supposed to have been originally imported into this country from Spain: this dog is divided into several varieties, adapted to different purposes, the rough and the smooth-haired, the land and water Spaniel, the Springer, the Cocking-Spaniel, the Comforter, or Carpet-Spaniel, and the peculiar variety styled—King Charles's breed, now nearly extinct. The Spaniel is both a fowler and a hunter, and has been used from time immemorial, in *hunting*, *coursing*, *shooting*, *netting*, and *falconry*. The Spaniel is used in pheasant, partridge, woodcock, and snipe-shooting; in pheasant-shooting, through thick and difficult coverts

* See Alken's National Sports of Britain.

which no Pointer can penetrate, a Spaniel is indispensable; and that of most use for such a labour is the strong, middle-sized, and short-legged dog, which will not be worse for the purpose, for a degree of harshness of the flue.

We have yet some further interesting documents in our possession respecting these very useful animals, but as they are calculated more for the instruction and amusement of the novice, or young sportsman, than the old veteran in Field Sports, we shall postpone them till a future Number, and in order to make room for more important articles that are now pressing upon us, we must omit our remarks, till our next, of such birds as are the sportsman's chief attraction.

To the Editor of the SPORTING REPOSITORY.

SIR,

IN perusing your first Number, which, in my opinion, bids fair to be an excellent work, I was surprized to find so great a paucity of Poetry; and having by me an excellent Poem on SHOOTING, I have taken the liberty of transmitting it for your use.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient servant,

J. F. G.

Blackheath, Feb. 1, 1822.

SHOOTING.—A POEM.

THE night recedes, and mild Aurora now
Waves her grey banner on the eastern brow;
Light float the misty vapours o'er the sky,
And dim the blaze of Phœbus' gayish eye;
The flitting breeze just stirs the rustling brake,
And curls the chrystal surface of the lake;
Th' expectant sportsmen, urg'd by anxious haste,
Snatch the refreshment of a short repast,
Their weapons seize, their Pointers call around,
And sally forth impatient to the ground.

Here, where the yellow wheat away is drawn,
And the thick stubble clothes the russet lawn,
Begin the sport.—Eager and unconfin'd,
As when stern Æolus unchains the wind,
The active Pointer from his thong unbound,
Impatient dashes o'er the dewy ground,
With glowing eye, and undulating tail,
Ranges the field, and snuffs the tainted gale;
Yet 'midst his ardour, still his master fears,
And the restraining whistle careful hears.

See how exact they try the stubble o'er,
Quarter the fields and every turn explore;
Now sudden wheel, and now attentive seize,
The known advantage of th' opposing breeze.—
At once they stop!—yon careful dog descries
Where close and near the lurking covey lies;
His caution mark, lest e'en a breath betray
Th' impending danger to his timid prey;
In various attitudes around him stand,
Silent and motionless th' attending band.

Now by the glowing cheek and heaving breast,
His expectation's sanguine wish express'd.—
Ah, curb your head-long ardor! nor refuse
Patient to hear the precepts of the muse.
Sooner shall noisy heat in rash dispute,
The reasoning calm of placid sense confute;
Sooner the headlong rout's misguided rage,
With the firm phalanx equal combat wage,
Than the warm youth whom anxious hopes inflame,
Pursue the fleeting mark with steady aim.—
By temperate thought your glowing passions cool,
And bow the swelling heart to reason's rule;
Else when the whirring pinion, as it flies,
Alarms your startled ear and dazzled eyes,
Unguided by the cautious arm of care,
Your random bolts shall waste their force in air.

They rise!—they rise!—Ah! yet your fire restrain,
Till the 'maz'd birds securer distance gain;
For, thrown too close, the shots your hopes elude,
Wide of your aim; and innocent of blood;
But mark with careful eye their lessening flight,
Your ready gun, obedient to your sight,

And at the length where frequent trials shew,
Your fatal weapon gives the surest blow;
Draw quick!—yet steady care with quickness join,
Lest the shock'd barrel deviate from the line;
So shall success your ardent wishes pay,
And sure destruction wait the flying prey.

As glory, more than gain, allures the brave
To dare the combat loud, and louder wave;
So the ambition of the sportsman lies
More in the certain shot than bleeding prize.—
While poachers, mindful of the festal hour,
Among the covey random slaughter pour;
And as their numbers press the crimson'd ground,
Regardless reck not of the secret wound,
Which borne away, the wretched victims lie,
'Midst silent shades to languish and to die.—
O let your breast such selfish views disclaim,
And scorn the triumph of a casual aim:
Not urg'd by rapine, but of honour proud,
One object single from the scattering crowd:
So, when you see the destined quarry down,
Shall just applause your skilful labour crown.

A SHOOTING EXCURSION,

Among the Grampian Hills, in the Highlands of Scotland.

To D— O—, Esq. &c.

Fort William, Inverness-shire.

Dear Sir,

The last time I had the pleasure of an interview you appeared anxious that I should give you some account of my *Sporting Excursion* in the Highlands of Scotland, I now sit down, on my return, to gratify your wishes in this respect. I shall not pretend, in the small compass of a letter, to give you a full and florid description of the most sublime and picturesque scenery of these romantic regions, where the hand of art has not contended against nature; for that I shall refer you to the octavo and quarto volumes of the tourists. I shall

confine myself chiefly to my favorite pursuits after the wild animals of the creation, which seem to have sought this last refuge from the persecution of that most destructive of all animals--MAN. But some little detail, I suppose, you will expect, to give you an idea of the country through which I have wandered, and of the people among whom I have taken up a short abode. The country is one broken, irregular surface of precipitous crags,—barren heaths,—with a few intervening spots, rather more favorable to vegetation, but not of sufficient extent to admit of plough cultivation. This surface is deeply indented or intersected, by innumerable arms of the sea, or inland lochs or lakes, which offer to the industry of the fisherman, or the leisure of the sportsman, great variety of fish and game. But here—industry is confined to the supply of the bare cravings of human nature; and the *Sports of the Field* are considered as toils, rather than as pleasures or amusements. All vegetation, of the useful kind, seems to be denied, or rather to languish, for want of the helping hand of art; and stunted birch or fir, (principally the former) and moss, assume the entire sovereignty, to the utter exclusion of all the nobler plants. Every thing almost may be done—but nothing is done to assist nature, which withholds no boon from the hand of industry; but yields nothing to slothful neglect. The land of thistles and moss may yet be the land flowing with milk and honey, if a wise government should design to enlighten its rude and inert, yet not untractable or indocile, natives, and lend its fostering aid to crown enterprize with success.

I set out from this place, accompanied by a guide, to enjoy my favourite amusement, and to view a new scene of creation and a new mode of existence, in the vicinity of *Lake Laggan*, a beautiful sheet of water, (resembling those we have viewed together in Westmoreland and Cumberland) and lying between some spurs or offsets from the great chain of the Grampian Hills. My guide was a discharged soldier, a native of the parish of the Laggan, who was returning home to his friends, and was well acquainted with the country, having often in his youth accompanied his father among the mountains. I was mounted on horseback, armed with my fowling-

piece, for sport, (not for protection.) and another horse carried the guide, and a store of necessaries. We slept the first night at *Ura*, and on the next evening reached the native place of the guide, who was received by his family with demonstrations of the most sincere joy; and the humble dwelling, enlivened by the good cheer which we brought with us, and by a glowing peat fire, exhibited as much, or more, content and happiness, than is often to be met with under the gilded roofs of palaces, or stately mansions.

What I could learn, from the information and interpretation of my guide, (for the rest of the family spake no other language than the Gaelic,) of the habits and manners of the natives of this unfrequented region, is as follows: —

The settled habitations, or *Winter-Town*, as it is called, of the inhabitants, consist of a number of cots, built of sod or turf, with sometimes a better one, belonging to a grazier or farmer, of wood, clay, and stone, without lime. The common ones contain mostly but one room, for man, wife, children, cow, pigs, fowls, &c. The beds are principally of oaten straw, or dry heath, raised on sods above the surface of the ground, and covered with plaids or blankets. The fuel consists of dried turf, or sod, kindled in the middle of the cabin, which, while it dries or warms them, almost blinds them with smoke, and serves also to roast potatoes, which, with milk, —and preparations from milk, whey, cheese, and an addition of oatmeal, form the principal articles of subsistence, with very little grain or animal food, except such of the latter as can be obtained from hunting, or fishing—if they live on the coast, or in the neighbourhood of any of the numerous lakes. Making a virtue of necessity, the Highlanders pride themselves on being able to endure both hunger and cold, to a degree almost incredible. The *straths*, or villages, consist of seldom more than twenty huts; there are no populous towns,—no trade,—no manufactures; and indeed very little of even the very worst sort of husbandry. The mattock prepares the earth for raising potatoes and a few sorts of vegetables, and the scanty grass is collected by the sickle or hook. The chief produce of the country is black cattle, and the principal employment of the natives consists

in taking care of them during the winter, and of wandering after them among the mountains in the summer.

The mountaineers, or cattle-keepers, who attend the herds, have *sheelins*, or summer-huts, in the hills. These are run up near the best pastures, and they remove from one sheelin to another, as the pasture is consumed, like the Bedouins, or wandering Arabs. These huts are of different forms, oblong, conic, or square, and so low, as only to admit entrance by creeping through a vacancy, made by displacing some boughs of birch, or sods of turf occasionally, which are closed up when the occupier is within, to render the interior the warmer. They are constructed with branches of trees, covered with sods, or *vice versa;* and the furniture consists of a layer of heath, placed on a bank of sod, and covered with a rug or blanket. Shelves of basket or wicker-work contain the few utensils for holding milk, &c. It was formerly a general custom, which is still practised among a few of these mountaineers, previously to their summer excursions, to bleed all their black cattle; and boiling the blood in kettles, with large quantities of salt, so soon as the mess became cold and solid, to cut it in pieces, and carry it with them for food. About the end of August they leave the hills, and return to their winter towns.

Besides these ordinary modes of subsistence, they make an acid for punch of the berries of the mountain-ash, and distil a kind of spirit from them. They have also a distillation of whiskey. The quadrupeds are the wild cattle, (now nearly extinct*) stags, wild roes, otters, stoats, foxes, badgers, hedgehogs, hares, rabbits. The feathered game consists of the cock† of the wood (*caper-calzie*, *aner-calzie* or caperkally, now extremely scarce, and confined to the mountains north

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* See our first Number, p. 76, for an interesting account of the only supposed three surviving animals of this breed.

† This bird is common to Scandinavia, Germany, France, and several parts of the Alps. Its Scotch appellation signifies the horse of the woods, this species being, in comparison with others of the *tetrao* genus, pre-eminently large. The length of the male is 2 feet 9 inches; its weight sometimes 14 pounds. The female is much less, the length being only 26

of Inverness,) black and red grouse, ptarmijans, or white game, partridges, quails, snipes, plovers, &c.

The Highland family in which I had taken up my temporary abode consisted of Donald's father and mother, and a younger brother and sister; the old gentleman, his wife and daughter, retired to their repose in the other room in the hut, (the only one they had,) and myself, Donald, and his brother slept in the room where we had been sitting, on a bed of heath, raised on sods, and covered with a blanket and plaids. It was decided that the next day should be spent in leisurely viewing the beauties of Lake Laggan, that Donald and myself might be better enabled to pursue our course towards the mountains on the day after. We rose with the sun to breakfast, consisting of butter-milk, butter, cheese, bread, and whiskey; —by no means an uncomfortable meal to me; whose stomach was not quite so squeamish as that of the celebrated *Dr. Samuel Johnson.* After the meal, Donald and I set out, dispensing with the attendance of the father or brother, which I declined from a wish of not taking them away from their ordinary business, particularly as Donald was fully acquainted with all the environs of the lake which we intended to visit.

In the bottom of a valley, difficult of access and hemmed in by hills, covered with woods, or bleak barren rocks, lies

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inches. The sexes differ also greatly in colours. The bill of the male is of a pale yellow; the head, neck, and back, are elegantly marked, slender lines of grey and black running transversely. The upper part of the breast is of a rich glossy green; the rest of the breast and belly black, mixed with some white feathers; the sides are marked like the neck; the coverts of the wings crossed with undulated lines of black and reddish brown; the exterior webs of the greater quill-feathers are black: the tail consists of eighteen feathers, the middle of which is the longest; these are black, marked on each side with a few white spots. The legs are very strong, and covered with brown feathers; the edges of the toes are pectinated. Of the female, the bill is dusky; the throat red; the head, neck, and back, are marked with transverse bars of red and black; the breast has some white spots on it, and the lower part is of a plain orange-colour; the belly is barred with plain orange and black; the tips of the feathers are white. The tail is of a deep rust-colour barred with black, tipped with white, and consists of sixteen feathers.—EDITOR.

Lake Laggan, about six or seven miles in length, north and south, and nearly as much in the opposite direction. The wood is a kind of dwarf birch, and forms a picturesque appearance. The lake is a shallow basin, shaded by steep wooded banks to the south, and a rugged bleak rock frowns awful to the north. On the top of this rock, Donald told me, was the only nest of the goss-hawk, now known to remain in the country; and a farm in the neighbourhood was held by the tenure of taking yearly a young one from the nest, and presenting it to the lord of the soil. Here, likewise, he informed me, the kings of Scotland had in '*olden times*' their hunting seat; and two islands in the lake still bear the vestiges of ruins of high antiquity;—one called *Eilan nan Rhi*, (the King's Island); and the other *Eilan nan Conn* (the Dog's Island);—the former from having been the feasting-place of the kings; and the latter from having accommodated their servants and dogs.

Whilst we viewed these scenes of nature in her undress, Donald and myself were very differently affected; to him they were usual and natural;—to me novel and astonishing. He was loud in the expressions of his youthful attachments;—I admired, in solemn silence, the stupendous works of the creation, the grandeur of rugged mountains, precipitous crags, solitary wilds, the foaming torrent, the glassy lake, the deep shaded woods, and the contrast of verdant banks. He exultingly praised them as mementos of the exploits, and hallowed by the songs of the bards as the recesses of the hunter and the hero—his forefathers. He repeated many of their old strains in their celebration; and I regretted that I had not *Ossian's Poems* in my hand as I took a passing view of so many wonders. Many of the strains, by me not before well understood, would have come home to the understanding and the heart, and have justified the bard, whether he were Ossian himself, or *Macpherson*. Another thing I lamented, too, for the sake of my friend; which was, that as Donald's family lived too remote from the lake to be provided with any fishing implements, and as I had omitted to bring any tackle with me, I could not make trial of *your* favourite amusement, and give you some account of a sport which you

so highly prize. Donald informed me that the lake swarmed with fishes, and you must be contented, as I was obliged to be, with his account of the matter.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Amongst the company assembled this month at Lord Granville's seat, Wherstead Lodge, near Ipswich, to enjoy the sports of the field, were the Duke of Wellington, Lord F. Gower, Lord Clanwilliam, the Hon. G. Lamb, and the Hon. Mr. Montague. His lordship's very extensive preserves afforded abundant sport; and we understand upwards of 200 head of game, comprising pheasants and hares, were bagged each day. The pheasants killed were almost all cock-birds, and being disposed in regular order presented to the eye of the sportsman a most gratifying spectacle.

A Full Day's Play at Pigeon-shooting. — Four great matches were decided Jan. 16, in the Framley Meadows, seven miles from Colnbrook, and which produced some of the best shooting during the pigeon season. The first match was for 100 gs. aside, at twenty-one birds, at twenty-one yards from the trap, between Mr. Hartlee, the celebrated shot, from Coleshill, Warwickshire, and Mr. Menzie, of equal celebrity. The match was won by Mr. Hartlee killing eighteen birds from his number, after missing his first, tenth, and twelfth. Mr. Menzie missed his fifth, sixth, seventeenth, and nineteenth, losing the match by a bird.

Pigeon-Match.—A renewal of the match in which a tie was shot between Messrs. Oliver, Pent, and Owen, against Messrs. Spratt, Dodswell, and Kemp, took place on Barnham Moor, near Sutton, a short time since, for 40gs. a-side. In shooting at 15 birds each (45) each party killed 34. The present match, precisely on the same terms, was decided as follows:—

Oliver killed	13	Spratt	12
Pent	11	Dodswell	11
Owen	10	Kemp	9
	34		32

Another match was shot between Messrs. Oliver and Spratt, at 11 birds each. It was for 20gs. a-side, and was won by Spratt killing nine of his birds, Oliver eight.

PIGEON-SHOOTING.—A match at 11 birds each, took place on Wednesday (Jan. 30,) on Bagshot Common, between 11 shots of Hants, and 11 of Oxon. The match was for 5gs. each, and was decided as follows:—

Hants killed		Oxon killed	
Mr. Summers	10	Mr. Harris	11
Hart	9	Davis	9
Jones	9	Thompson	8
Grant	8	Dennis	7
Walsh	8	Jones	7
Smith	7	Mason	6
Wheeler	7	Cormach	6
Baverstock	6	Rogers	6
Lee	6	Holt	5
R. Jones	5	Gee	4
Norris	4	Gilham	4
	79		73

An old Aberdeen Sportsman informs us, that being out shooting on Saturday (Jan. 19.) he found the partridges almost all paired; scarcely a covey to be seen; a circumstance which he never before observed so early in the season, and which must be attributed to the mildness of the weather.

SINGULAR SPORT.—On Monday (Jan. 21) a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Newmarket was out with a gamekeeper netting for larks, when they met with sport of somewhat a singular nature; for, on feeling an unusual weight attached to their net, they dropped it, and discovered that they had entangled *three poachers*, who had been at work with a net also, whom they secured.

SPRING-GUN.—An unfortunate accident occurred to the three sons of Admiral Wilson, near Redgrave, in Suffolk, on Monday (14th Jan.). The three young gentlemen, whilst out shooting, entered a preserve; when one of their dogs touched the wire of a spring-gun, and all were wounded by its contents!

ANGLING.

A Letter to the Editor of the SPORTING REPOSITORY,

ENCLOSING

THE FISHING EXCURSION.

SIR,

I HAVE read your first Number with considerable interest, and, as an *unpleasant* (perhaps you will say) proof of my gratification, I have determined to inflict on the patience of your readers some account of a day passed in angling, among the mountains of South Wales. I have no apology to make for my intrusion, but that I am an idle man, and as idleness is the mother of all evil, it is, perhaps, the mother of half the intellect so alarmingly prevalent in the present day.

It may be necessary, for the further elucidation of my article, to tell you that Drake Somerset and Shenkin-ap-Morgan, the two gentlemen alluded to in it, are friends who are residing the one with me, at Llangadock, and the other at a snug domicile in the neighbourhood. As we are often together, our pursuits generally commence and terminate in angling; and though we cannot as yet boast of the miraculous draught of fishes, yet we are *up to snuff* in our profession; and I can assure you that our success is by no means *to be sneezed at.*

The other day I happened to see your Repository lying on the counter of our worthy friend Davis, at Llandilo; and was instantly smitten with an ungovernable desire to show off in its pages. My fellow-lodger, Drake Somerset, assured me in the civilest terms, that I should only make a fool of myself if I attempted to write; and Morgan was pretty much of the same opinion. Still, however, I was not damped—my instinct told me, that I was born for great things—so I sat myself down over a hot rummer of whiskey-toddy, wherewith to exhilirate my genius, and the result is the curiosity before you. Whether or not you will hand it down to posterity in your pages, or apply it to the more unrighteous purpose of light-

ing your lamp, I know not, nor, indeed, do I much care; for if my "Fishing Excursion" should by any unlucky accident fall into the hands of either Drake Somerset or Shenkin-ap-Morgan (who are both choleric gentlemen) a duel, or a broken head, may be the consequence.

I am, Sir, in the interim,

Your Admirer,

Rigdum Funnidos.

Llangadock, Jan. 26, 1822.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A FISHING EXCURSION AMONG THE BLACK MOUNTAINS.

We three
Fishermen be.
Old Song.

On wandering through the village of Llandilo-Vauhr, which the natives in their simplicity dignify by the name of a town, it was our good fortune to espy a small travelling tent exposed to sale. It looked so snug—so completely the thing, that we could not resist the temptation of a purchase; and with due consideration to our worldly interests, emptied the wealthy breeches pockets of our brother angler, Shenkin-ap-Morgan. Well, the tent was bought—paid for—and consequently to be turned to account. In what way you will perhaps ask? "Go on—my prose shall tell you as you read."

On returning to our cottage, a council of war, (at the instigation of Drake Somerset, an ensign and brother angler, who was quartered with us at the time) was held on the propriety of making immediate trial of the tent in our next fishing excursion. No sooner said than done.—There are some pusillanimous gentlefolks who always deliberate before they act—we always act before we deliberate, for it is with us as with the irritable, "the word and the blow, and the blow first," by which vigorous process a world of consideration is saved.

After divers disputes, the 12th of July, *anno domini* 1821,

was appointed for our excursion to Clynn-y-Van, or the pool among the Carmarthenshire Black Mountains. The previous time was spent in necessary preparations—Drake Somerset, unlike a British officer, *showed the white feather*, in making trout-flies from the plumes of an old military-cap, and looked big in a self-made jerkin of original manufacture; while Shenkin wrought wonders in the way of tackle-mending. The kitchen, meanwhile, echoed with the beautifully blended hissings of roast and boiled, the shelves bent in graceful acknowledgment of their load, and the women-kind were up to their knees in the gore of defunct poultry.

The day at last arrived, "the great, the important day, big with the fate"—of us and of the trout. We rose, as agreed on over a jug of hot punch on the previous night, by earliest peep of dawn, and even now blush while we remember the difficulty. Morgan's natural somnolence compelled us to have recourse to a bumper of cold water, and the musical proboscis of Somerset announced the intensity of his devotion to Morpheus. Our procession was at length arranged—rod, flies, tackle, all like ourselves, in the finest possible discipline. Our appearance, like Mr. Coleridge's Christabelle, "was wild and singularly original and beautiful." The Cambro-Briton was dressed in a pair of picturesque brogues that reached only to his knees; where they were met by a pair of shooting gaiters, which, as if ashamed of so near an acquaintance, left the distance of an inch between them to shew that they were in no wise connected. A wig of orthodox magnitude adorned his pericranium, on which was stationed a diminutive hat, which, compared with the immensity of the caxon, on which it was placed, gave no faint idea of a fly perched upon the apex of a poached egg. Drake, with the exception of a variegated fishing-jacket, was rigged out in his usual way, and your humble servant, (of whom it doth not become me to speak) looked as elegantly conspicuous as an author on short commons—a servant on board-wages—or an officer on half-pay. As for our tent, it was carried on the shoulders of an alternate couple of the party, and a Welch poney laden with a hamper of eatables, shuffled melodiously in the rear.

At a slight distance from the cottage we commenced our

ascent of the first range of hills, and on gaining the summit round which the path winds to Clynn-y-Van, stopped for an instant to survey the rising sun. But while we were rapt in breathless ecstacy, Morgan was pulling hard at the brandy flask, insensible, as Lord Bacon would say, "to the *spirit* of the universe," and alive only to the *spirit* of the brandy-bottle. We reproved him for his want of *taste*, but he, sophistical dog, assured us that it was in order to improve his *taste*, that he fortified his stomach with a cordial.

After a toilsome walk of two hours, we contrived to have a peep at Clynn-y-Van, with the dun clouds resting on its bosom. The sight, like the widow's cruise, renewed our spirits, and we were at last rewarded for our exertions by gaining the loftiest peak. A most magnificent spectacle presented itself below us. On every side rose a huge chaos of mountains like the tempestuous undulations of the ocean. At the base of Clynn-y-Van, the spire of the village-church presented itself embosomed in wood, and surrounded by the neat white cottages of the mountain turf-cutters. Higher up, the smiling appearance of the lowlands vanished—wide heaths rendered impassable in part by bogs, afforded but a few stunted thistles for the browzing flocks; while the wind, as it whistled along the moors, bore on its wing the distant cries of the black-cock, the sole tenant of the waste.

When we had sufficiently enjoyed the landscape, we descended a circuitous path which brought us into a sort of circus belted by an amphitheatre of rocks. It was in the bosom of this hollow that the trout-pool was situated, which now showed gallantly in the summer sunshine. Our tent was immediately erected on the bank, and great was the accommodation thereof. Our preparations too were in all respects desirable, inasmuch as we had mantles for the convenience of sleeping, materials for striking light (if necessary) gridirons for frying our fish (if caught) and cheerfulness to enjoy the excursion. But, alas! "all things," as the Psalmist says, "are vanity and vexation of spirit;" and poor Morgan was compelled to acknowledge this humiliating aphorism, in the loss of his Welch wig. A zephyr it seems, which in these elevated regions is not the accommodating gentleman that he

appears in the lower world, was travelling by at the time, and being taken with a liking to the caxon, purloined it from the head of its owner. A hue and cry was instantly raised—emissaries were dispatched to the chase, but the thief was the swiftest of the party; and puffed his stolen goods, like a balloon before us. The discomfited Cambrian entertained us on our return with an account of the age and virtues of his wig, and informed us that he would not have lost it for a hundred pounds; for that it had been in the family for thousands of years; and belonged originally to Cadwallader, who bequeathed it on his death-bed to Llewellyn, who, in default of *heirs*, wore it for some years; and gave it to Shenkin-ap-Morgan-ap-Jenkin-ap-Jones, through whom it had come into the family of the present owner. "Judge, oh ye Gods, how dearly Morgan loved it." With some difficulty we pacified him; and tied a handkerchief round his bald pericranium, which thus picturesquely accoutred, resembled in no slight degree a turnip-top enveloped in a dish-clout.

The sun had by this time attained his meridian; and we resolved, previously to angling, to commence a lusty assault on the provisions. The soldier led the way to the attack, and skirmished gallantly among the provender. The public will probably do us the justice to believe that we were not behind-hand on this occasion; as also that our poor wigless Morgan sustained the digestive celebrity of a hungry Welchman. How long we continued at our repast it is impossible now to ascertain, but certain it is that the sun was on the wane when we took up of the fragments that remained. Our rods were accordingly prepared, and away we hurried to the pool. A red-hackle and a stone-gnat, the most killing flies for mountain-fishing, were attached to each rod; but as the intensity of the heat weakened our natural alertness, we moved languidly along the banks until roused by a shout from the Welchman, who had hooked a spanking trout. "Give him play, my boy," said Drake; "steady, Morgan," quoth we. The fish meantime struggled with the energy of despair, but the wary Cambrian refused to remit his advantage. He played him with infinite dexterity—gave him a full swing of line; and finished his triumph with the landing-net. A brave fellow

he proved to be —three pounds good avoirdupoise weight; and here it may be proper to observe that, if the lover of angling wishes to catch such another fish in the mountain-pools, he should attach to a tapering rod and light blue silk-line, one or more black or red hen-hackles. But of whatever nature the flies may be, they should be brilliant; for in pools among these elevated places, the water is much exposed to the winds that come roaring through the interstices; and in such cases none but a brilliant bait can possibly have a fair chance of being seen. The foot-link or bottom part of the line should be composed of the finest gut, in length about two yards; that the heavier substance of the silk may not fall with too splashing a sound in the water. It was by adhering to these precautions that, after a few hours, we found ourselves in possession of eight brace of trout; a prize, as Lord Duberley would say, "by no means to be sneezed at."

But while busily engaged in angling, the clouds thickened, and the lurid appearance of the atmosphere announced the approach of a storm. Once or twice we heard the thunder echoing from the distance, and reverberating in louder tones as it approached. At last it burst full upon our heads, while each roll pealed in ten thousand echoes among the mountains, and elicited feelings of unusual solemnity. Even the soldier was serious and the Welchman forgot his wig. During the continuance of the storm we retired into our tent, and amused ourselves by trimming up a jolly fire for the trout. Morgan was dubbed cook—Drake his deputy-assistant, and we (I) were dispatched to gather fuel for the flames. In the course of our pursuit it came to pass that we popped upon a turf-cutter who was engaged in a similar undertaking. He was a timid superstitious sort of animal, and seemed completely frightened out of what few wits he had, with the thunder. To quiet his agitation we brought him to our tent, and having replenished his exhausted courage with a dram, listened attentively to his wild national legends, in which the lower orders of Welch abound. It is in the season of horror that the feelings are most susceptible, the common-place man in the day may become romantic at night, and in a situation to elicit sensibility, poetry may spring from the lips even of a

merchant. The traditional stories of this simple herdsman were related with a dreadful earnestness. We say dreadful, for none but those who listened can have an idea of the energy of his detail, excited as his feelings had been by the tempest, which even now roared sullenly in distance. The following is a slight sketch of the popular legend of the White Lady of Clynn-y-Van; which we insert at the hazard of being considered somewhat prolix and diffusive.

Many centuries ago, a nobleman, of the family of Llewellyn, formed a clandestine attachment to a young peasant girl, who resided in the neighbourhood of Clynn-y-Van. He was returning one evening from the chase, when he suddenly encountered her by the pool-side, and, as the hour was late—the situation lonely—he took the opportunity of putting his nefarious designs into execution. The poor girl survived her disgrace but a short time, and drowned herself in the pool, by whose banks she was ruined. Years elapsed,—the nobleman had forgotten the affair; and one day, on his return from the metropolis, proposed an excursion to Clynn-y-Van. The hour of amusement arrived—but as the evening drew on, he was observed to be unusually thoughtful; and escaped from the festal scenes to wander alone by the pool-side. Suddenly the water became agitated; a cloud hovered on its surface, and from the midst rose a female form, with an hour-glass in its hand, which it directed to the eyes of the nobleman. The sands slowly glided away, and the spectre, as if anxious to accelerate its flight, shook it in her skeleton hand. As the last grains sunk, the groans of a person in the agony of death were heard. The company rushed to the spot and beheld the nobleman stretched a corpse by the pool-side. From that time to the present, on a certain day and hour in the year, the water bubbles up, and the spectre of the White Lady rises from the surface, screaming in the hollow lungs of death,—"The clock has struck—the knell is tolled—the priest is at the altar—the guilty in the grave."

The turf-cutter ended his narrative, and infinite was the consternation of the party. Drake looked wistfully round as if afraid of the visitation of a goblin, and, seeing a hole in the canvas of the tent, enquired of the herdsman whether it

were large enough to admit a Welch ghost. He was answered in the affirmative, and, without more ado, applied himself briskly to mend it. As for Morgan, he sat fearfully in the corner, sipping diluted brandy and brushing up the embers of the fire. The storm, like our dinner, was now over; and nature and our knives and forks were at rest. It was night—the peasant seemed anxious to remain; and to pass away the time, we resolved to attack the remainder of our trout for supper. Drake meanwhile, who had once served in the army, proposed that we should mount guard without the tent; but as a difficulty arose respecting who should take the watch during the coldest part of the night, we agreed to draw lots. The soldier was unsuccessful in his choice, and accordingly, having buckled himself up in a thick mantle, with a segar in his mouth and a cudgel by his side, paraded without the tent. In the interim (thanks to the brandy) we contrived to recover from our consternation, and the turf-cutter, with some persuasion was induced to give us another legend—the burden of which was, that a Catholic Prince of Wales having lost his nose in certain unlawful love skirmishes, was doomed, by way of purgatory, to wander about the world until he could find another snout exactly suited to his phiz. The narrator added, that the spectre had lately paid a visit to the village of Llangadock, but could not meet with a suitable proboscis. The nose of some was too long, of others too short—while many had no nose at all.——

It was now our turn to watch, and accordingly we prepared for the enterprize. The thunder-storm had long since subsided—the breeze was lulled—and the moon shone down in unclouded loveliness. The night was ineffably delicious, and the spirit of benevolence seemed abroad on the wings of the wind. Before us lay the legendary pool of Clynn-y-Van, slumbering in the moonlight, like beauty on the lap of innocence; and behind us towered naked precipices, between whose clefts the ivy and the juniper-berry blossomed. It was an hour for meditation and we felt its power. The past rushed over our mind—we thought of the friends who were dead, and of those who were absent, and felt that we might never again meet. We looked up to heaven—the stars shone bright

—white fleecy clouds sailed across the deep blue of ether; and if a sigh escaped us, it was that youth—health—hope and friends, like the vapoury mists of night—are seen for an instant—and gone.

During these contemplations, the time appointed for our watch had expired, and, with no little vivacity, we resigned the post of honor to Morgan, while we renewed a conversation on angling with the turf-cutter, who was himself well-known as an expert fisherman.—It was from him that we received, a few days afterwards, a present of Serven, a fish unknown in England, and which we shall here briefly describe. In appearance it resembles a trout, is in season at the same time with salmon, towards the fall of the leaf, and may be caught in a similar manner. But one caution must be observed in angling for it, the fly must be large, not too brilliant, the line and footlink particularly light, and the practitioner *unseen*, as of all mountain-fish a Serven appears to be the most timid.

But to return from this digression: after a short interval, a sullen sound was heard without the tent;—Drake instinctively grasped his cudgel—the herdsman anathematized the White Lady—and out we all rushed in confusion; where we found Morgan in a deep sleep, with a check handkerchief tied under his neck, and his arms dangling idly by his side. A court-martial was immediately held—the articles of war were conned over; and the culprit, for neglect of duty, was condemned to a bumper of salt and water. In vain he implored our clemency, and told us that his dozing was the effect of eating trout from the enchanted pool, a recollection which alarmed the turf-cutter. Equally vain was his resistance, although, in order to touch our feelings, he condescended to inform us that his ancestor Shenkin-ap-Morgan-ap-Jenkin-ap-Jones had appeared to him in his sleep, taxed him with the loss of the family wig, and threatened to bring a legion of goblin grandfathers to torment him, until the antique relic was found. We remained inexorable as fate—the saline draught was prepared—swallowed—and our vengeance was appeased.

Day-light was now breaking in, and the herdsman, who had acquired courage with the peep of dawn, left us to resume

his employ. Our tackle was once again in requisition, and Drake was the most successful of us all. He thinned the White Lady's subjects in such gallant style, that Morgan was compelled to hint that, peradventure, he might be damned for his achievements. As for ourselves, having had an unlucky accident with our rod, whereby the top-joint was rendered unfit for service, we took up Isaac Walton's Guide to Angling, and had just contrived to fall in love with the pretty milk-maid, whom he describes in one of his fishing excursions, when Drake Somerset made his appearance with a decent modicum of trout; while Morgan licked his lips in the rear.

A call to breakfast now summoned us to our tent, and we had scarcely dispatched our repast, when, fatigued with the two day's fishing, our tent was struck; the poney laden with the paraphernalia, the procession formed, and off we moved, singing, as we quitted Clynn-y-Van, the plaintive Irish melody "Farewell but whenever you welcome the hour." The walk home was delightful, and heightened by a recollection of the happiness we had enjoyed. Once or twice we could not help looking back at the mountains we were leaving, and almost envied the fate of Mrs. Lot, who, hardened into a pillar of salt, with her face turned towards the dear scenes she was quitting for ever.

On reaching the base of the mountain, a curious spectacle presented itself, being nothing more or less than an old woman trotting along on a little Welch poney, with a singular cupola or covering to her head. Morgan beheld her, and thought he recognized on her pericranium the apparition of his stray Welch wig. He walked—he leaped—he sprung towards her—seized the lost prize, and bore it in triumph to the party. The fact is,—that it had been blown among some fuzz at the foot of the black mountains, where our antiquated gentlewoman had discovered and detained it as the lawful spoils of war. The unexpected recovery of this invaluable antique, gave a fillip to the spirits of the Cambro-Briton, who, on meeting us a few days afterwards at Llandovery, informed us that his ancestor Shenkin-ap-Morgan-ap-Jenkins-ap-Jones had again appeared to him

in his sleep, congratulated him on the recovery of the family caxon, and promised never more to haunt him or his.

And now, most patient reader, our interesting and bewitching article is concluded: not, however, for want of facete matter; inasmuch as we have a hundred funny things in our head, which, some time or other, shall be published for your edification and amusement. Morgan, too, shall again appear upon the stage; if your bowels should ever yearn after another excursion among the black mountains. But our publisher's sweet smiles and frequent epistles hint that we are likely to become popular; and the chink rattling in our full purses, prove that we are no contemptible contributors. Adieu, delighted reader, or, in the words of John Philip Kemble, "Hail and farewell."

PEDESTRIANISM.

A MATCH of twelve miles for 50 guineas, was run on Friday morning, Jan. 18, over a mile piece of ground, at Horton, near Chertsey, and it was a fine treat to the spectators. The competitors were a Captain Griffiths and a gentleman of the name of Barrington. Each two miles were performed as follows:—

GRIFFITHS.	Min.	Sec.	BARRINGTON.	Min.	Sec.
First - -	11	2	First - -	11	4
Second - -	11	58	Second - -	12	2
Third - -	13	4	Third - -	12	54
Fourth - -	13	26	Fourth - -	13	28
Fifth - -	13	30	Fifth - -	13	32
Sixth - -	13	32	Sixth - -	13	44
1 Hour,	16	32	1 Hour,	16	44

It was one of the closest matches that have taken place for years, by about sixty yards gained, chiefly by strength, in the last half mile. Mr. Barrington was backed at even at starting, but it was two to one against him after doing the second mile.

Novel Pedestrian Feat.]—On Tuesday last, a man undertook, for a wager of five guineas, *to walk backwards* 21 miles in seven hours; he performed the task in Sansom Fields, City of Worcester, within the given time, with great ease.

A young man, named James Bigmore, performed the extraordinary feat of running 50 miles in 7 hours and 36 minutes, on Tuesday, (Jan. 22,) in Vauxhall Gardens, at Boston, Lincolnshire, taking 2,600 turns in the distance. He calls himself "The *Suffolk* Pedestrian," and, it is said, will perform a still greater undertaking before he leaves Boston. He, some time ago, ran by the side of the mail-coach from London to Norwich, 112 miles, in the short space of 14 hours.

Foot Race.]—The foot-race for 50 guineas aside, between Lieut. Manton and Mr. Patmore, took place on Friday, (the 25th Jan.) over a ten-mile chosen piece of ground, on the Bagshot road; the match was which should run farthest in one hour, and it was an excellent race, as they were together after doing *eight miles* in *three quarters of an hour.* Mr. Manton won the race in one hour and two minutes, leaving his opponent 50 yards behind.

On Monday, (Jan. 28,) the celebrated pedestrian, Mr. J. Wright, undertook, for a small wager, to walk 40 miles to and fro, betwixt Beverley and Bishopburton, within nine hours, which he performed in grand style, one minute and a half within the time! and, wonderful to say, so little was he fatigued with his Herculean task, that he afterwards, the same evening, danced a hornpipe, in the presence of a numerous company of spectators, at the Lord Nelson public-house, in Beverley, and proposed to walk 50 miles in twelve hours the next day.

PUGILISM.

Since our last there have been no battles to excite any great interest. That between Josh. Hudson and the Chatham Caulker was expected to have given some little sport;—the amateurs flocked to the place appointed by thousands, but many disappointments took place in consequence of the interference of the magistrates. Three rounds, according to our reporter's account, decided the business: the particulars he forwarded to us are as follow:—

The expectation of a gallant fight between the renowned Josh. Hudson and the *Caulker*, an overgrown Chatham-man, who once beat Joshua, took place on Tuesday, (Feb. 5,) on Wimbledon-Common; it was nearly dark before the fight was over.

ROUNDS.

1. The Caulker made play, but his hits were cautiously avoided. In a rally Hudson was dropped on one knee, by a right-handed facer, but, as he rose again, it was not considereed a knock-down. 2 to 1 on the Caulker.

2. Hudson shewed much of the bull-dog fighting; his adversary did not like it. The Caulker hit down in the rally.

3. He was again hit down by a blow under the ear, and when time was called, said "No, it vont do."

This fight, which sent 30,000 people from London and its neighbourhood, fearless of wind and weather, left only one-fourth to attend the ring, their horses either being knocked-up, or carriages broken, &c. The Fancy had been disturbed at Banstead Downs; repairing to Smitham-bottom, they drove the stakes to form the ring, when the Magistrate again appeared, and a separation ensued,—some to Wimbledon Common, another party into Kent, and many obliged to stop till the following day, their horses being unable to return.—Thus much for this *gallant fight!*

There were two other battles antecedent to this, on Thursday, the 24th ult. one in Nottinghamshire and the other in Berkshire.

On Thursday, (Jan. 24,) a battle was fought in the Dock-yard, near the Company's wharf in Nottingham, between Benjamin Roberts, boat-builder, a well-known *fistic hero* of some celebrity, and a sturdy boat-man. The combat originated in a trifling altercation between the parties, when, after 25 minutes hard fighting, in which a deal of scientific skill was displayed by Roberts, *the man of water*, not being trained to such exercise, knew no better than to keep *milling* away with irresistible fury; and so powerful was his *knock-down arguments*, that he frequently had his antagonist prostrate on the ground; when, after being severely beaten, Roberts was advised to surrender, and acknowledge that he was perfectly satisfied with what he had received.

Two hard matches were also fought in Brown's inclosures, on the Harrow-road, on Wednesday, (Jan. 30,) the first between a young farmer of the name of Coulthorpe, and Evans, a prime Welshman. It was for 20*l.* aside, and brought about by an *amour* on the part of Evans with Coulthorpe's *intended rib*, and the affair took place on Evans's return from the *bull-hank* on the preceding day. Forty manly rounds were fought, and both were hit blind early in the fight. The lance was applied to Evans in the 15th, and to his adversary in the 18th round. In the 20th Evans made the play by a *chattering* facer, which took a front tooth out; but a return on the donor's jaw dropped it a couple of inches from its place, and both went down in a struggle of equal manhood.—This ferocious fighting was continued on both sides until the 30th round, when, from loss of blood and severe hitting, neither could appear to time. Mutual accommodation was agreed, and after a short lapse they turned-to again, and were hit alike to a stand-still. In the 40th round it was proclaimed a drawn battle. Courage, with but little science, was the order of the battle.—The second battle was a merry one, between *Joe Moss*, the butcher, and the little navigator, *Wilmot*. It lasted five rounds of nothing but hitting, and with the same advantages, until Wilmot lost by a *doubler* up.

The battle between George Mattenly, the Warminster man, and W. Day, the navigator, for fifty guineas, took place on Thursday, (Jan. 24,) in an enclosure at Swallowfield, Berks, in the presence of a good field of amateurs. Mattenly was seconded by his brother, and R. Bullock picked up Day. It was now a smashing fight of four rounds, in thirty minutes.

ROUNDS.

The *first* round was commenced furiously by Mattenly, who was lucky in placing blows. Day received him with much coolness, and he was ultimately floored by a somerset. The claret flew about in all directions.

2. A rally round of eleven minutes, in which hitting flattened features. Mattenly was cleanly floored by a right-handed *muzzler*.

3. The men had the fastness taken out of them; but they stood to their work gamely. Day was knocked down by a hit on the loins, which doubled him up, and reduced the fight to a certainty. His right hand knuckles had made a bolt.

4. This last round was gamely contested; a rally of eight minutes took place, at the end of which Day got his jaw locked, and lost the fight.

Sparring.—The Exhibition of the Great Fight on Monday, (Jan. 21,) at the Royal Tennis Court, drew a large assemblage of Nobility and Gentry; there were seven other combats, the majority of which was very good. The Exhibition was announced for repetition on Tuesday, Jan. 29, amidst thunders of applause.

The Fives Court was well attended on Tuesday, (Jan. 22,) for the benefit of Sutton, the Black.—Belcher and Bitton made a very scientific set-to, and placed their hits with due measurement and true precision.—Shelton and Eales.—This was a fine specimen of science, and the exchanges were as quick as thought.—The other sets-to gave satisfaction. Richmond also had a Benefit at the same place, on Wednesday, the 6th inst., which was but thinly attended, and at which no small degree of science was exhibited by some of the most celebrated pugilists. The Chatham Caulker was present.

The match between Kendrick the Black, and Acton, is renewed, and was made on Monday last; a deposit of £10. to fight on Thursday, the 28th of February inst. for £50.—Odds, 5 to 4 on the former. Oliver and Abbott are again matched to contend for 100 guineas.

Sporting Decision.]—The match-money on the disputed fight between Cooper (the Gypsey) and O'Leary has been returned to the backers, in consequence of the indecision of the umpires, which sets many disputes at rest.

THE HIGH-METTLED BOXER,

(A PARODY.)

See *Coombe-Wood** throng'd with gazers! the sports are begun—
The confusion but hear! I'll bet you, Sir,—Done, done!
Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far and near,
Lords, Hawkers, and *Millers*,† assail the tir'd ear;
Whilst with nerve full and swelling—and stript in *prime twig*,
Well train'd and sound winded—his heart feeling big,
Undaunted and dreading defeat as a curse,
The High-mettled *Bruiser* first starts for the purse.

They shake hands and shew fight;—first off-sparring takes place,
Each hawk-ey'd to see where a blow may take place;
Hit and stop is the go; right and left they make play,
A rally! both down—it is any one's day:
Time call'd—They set to—zounds! a click in the mazzard!
Another such dose puts the thing beyond hazard;
Thus round after round—till the foe cries *enough!*
The High-mettled Boxer shews a *bit of good stuff.*

Grown old—knock'd about—and unfit for the *Ring*,
Queer'd his *peepers*, and nerves weak—yet *up to a thing*,
Whilst knowing *Rum Kiddies*‡ his prowess rehearse,
And of each milling conquest tell chapter and verse;
And what purses he won to the *Fancy Swells*§ chaunt,
Who the *Fives* and the *Tennis-Court* Benefits haunt;
Whilst the blows he receiv'd, and old sores weigh him down,
The High-mettled Boxer's a hack on the town.

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* *Coombe Wood*—A noted place for pugilistic rencontres.
† *Millers*—Boxers.
‡ *Rum Kiddies*—Knowing Ones.
§ *Fancy Swells*—Amateurs.

Till at last, with the *gloves*, teaching early and late,
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate;
Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he talks of a *mill*,
Till Death calls *To Time!* and the Hero lies still,
Unable again to *come up to the scratch*,
The only assailant e'er found 'bove his match;
Whilst pitying *Millers* and *Swells* all attend,
The High-mettled Boxer is *floored* at *Graves-end*.

THE SPANISH, OR MERINO, BREED OF SHEEP.

(With an Engraving.)

Prejudice founded on system, devoid of experience, is the greatest and most insuperable bar to improvement, in every art and science. It was through false impressions thus imbibed, that although the fine woolled sheep of Spain had been long ago found to retain their valuable qualities in countries still more unfavourable to them than Great-Britain;—such as Sweden, Denmark, Saxony, Prussia, and Holland; yet it was not till some few years back (about 1787) that his late Majesty, King George III., guided by his own good sense, and the most patriotic motives, gave orders for the importation of Merino sheep, for the improvement of British wool. In 1791, his Majesty received a small stock of 4 rams and 36 ewes, from the *Negrette* flock; and, about 10 years after, another importation from the *Paular* flock, deemed the best in Spain, of 2000, of which only about 1,400 ewes and 100 rams survived the voyage and the seasoning in this country. Prejudice, for a while, opposed the improvement of fine woolled sheep as an innovation. The breeders fancied that the quality of the fleece depended on the climate, soil, and pasturage of their native country, and that the imported sheep would not thrive in this island, or would decline, and only yield wool of an inferior kind: in fact, they maintained the erroneous opinion that the British sheep sent to Spain would, by the same advantages, become equal to the Spanish sheep; and that the Merinos, imported into this country, would soon become similar to our own breeds, even without any crossing or intermixture. It required all the influence of

MERINO SHEEP.

his late Majesty, the late Duke of Bedford, Lord Somerville, Dr. Parry, Mr. Tollet, and various others of the most enlightened gentlemen, and most scientific breeders, to combat this dangerous opposition; and it was only by proofs, the most irrefragable, that it began to decline; and it is now admitted that Spanish sheep, with only the common care administered to our own flocks, will not only maintain their natural superiority, but will confer the same qualities to other breeds, if due precaution be taken to preserve the strain in its purity. The chief and only obstacle that now remains, is the article of expense to the small farmer or grazier. The woolstaplers and the butchers also raised some objections to the newly naturalized animals; but it having been ascertained that the wool of the *Anglo-Merino* is equal, if not superior, to that imported from Spain; and that the flesh, as an article of food, is also of a superior quality; their clamours have also subsided, and reason has taken place of unfounded declamation.

The advantages of the *Anglo-Merino* strain being thus proved and acknowledged, the only thing that remains, is to consider the best methods of bringing the improvement into general practice. It has been ascertained that not less than four removes from a pure Merino will ensure that permanent advantage, which will not retrograde. The first expense is the greatest, and consequently the breeder must resolutely put his hand into his pocket, and pay the price of a pure Merino ram. He must persevere in breeding, *in and in*, to the fourth remove, when he will find himself the possessor of a pure breed, without any danger of retrograding, if proper care be taken to prevent commixture with any less pure strain. With this expense and care, the advantages will be certain and permanent, and the greatest of patriotic objects to a manufacturing nation will be obtained. It appears, from actual experiments made by Dr. Parry, that the *Merino-Ryeland* breed carries more than three times the value of wool on the same living weight of carcase that its *Ryeland* ancestor does; almost five times as much as the *South-Down* and *Lincoln*; and nearly five times and a half as much as the *New Leicester*. It appears, moreover, from Lord Somerville's experiments on the *Ryeland* and *Merino-Ryeland* breeds, that the value

of wool on the latter is to the former as five to two nearly; an increase that will much more than compensate any additional expense or trouble, which may be calculated upon.

The point of *beauty*, if the shape of the Merino be objected to, is merely *ideal*; as it is but of very late date that our own breeds have assumed those *fanciful* proportions, which, according to our present ideas, constitute the perfect shape or symmetry. The *Anglo-Merino* strain may be improved (if an improvement it be) by similar care; or our ideas may change with time and a different view of objects, and the *Merino* shape be hereafter deemed the perfect one. As an article of food, it has been already proved that the *Merino* possesses that superior flavour, which makes it prized by the butchers, whose interest must follow the taste of their customers.

It would be superfluous, in a work of this nature, to pursue the subject through all its bearings; particularly after the Treatise of C. P. Lasteyrie, an intelligent Frenchman, which has been translated into English;—the observations of Lord Somerville, Dr. Parry, and numerous other intelligent writers, whose labours have been presented to the public, on this interesting and national subject. We wish only to add our humble efforts towards impressing the benefits to be derived from a more general adoption of the Merino breeding system, which all men must wish to see extended to the remotest parts of the kingdom: and amongst even the smallest classes of farmers and graziers, to supply our increasing manufactures, without the obligation of having recourse to a foreign supply. We shall, therefore, conclude our observations on this head, by recommending to breeders in general the ingenious method of numbering sheep, laid down in Monsieur Lasteyrie's Treatise, which is by marking the ears of the animal by incision of the two Roman characters I and V; which, in the mode he points out in the plate accompanying his work, will suffice to form a series of numbers as far as 199: on reaching this, a new series will take place, by marking the animals with a different brand, or on a different part: and thus a flock may be accurately distinguished to any extent. When we recollect that the learned and accurate Dr. Lewis employed great

labour to discover a colouring mixture for this purpose, which would not be discharged by atmospheric, or other accidental influences; but which might be washed out without damaging that part of the fleece to which it might be affixed; and that none of his discoveries proved satisfactory to him; so easy and expeditious a method, as that recommended by Mons. Lasteyrie, must be of great consequence, and deserving of universal adoption.

It would be highly unjust, however, to finish without paying a just tribute to the good sense, sound judgment, and patriotic spirit of his late Majesty. When he recommended a trial of *horse-chesnuts* as a food for animals, the thoughtless, the superficial, and the would-be witty, launched the shafts of ridicule at the idea, and none with more force than Dr. Walcott, better known as *Peter Pindar*. But *poetry* is usually founded on *fiction; experience* alone establishes a *fact*. That the idea was not only rational but practicable, and even highly beneficial, Mons. Lasteyrie proves beyond a doubt. He writes thus: "In Saxony great care is taken to collect the *horse-chesnuts*, which are regarded as a *wholesome aliment* and a *specific against the rot*. These are given to the sheep in autumn, when green food ceases. The chesnuts are cut into pieces, which it would be dangerous to omit, as they might otherwise stick in the throat of the animal, and cause its death. Sheep, as well as cattle, refuse, at first, to eat this food; but, when accustomed to it, they seek it with avidity, and even like to eat the prickly husk, in which the nut is enveloped."

Upon this *practical experience* any remark would be superfluous. We shall conclude, therefore, with sincerely hoping that the good natural sense of Englishmen may finally triumph over mistaken notions; and that their own interest may teach them to reject no rational hint of improvement without a trial, either by themselves, or others of more capability, or greater affluence. His late Majesty will live in the hearts of Britons, and the *first toast* at every *Sheep-shearing-Feast* should be—

The glorious memory of George the Third,
Who first to Britain *Spanish sheep* transferr'd.

ANECDOTES, &c.

A WHITE RAT.

THERE is an animal perfectly *unique*, as a rat, in the possession of Mr. Moss, chemist and druggist, at Cheltenham. It is as white as swansdown, without a speck or mixture over the whole body, with small Albinese sparkling red eyes. It was caught at Field-lodge, a few days since, and by his kind treatment it has already become so tame and domesticated as to feed from the hand, and sit patiently on a table without attempting to escape. This early docility was effected by the simple method of placing the rat in a cage in a room secured. The cage-door was left open, and the animal, in search of liberty, was permitted to run about at will. Finding no chance of freedom he returned to the prison, and by gentle means has become reconciled to it.

PARENTAL AFFECTION AND SAGACITY IN A RAVEN.

WHEN I was at school at Moreton-Hampstead, about 15 miles from Exeter, in Devonshire, I strolled one holiday, with some of my schoolfellows, into a wood in that romantic country, where we espied a very large bird's nest on the fork of a very high tree. I was pitched upon to climb it, which I did accordingly; but was much terrified by the old raven, which, hovering over head, repeatedly came so near as to threaten an actual attack, and perhaps, to precipitate me to the ground. I reached the bottom of the nest, however, which was so broad, above a yard across, that I could not see into it, nor could I destroy it, the sticks being so large and so well interwoven. I descended, and tying a stout stick to a button-hole of my coat, to keep off the old raven, I remounted, and was several times obliged to use it in my defence. I thrust the stick repeatedly through the bottom of the nest, and at length dislodged one of the young ones, which was full fledged, but, being unused to flying, descended on the ground, in an oblique direction, some distance from the tree, where it was secured by my companions. I soon after dislodged the only remaining other young one, which was falling to the ground in a like course, when the old bird, descending most rapidly, flew beneath it, received it on its back, and carried it across a valley, a considerable distance, to some rocks, where it landed its young one in perfect security. The raven which

was caught, was placed in the garden of Mr. Rowland, a dissenting schoolmaster, where I heard of its being alive many years afterwards, and may be so at this day.

DEVONIENSIS.

A CANINE THIEF-TAKER.

SURREY SESSIONS.—Edmund Stewart, a lad 18 years of age, was indicted for having stolen a bundle, containing several articles of wearing apparel. The prosecutor, an aged labouring man, stated that he was travelling from Cobham towards Portsmouth, and, soon after he set out in the morning, met the prisoner, who introduced himself by saying that he was journeying on the same road. When breakfast-time came, the prisoner told the witness that he had neither money nor food, and would pray for the eternal welfare of any one who would give him a mouthful of bread. The witness took compassion on him, and shared his day's allowance, and, in the course of the day, entertained him at the public-houses on the road with meat and drink. The prisoner expressed his gratitude in the warmest terms to the old man, whom he called his father, and he insisted on carrying his load, as the only return he could make him. The witness had occasion to stop a short time, during which the prisoner went on with the bundle, and was out of sight when the witness returned to the road. In this part of his evidence the old man warmly panegyrized a faithful *dog* which was the companion of his journey, and which he found running backwards and forwards with the greatest agitation, in the direction which the prisoner had taken. The animal led him off the road, over a hedge into a field; and he stated, very circumstantially, the several fields and hedges over which the dog hunted the prisoner before he, at length, came in view of him in a narrow lane. The prisoner, so soon as he saw the witness and his dog in pursuit of him, began to run, but was soon stopped by a man, who was before him on the road. "When I came up to him," said the witness, "I spoke sharply to my dog to take care of him, and then I told him, if he got off I'd forgive him, for I knew I could depend on my dog." The witness produced the cloaths contained in the bundle. The prisoner, in his defence, said he had taken the road across the fields as a short cut, but without the slightest intention of leaving his benefactor. The jury instantly found the prisoner *guilty*, and the court sentenced him to be transported for seven years.—The dog, which was in court, appeared to be one of the most attentive of the *auditors!*

A THIEF DISCOVERED BY BLOOD-HOUNDS.

Tuesday, the 5th inst., a man named Tipper, of Forrestide, Essex, lost a pig from his sty. He applied to the park-keeper of Lewis Way, Esq. to assist him in tracing the pig, and a couple of Sleath blood-hounds were laid on, which ran on trail nearly seven miles, to a cottage at West-Bourne, when the pig was found killed, and John Goble the thief was taken into custody.

INSTINCT AND SAGACITY OF A HORSE.

The following anecdote, from a French newspaper, proves that the instinct of a horse is sometimes as surprising as that of the dog, and that it is equally intelligent and susceptible of as warm an attachment to its master. A young gentleman went on horseback from Paris to the Fauxbourg St. Antoine to receive some money, and, on his return, wishing to let his horse drink, by some accident fell into the water and was drowned. The horse immediately returned to the house where its master had been to receive the money, and by its neighings, and the noise of its feet, attracted the attention of the people of the house, who were no less astonished than alarmed at its re-appearance without its rider. One of them mounted the horse, and allowed it to go its own course. The animal set off at full trot in the direction of the river, and stopped at the very spot where it is supposed its master had disappeared. The body was taken out of the water, and in his purse was found the money which he had received.

BATTLE BETWEEN A HEN AND RAT.

One morning, last spring, a hen, with a brood of chickens, was discovered to be unusually disturbed, and her head covered with blood, pecking at, and striking with her wings something upon the ground, which upon inspection proved to be an enormous ditch-rat, and which, it is probable, had made an attack upon her chickens, as one of them was so wounded, apparently from a bite, that it did not long survive. It was doubtless a severe contest, and what renders it the more extraordinary is, that the hen had no spurs.

SHOOTING ACCIDENT.

An accident of a most distressing nature took place lately at Bridge of Allan. A father accompanied by his son, it is said, had

gone out, and we believe at night, for the purpose of shooting rabbits. By some chance they separated, when the father, in discharging his piece, unconsciously lodged its contents in the body of his son. The shot had scattered all over one side of the trunk, and, no doubt, from symptoms which appeared, some of them had penetrated the intestines. Medical assistance was immediately procured, but too late. The unfortunate youth, after lingering for some days, left a distressed parent to mourn over the fate of a child, who (though accidentally) fell by his hand.

ANECDOTE OF MR. FORDHAM.

A GOWNSMAN of Cambridge, anxious to purchase a particular horse in the possession of Mr. Fordham, horse-dealer of that place, called upon him to make proposals, but disagreeing as to price, the collegian waited upon him several times to see if he could possibly bring him over to his terms: in the interim Mr. Fordham was taken dangerously ill and died. Next day, the gownsman, unacquainted with the circumstance of his death, called and asked for his master:—"My master is dead, sir, (said one of the stable-boys) *"but he left word you should have the horse!"*

COCKING.

COCKING AT CHATTERIS, IN THE ISLE OF ELY.]—The great main between the gentlemen of Lincolnshire and the gentlemen of the Isle of Ely and County of Cambridge, was fought at the cock-pit at the back of the Horse and Gate inn, in Chatteris, on Monday the 28th, and Tuesday the 29th days of January last, to show and weigh 21 mains, for 10gs. a battle, and 200gs. the odd; and 10 byes for 5gs. a battle. A good ordinary was provided at the above inn, and every accommodation. Two in-goes each day. This meeting excited the greatest interest imaginable to the sportsmen in that part of the country, and was well attended by the greatest cockers in England, two such days' play seldom occurring. Both sides were well cocked, and betting even. Lincolnshire won 11 mains and 5 byes, to 5 mains and 3 byes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ATTEMPT TO NATURALIZE THE REIN-DEER.

Mr. Bullock, of the Egyptian-Hall, has been for some time treating the public with one of the most interesting exhibitions that we ever remember to have seen. It will be recollected that this gentleman (on whom too much praise cannot be bestowed) left England, some time since, for the purpose of procuring a stock of deer, and, if possible, a lapland family with them. After three unsuccessful attempts, he, at length, succeeded; and now, for the first time in London, may be seen, at his menagerie, *a herd of rein-deer, with their natural proprietors!* They are so beautiful, so active, and, at the same time, so gentle, that there can be no doubt (if his laudable efforts succeed) but they will soon become an useful ornament of parks and pleasure-grounds. The Laplanders are also no common curiosity. In stature they are diminutive, and their features are rather ordinary than otherwise; but their evident mildness, their quick intelligence, their good-natured and easy accommodation, have obtained for them the regard and respect of every beholder.

Desirous to lay as correct an account of the above interesting objects before our readers as possible, our Publisher, a few days since, waited upon Mr. Bullock, for the purpose of obtaining information, and was received by him with his usual suavity and politeness. After entertaining him with a pleasing description of the manners and habits of life of the Laplanders, he presented him with a Pamphlet, entitled "An Account of the Laplanders, &c. now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly," with full power to make what use of it he thought proper. From this source we have drawn the following particulars, and presume there needs no apology in presenting them to the notice of our readers——

"Their arrival," says Mr. Bullock, "has excited so much interest and curiosity, that, in compliance with the wishes of the public, they will be exhibited by the people themselves, who have brought their summer and winter residences and furniture with them. The man, Jens Holm, and his wife, Karina Christian, are about four feet eight inches high, which, in Lapland, is not beneath the usual height; on the contrary, Karina is considered a tall woman: their son, four years and a-half old, is not likely to be so tall a man as his father; they understand the Norwegian language, and an interpreter attends to answer any question that may be put to them.

"They exhibit the deer decorated in the manner of their country, and drawing light carriages and sledges.

"Nothing can exceed the extraordinary appearance of these noble quadrupeds; in size they excel the red deer, or stag: the enormous horns in some almost exceed belief. A cord passed round those of a fine male measures thirty feet: in some they appear like the branches of an aged oak, stripped of its foliage. The immense brow-antlers vary in some individuals, from two to four.

"They are sleek in summer, but in winter clothed with a thick impenetrable coat of long hair, of a dry husky appearance: their feet are large and wide, extending considerable whilst resting on the ground, and covering a space sixteen inches in circumference. Every time each foot is moved, a loud clicking noise is heard, occasioned by one of the hoofs striking against the other.

"The morning after my arrival at Figeland, the young mountaineer to whose care they were intrusted, (and between whom and the deer there appeared to exist the strongest mutual attachment) turned them out of the fold, in which they are always kept at night, to protect them from the wolves, that I might have an opportunity of seeing them. They immediately followed their leader up the side of a mountain; after a few moments, he demanded of me which way they should go; he called in a loud voice, and they instantly stopped: he ordered them from right to left, and back again; and then to proceed; and they were out of sight in a moment. On their arrival from the mountains on the shore of the harbour opposite Fleckifiord, Salva, the mountaineer, went into a boat, and pointed out to the leader where they were to land; they swam across in a few minutes.

"The whole herd was in the town surrounded by hundreds of the wondering inhabitants, took food from their hands, and seemed pleased with the caresses of the women and children. They were at first quartered in the yard of the house where I lodged, and my good old landlady, Madame Bornick, was delighted with her new guests; but the number of persons who collected from all parts of the country was so great, that it became necessary to remove them to a place where they could remain a few days retired, to recover from the fatiguing journey they had just terminated. I had the use of a large island about two miles from the town, offered for their reception; and they were marched to the shore opposite to it, where large boats were prepared by lashing them together. The deer walked immediately to the side of the quay, but the leader observing the boats move, stopped and examined them very minutely: he hesitated—and the herd became instantly alarmed: it was the first time they had seen a boat. After some further hesitation, and a little fear, the leader walked in. The eyes of the whole were instantly fixed on him, and they distinctly expressed their fears for his safety; and some then turned their eyes to the mountains: he was at this time examining the planks with his feet: the motion did not please him. Salva seated himself by his head, patted his neck, and laid his face to that of the deer. Jens was by this time in the other boat; upon seeing him the deer turned his head, looked attentively at his followers, and in a short snort gave the signal for them to come in. It was not obeyed for a moment; and he repeated it in rather an angry manner, stamping with his foot. In a moment the boats were all filled. In jumping in, a weakly calf fell, and lay in the bottom of the boat in such a situation that I considered its destruction inevitable; yet it received no injury. Their care and love for each other are truly admirable. As soon as they were in, the leader, observing there were more in one boat than the other, looked at one of the old males, which, appearing perfectly to understand him, instantly went into the other boat. The ropes were cast off: they remained perfectly

still till they reached the island; when, following the leader, they leaped on the rock, ascended the side of a small hill, and got a plentiful supply of their favourite white moss. A day or two after their arrival, the change of food and climate affected the calves; two of them could not be found. Karina, however, begged me not to trouble myself, for that the mother had concealed them where no one but herself could find them. In the afternoon I ordered Jens to draw the whole of them to the shore: he collected them in a moment by whistling, and began to descend the hill, when Karina came to me laughing, and pointed to a female who was loitering behind, and who, as soon as she fancied herself unperceived, turned back; 'She is gone to fetch her child,' said Karina, and with it she soon made her appearance."

Mr. Bullock next proceeds to state the great dread and apprehension which these poor Laplanders are constantly under from the depredations of the wolf and bear, the former sometimes breaking into the fold and destroying from 30 to 40 of their deer, at a time, and the latter seizing them by surprise; but this, it appears, is not very common. The first question that Jans Holm put to Mr. Bullock, was, "Are there wolves in England?" and on being told that they were entirely extirpated, he clasped his hands and said, "If it had snow, mountains, and rein-moss, what a happy country it would be!"

A Correspondent has favoured us with the following *History of the Rein-deer*, which will neither be unappropriate nor uninteresting in this place:—

The *Rein-deer* is a native of Lapland, and the northern parts of Europe, Asia, and America. The horns are large, cylindrical, branched, and palmated at the tops. He is about the size of a buck, of a dirty whitish colour; the hair is thick and strong. To the Laplander this animal is the substitute of the horse, the cow, the goat, and the sheep; the milk affords them cheese; the flesh food; the skin clothing; the tendons bow-strings; and, when split, thread; the bones serve for spoons. During the winter, it supplies the place of a horse, and draws their sledges with amazing velocity over the frozen lakes and rivers; or over the snow, which at that time covers the whole country. A rich Laplander possesses a herd of 1000 rein-deer, and the poor from 60 to 200. In autumn these animals seek the highest hills to avoid the gad-fly, which at that time deposits its eggs in their skin; it is the pest of the race, and numbers die that are thus visited. The moment a single fly appears, the whole herd instantly perceive it; they fling up their heads, toss about their horns, and at once fly for shelter amidst the snows of the loftiest mountains. In summer they feed on several plants; but during the winter on the rein-deer moss; to

get at which, as it lies buried under the snow, they dig with their feet, and palmated brow-antlers.

The Samoieds, less intelligent than the Laplanders, consider them in no other view than as animals of draught, to convey them to the chase of the wild rein-deer, which they kill for the sake of their skins. The Koreki, a nation of Kamtskatka, like the Samoieds, train them to the sledge, but neglect them for any domestic purpose. They couple two to each carriage, and travel 150 versts, or 112 English miles, in a day. The Eskimaux and Greenlanders, who possess amidst their snows these beautiful animals, not only neglect their domestic uses, but are even ignorant of their advantages in a sledge. The flesh is the most coveted part of their food; either raw, dressed, or dried and smoked, with the snow lichen; and the wearied hunters will drink the raw blood. The Greenlanders, before they acquired the knowledge of the gun, caught them by what was called the *clapper-hunt*. The women and children surrounded a large space; and, where people were wanting, set up poles capped with a turf, in certain intervals, to terrify the animals; they then, with a great noise, drive them into the narrow defiles, where the men lay in wait, and killed them with harpoons or darts; but they are now become very scarce.

The rein-deer are found in the neighbourhood of Hudson's Bay, in most amazing numbers; columns, of perhaps 10,000, are seen annually passing from North to South, in the months of March and April, driven out of the woods by the muskitoes, seeking refreshment on the shore, and a quiet place to drop their young. They commence breeding in September, and the males soon after shed their horns; they are at that season very fat; but so rank and musky as not to be eatable. The females drop their young in June, in the most sequestered spots they can find; and then they likewise lose their horns. In autumn, the deer, with their fawns, re-emigrate northward. The natives are very attentive to their motions; for they form the chief part not only of their dress but of their food. They often kill multitudes for the sake of their tongues only; but generally they separate their flesh from the bones, and preserve it by drying in the smoke. They also save the fat, and sell it to the English in bladders, who use it in frying, instead of butter. The skins are also an article of commerce, and used in London by the breeches-makers.

*** In what part the attempt to naturalize the rein-deer should be made, is difficult to say. *We* deem that part to be most eligible

which approaches the nearest to the latitude and climate of their native country; and the northern extremities of Scotland must be that part. After once naturalized, if the attempt succeed, and the most doubtful point, the transportation of them across the ocean being got over, success seems most probable, successive generations may be gradually brought more to the southward, and thus, by degrees, the naturalization be perfected. At all events, the attempt is patriotic and highly laudable.

HYDROPHOBIA.

THIS dreadful malady having made its appearance among the Goosnargh harriers, it has been found nesessary to shoot every dog belonging to the pack. Some symptoms of the disorder were observed in one of the hounds a short time ago, and he was accordingly chained up till it could be proved whether or not he was really affected. He, however, broke loose on Saturday and joined the rest of the pack, with evident signs of being in a rabid state. As there could be no security against the complaint breaking out in any of the animals, the only course was to destroy every dog, which was accordingly done on Sunday and Monday, the 10th and 11th ult.—H. Parker, Esq. of Whittingham, has also judged it prudent to order the destruction of all his dogs, although some of them were very valuable.

CURE OF HYDROPHOBIA.

WE inserted in our Number for last month an article on the subject of this dreadful malady. The following important intelligence on this head has appeared in the *Gazette de Santé* (Gazette of Health) a medical journal published in Paris:—"M. Marochetti, surgeon of the hospital at Moscow, being in the Ukraine, in 1813, was requested to give assistance to 15 persons, who had received the bite of a mad dog. A deputation of *elders* waited upon him, and entreated him to administer help to the unfortunate persons, through a peasant, who during several years had acquired great reputation for curing hydrophobia. M. Marochetti consented upon certain conditions. The *country doctor* then administered to 14 of the persons confided to him in a peculiar way. The 15th, a young girl of 15, was treated in the ordinary manner, for the purpose of proving the effect of both modes of treatment. To each of the 14, he gave daily one pound and a-half of the *decoction* of the *buds of yellow broom flowers*, and he examined twice a day under the tongue the place where, according to his statement, little swellings were formed, containing the *virus* of madness. These swell-

ings rose on the third or ninth day, and were seen by M. Marochetti. Very soon after they appeared, they were touched with a red-hot needle, after which the patient gargled the part with the decoction of broom. The result of this treatment was, that the 14 patients were cured in six weeks, whilst the young girl, treated differently, died on the seventh day in the convulsions of madness. Three years after, M. Marochetti paid a visit to the 14 persons, and they were all doing well. The same physician being at Padolia, in 1818, had a new opportunity of confirming this interesting discovery. The happy result of this mode of treatment was the same with 26 persons, who had all been bit by a mad dog."

Comment on the above.

THIS mode of treatment appears to be natural, simple, and efficacious, as all remedies should be. The decoction might be made at the proper season of the year, and kept ready in all families, and particularly in the shops of professional men. But it strikes us, that as the *cauterizing* the swellings under the tongue, and letting out the *virus*, is the principal part of the cure, and the decoction used only for washing the part clean from it, any other decoction would answer the same purpose, and the mode of cure being once pointed out, other infusions, even of a more effectual nature, might be devised by professional or chemical men, and this dreadful disorder, under proper treatment, be no longer considered as mortal.

SPORTING DOGS.

(IMPORTANT LEGAL DECISION.)

Sittings *in Banco*, Guildhall, Westminster.

HAYWOOD v. HORNES.—This was a rule obtained by Mr. Gurney in term, calling upon the plaintiff to shew cause why the verdict given for him should not be set aside, and a nonsuit granted. It was an action, for penalties, against the defendant, as an unqualified person for keeping a sporting dog. The cause was tried at the last assizes for Essex, before Mr. Justice Burrough. An opinion given by the learned Judge on that occasion, was the cause of the jury finding their verdict for the plaintiff His lordship declared that the mere keeping of a Sporting-dog was sufficient to bring the party within the statute, and though he stigmatized the prosecution as an ungracious proceeding, yet he considered it his duty to direct the jury to found their verdict upon the law of the case.

The Lord Chief Justice held (contrary to the opinion of the learned Judge who tried the cause) that the mere keeping of a Sporting-dog, *without proof of its being kept for the destruction of game*, did *not* come within the meaning of the statute, otherwise a man who kept a greyhound for the defence of his house, or the amusement of his children, would be liable to the penalty.

Mr. Justice Bayley said, that such a construction would be attended with another inconvenience—that persons who got their livelihood by selling dogs, would be subject to penal consequences.

Mr. Justice Holroyd, and Mr. Justice Best, concurring in the same opinion, *the Rule for a Nonsuit was made Absolute!*

BEVERLEY SESSIONS.

Curious Case.—A person at Driffield was indicted for a nuisance, by keeping a ferocious dog. After a trial of about two hours he was found guilty. The court ordered the dog to be immediately destroyed, and the defendant was ordered to appear next sessions to receive judgment. He entered into recognizances accordingly.

ARTS AND LITERATURE.

Mr. Ward has finished a most excellent engraving, in mezzotinto, of Mr. T. Rounding, of Woodford-Wells, on his favourite horse, Spankaway, 29 years old, with a couple and a-half of fox-hounds. The painting by Cooper, R. A. was exhibited, last year, in Somerset-house.

It appears that the second volume of Mr. Weatherby's *General Stud Book*, is now published; it will, no doubt, be eagerly sought after by the lovers of British Sports.

MARKETS.

There has been but little variation in our markets since our last, particularly as it respects Wheat and Barley.—Oats went off on Monday last at an advance of 1*s.* per quarter.—Beans and Pease remain precisely the same.—In Newgate Market, there has been a trifling reduction in Beef, Mutton, and Pork; Veal remains the same.

DERBY.—JAN. 21.

8 to 1 agst Sycorax c.
11 to 1 agst Aquilina.
12 to 1 agst Antonia.
13 to 1 agst Marcellus.
14 to 1 agst Plover.
14 to 1 agst Duke of York's c. by Whalebone.
16 to 1 agst Stamford.
20 to 1 agst Landscape.

OAKS.

9 to 2 agst D. of Grafton's filly.
11 to 2 agst Mr. Rush's ch. f.
13 to 2 agst Lord G. H. Cavendish's f.
7 to 1 agst Grosvenor's Meteor, f.

DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

8 to 1 agst Mr. Watt's b. f. Marion.
10 to 1 agst Mr. James's Ajax, by Amadis out of Pentagon.
12 to 1 agst Mr. T. O. Powlett's Swap.
14 to 1 agst Mr. Claridge's Akarius, by Catton.
18 to 1 agst Mr. F. Lumley's Euphrosine.
18 to 1 agst Mr. Baird's Newbyth.
20 to 1 agst Theodore by Woful.
22 to 1 agst c. out of Sycorax.
25 to 1 agst Mr. Watt's Dupore.

RIDDLESWORTH.

2 to 1 agst c. out of Plover.

DERBY.—JAN. 24.

9 to 1 agst Sycorax.
9 to 1 agst Aquilina.
12 to 1 agst Antonia.
12 to 1 agst Marcellus.
14 to 1 agst Plover.
14 to 1 agst D. of York's Whalebone c.
16 to 1 agst Stamford
20 to 1 agst Landscape's c.

OAKS.

9 to 1 agst Partizan.
11 to 1 agst Reserve.
6 to 1 agst Cat c.
7 to 1 agst Meteora.

RIDDLESWORTH.

7 to 4 agst Plover.
3 to 1 agst Frolic.
4 to 1 agst Canadia.

DERBY.—JAN. 31.

8½ to 1 agst Sycorax.
9 to 1 agst Aquilina.
12 to 1 agst Antonia.
13 to 1 agst D. of York's Whalebone.
13 to 1 agst Plover.
16 to 1 agst Bess.
20 to 1 agst Landscape.
20 to 1 agst Wyndham's Whalebone.
20 to 1 agst Marcellus.
20 to 1 agst Frolic.

OAKS.

9 to 2 agst Parasol.
11 to 2 agst Reserve.
7 to 1 agst Cat.
7 to 1 agst Meteora.
12 to 1 agst Major Wilson's Tippitywitchit.

DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

8 to 1 agst Marion.
10 to 1 agst Ajax.
10 to 1 agst Swap.
13 to 1 agst Akarius.
14 to 1 agst Euphrosyne.
20 to 1 agst Sycorax.
20 to 1 agst Beard's c.
25 to 1 agst Marcellus.

RIDDLESWORTH.

7 to 4 agst Plover.
4 to 1 agst Frolic.
4 to 1 agst Canadia.

NEWMARKET ST. LEGER.

2 to 1 agst The Stag.
3 to 1 agst Bess.

DERBY.—FEB. 4.

8 to 1 agst Sycorax.
8 to 1 agst Aquilina.
9 to 1 agst D. of York's Whalebone.
14 to 1 agst Antonio.

14 to 1 agst Landscape.
15 to 1 agst Plover.
16 to 1 agst Stamford.
20 to 1 agst any other.

OAKS.

4 to 1 agst Parasol.
5½ to 1 agst Reserve.
6½ to 1 agst Cat.
6¾ to 1 agst Meteora.

NEWMARKET STAKES.

2 to 1 agst Stag.
4 to 1 agst Stamford.

RIDDLESWORTH.

2 to 1 agst Plover.
3 to 1 agst Frolic.
4 to 1 agst Canadia.

DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

8 to 1 agst Marion.
10 to 1 agst Ajax.
11 to 1 agst Swap.

DERBY.—Feb. 7.

8 to 1 agst D. of York's Whalebone.
8 to 1 agst Sycorax.
8½ to 1 agst Aquilina.
13 to 1 agst Plover.
14 to 1 agst Antonia.
14 to 1 agst Landscape.
15 to 1 agst Bess.
18 to 1 agst Barossa.
20 to 1 agst any other.

OAKS.

4 to 1 agst Parasol.
5 to 1 agst Reserve.
7 to 1 agst Cat.
7 to 1 agst Meteora.
10 to 1 agst Tippitywitchet.
12 to 1 agst any other.

DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

8½ to 1 agst Marion.
10 to 1 agst Ajax.
11 to 1 agst Swap.
14 to 1 agst Euphrosyne.
18 to 1 agst Sycorax.
18 to 1 agst Beard's c.
25 to 1 agst Akarius.

RIDDLESWORTH.

2 to 1 agst Plover.
3 to 1 agst Canadia.
3 to 1 agst Frolic.

NEWMARKET ST. LEGER.

2 to 1 agst Stag.
3 to 1 agst Bess.

DERBY.—Feb. 11.

7½ to 1 agst Sycorax.
8½ to 1 agst Aquilina.
9 to 1 agst Whalebone.
13 to 1 agst Plover.
14 to 1 agst Landscape.
15 to 1 agst Antonio.
17 to 1 agst Stamford.

OAKS.

4 to 1 agst Parasol.
5½ to 1 agst Reserve.
7 to 1 agst Cat.
7½ to 1 agst Meteora.

ST. LEGER.

9 to 1 agst Marion.
9 to 1 agst Swap.
10 to 1 agst Ajax.
15 to 1 agst any other.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged by the suggestions of several Anonymous Correspondents, some of which we shall avail ourselves of as early as possible.

The promised continuation of favours from our Welch correspondent, Rigdum Funnidos, will be most gratefully received. His valuable productions will, at all times, find a ready admittance into our Repository.

The Poem by W. H. is for various reasons inadmissible.

The kind promise of an Old Field Sportsman is entitled to our thanks. His practical knowledge of the subjects on which he intends to treat, will render him a valuable correspondent.

We have to inform "A Cockney Sportsman," that we were not aware that the Anecdote in p. 72 of our last Number, concerning the mended-legged dog was a hoax, or we should never have given it admission. Our Magazine shall never be a vehicle for either "lying or slandering:" from such deadly sins, we most piously exclaim—*Good Lord deliver us.* We will endeavour to ascertain the truth in a few days.

Communications dropped into the Editor's letter-box, 26, Haymarket; or from the country, (post-paid) will receive due attention.

TANDEM DRIVING

THE

Sporting Repository.

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COACHIANA.—No. III.

LEARNING TO DRIVE.

To teach the young idea how to—DRIVE.
Thompson.

"THE root of all learning," quoth Aristotle, "is bitter, but the fruit sweet;" an apothegm which will particularly apply to driving. I remember when I was at Cambridge and a bit of a blood, as the knowing ones term it, being woefully smitten with the veracity of this learned Theban. I never mounted the box, fingered the ribbands, rattled my tits along the road at the crack-skull pace of twelve miles an hour, stoppages included, or up-set in the first ditch that gave tokens of a comfortable deposit, without reflecting that "the root of all learning is bitter, but the fruit sweet;" which being interpreted means, that it is a cursedly awkward thing to get into a gutter, but pleasant enough to get out again.

Poor defunct Dick! whom, with tearful eye, and jaded spirits, I have lately had occasion to panegyrize, was my tutor on this occasion. Under his auspices I first mounted the box of a tandem, learnt the elegant, but indispensable accom-

plishment of driving, spitting through my teeth, and studied that most appalling manœuvre of turning into an inn yard.

"Ev'n Sunday shone no sabbath-day to me;"

for behold I was seated on my throne by earliest peep of dawn, and was generally visited by the meridian sun in the snug embraces of some inviting ditch, where, to use the Irishman's expression, I was accommodated both with board and lodging. But in process of time this rawness of inexperience, like the mist before the morning sun, vanished; I could mount my tandem in elegant diversity of style, remembering with Horace, that "sæpe *stylum* vertas," and could give the go-by to less dashing vehicularians with inimitable condescension of nod. At last, after I had wandered, like Ulysses, through many lands and many dangers, I reached the long-expected haven of success, and set up for a whip on my own account.

Never shall I forget that proud hour of my triumph when I made my first public essay, in turning genteelly up the Greyhound-inn yard, at Newmarket. I was accompanied "sed longo intervallo," by about twenty young Cambridge horsemen, presenting a multitudinous array of well-polished top-boots, each of which recorded the *shining* qualities of Warren's blacking, and by a few aspiring tilburys, which vainly essayed to beat my duplicate of fillies. The Riddlesworth had not yet commenced, for Buckle, celestial Buckle, the god of Newmarket idolatry, the Jaggernaut of the Jockey-club, the veshnoo of the winning-post, was absent; and as I entered the town, "with all my blushing honors thick upon me;" the streets were lined with an infinite assemblage of peer and peasant, legs both black and white, jockeys, horse-dealers, and horse-doctors, all anxiously awaiting the eventful race. But (it is positively a fact, Mr. Editor,) my aspiring vanity metamorphosed these gaping gentlefolks into staunch admirers of me and mine, that is, of myself and my better part, the tandem; and when my mail-cart horn sounded, the leader sprang forward, shaft-horse ditto, when my whip cracked not it's jokes, but it's

harmony, and my driving-hat bobbed beautifully over the summit of my proboscis, I felt that I was a very fine fellow indeed; and had our most gracious Sovereign Lord King George (as the homily, with a due regard to title, expresses it,) offered me a situation in his ministry, 'tis odds, that like Mr. Hunt, of Spa-fields notoriety, I should have refused it. But alas! for human nature! sorrow, in her haste to follow, perpetually kicks the shins of happiness; and my leader becoming restive at the corner of the Greyhound, upset me and broke my head; a philosophical accident, which naturally engenders the most serious moral reflections, and puts one out of humour both with popularity and four-in-hand.

From that time to the present, I have been engaged in far different pursuits. My four-and-sixpenny driving-hat has given way to a barrister's wig. My tandem has melted down into a tilbury, and bids fair to terminate in a wheel-barrow. My knee-breeches, divested of their protecting knee-caps, have flowed down to my ankles in the shape and guise of pantaloons. Coke has superseded the "Sporting Magazine," and I am now only induced to scribble for this bewitching Repository of wit and learning, because its worthy publisher (a personage of acute penetration, by the bye) assures me, that I am an exceedingly clever fellow, a fact on which I have never entertained a doubt.

But, in allusion to my past scenes of juvenile iniquity, I cannot forget that I have been young and now am old, as also that there are many University students like myself, in "the happy days of old," who are at present busily practising, not in physic, but in driving; and walking, not the hospitals, but the stables. It is to these young gentlemen that I would say a few words touching the mysterious art of coaching; reminding those who may complain of the worthlessness of my subject, that if Phæton had known how to drive the tandem of the sun, the world would never have been set on fire, Jupiter would never have thumped him with thunder-bolts, and the young Jehu himself would never have tumbled into the *Po*, or, as the vulgar term it, "have gone to *pot*." Besides, old Isaac Walton sate down in the

autumn of his days, to compose an elaborate Treatise on Angling—the great schoolmaster, Sir Henry Wotton, thought himself honored by being able to write verses on fishing. And Richard Vaughan, though last not least of the triumvirate—did not conceive it derogatory to his transcendant genius to pass his days on the box of the Telegraph, that pinnacle of human felicity. With such examples to keep me in countenance, I need not lack courage, and so my gentle public, here goes—

> **Prepare for prose! I'll publish right or wrong,**
> **Tandem's my theme—let driving be my song.**

Of all modern vehicles, the most difficult of management is the tandem. Its elevation from the ground—diminutiveness of compass—and peculiar lightness of construction, render it at first sight a truly formidable machine; and nothing is so likely to increase timidity in a novice, as the appalling height of the Cambridge mail-cart. As they say in boxing, it wants bottom; a serious deficiency, which can only be remedied by neatness and practical ingenuity. With all these combined dangers and difficulties, a complete "Holy Alliance" of nuisances, it follows most conducively, that, when a Johnny-Raw, who "is not up to a thing or two" with the ribbands, rattles his tits along the flinty Hog Magogs, the Snowden of Cambridge mole-hills; he spends, upon a moderate arithmetical computation, about half his time in getting in and out of the ditches that appear most unaccommodatingly numerous on his road. For the future prevention of such disasters, I would recommend him by all means to obtain a firm seat before he ventures to cheer his tits, and to handle his ribbands with a firmness of grasp that may prevent confusion, the inevitable consequences of a slight hold; and the unerring forerunner of a broken head.

And now let us suppose the young dog seated, with "elbows square and wrists turned down," in his tandem. St—st—off goes the leader, smack goes the whip, and a delicious concert ensues. But, peradventure, the wheeler is contumacious, double-thong him by all means; keeping at the same time a slight but firm check upon the leader; for if when the shaft-horse, like the Israelites of yore, seems inclined to be-

come stiff-necked, his comrade finds that he has the "double double, toil and trouble" of the day to himself, he will not unfrequently turn round and stare you full in the face, a mode of salutation by no means agreeable. Similar instances are of frequent occurrence. I myself have been annoyed in like manner, and once drove down Trumpington-street at high-tide of fashion, with my leader in one alley and my wheeler popping his nose into another, while I had the sole consolation of reflecting that I had my choice of tumbles, either into a blind alley or a dropsical-looking gutter.

There is another important secret in tandem-driving, which appears to be better known than practised. I allude to the duty of ascertaining the weight which each horse does and ought to carry. Many people will rattle along the road with the traces at full stretch—the leaders pushing forward, the wheeler hanging back—like the devil when he tried to pull St. Dunstan by the nose into Tophet. This is assuredly a raw practice; and one that does more mischief to horse and harness than could be imagined. The traces should be gently tightened; a proof that both your tits do their duty.

In returning at night there is no instinct like that of the horse. He seems to acquire mind by the decay of light; and to thrive most where his driver is most ready to despair. I have trotted a tandem along the Hog Magog hills, at twelve o'clock at night, in the midst of the darkest and most tremendous thunder-storm I ever witnessed, with little chance of safety but what I owed to the docility of my fillies. This is an instinct that should not be baulked; and so firmly am I convinced of the superior intelligence of the horses in cases of similar difficulty, that I would actually give up my own whims to let him have his head and make the most he can of it.

There is a cruel process occasionally in use among tandem-drivers, and more particularly mail-coachmen, that cannot be too severely reprobated. I allude to the practice of what is technically called slinging the button; that is, when the driver is tired of using his whip, he takes a button off his coat, and slings it to his lash: a cruel addition, which naturally cuts flesh out of the poor jaded animal. In mail-coaches,

which by the new post-office regulations are restricted to time, this brutality may, in some measure, be excused. But what apology can be offered for the tandem-driver, who, being generally bound on a journey of amusement, converts an innocent into an inhuman recreation; and draws blood from his docile animals, that his own expedition may procure him admirers? The practice is unmanly in the extreme; alike repugnant to the sensibility of the gentleman and the sportsman.

In going down hill there is one very necessary caution to be observed. The mode of harnessing a tandem, differs from the mode usually adopted in harnessing four-in-hand so that if your leader is a better trotter than your wheeler, he draws the collar over the neck of the shaft-horse, and a partial strangulation not unfrequently ensues. To prevent this inconvenience, keep your wheeler at his full pace, slackening in the meantime the extra speed of your leader, and my life on it you will rattle along in style.

When you bait, a pause in which you should not play the niggard, never omit to remain in the stables during the whole process of refreshment. Trust me, "*haud inexpertus loquor*," modern ostlers are not unlike the maid-servant of old, who having been accused of stealing a pound of butter, swore that the cat had eaten it, upon which her mistress put the animal into a pair of scales, when, lo! to the damsel's discomfiture, it weighed only three quarters of a pound. The ostler of the present day will, in like manner, swear any thing but that he is a rogue. But, independent of this necessary caution, there is surely a feeling of gratitude due to the poor animals who have toiled all day in our service: and the young Jehu will do well to remember, that humanity to defenceless creatures is the strongest characteristic of the British Sportsman.

"And now," as Mr. Hazlitt said, when he had finished his lectures, "I have done—and if I have done no better, the fault has been in me, not in my subject. My liking for this, somehow, grew with my knowledge of it—but so did my anxiety to do it justice." I have thrown these few undigested hints together, for the instruction of the uninitiated

in the mysteries of tandem-driving; and if, by their publication, I can save the necks and purses of raw Jehus, "Coachiana" will not be written in vain. But, if a sound nap is the only pleasure that results from perusing them, even then I shall not be without my consolations, inasmuch as I shall only be repaying what the somnolent benevolence of other authors has before afforded me.

AN OLD WHIP WITH THE LASH WORN OUT.

THE PEDESTRIAN,

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

At an early period of my life I formed a most ardent attachment for the chase: my connexions were with sportsmen of the greatest celebrity; indeed, I sought no other company, nor was I anxious for any other amusement. On the 14th of Feb. 1788, a day which by me will ever be remembered—a vast assemblage of noblemen and gentlemen met at my father's house, by seven o'clock A. M. when a fine deer was to be turned out. I was anxiously waiting for their arrival. In a large field, to the right of my father's house, the deer was turned out, which shewed great sport. Suffering no obstacles to impede my progress, I frequently made leaps, which few others would venture to follow. On this very morning—most fatal day to me—in taking a very hazardous leap, I fell, and in the fall received not only a severe contusion on my head, but from the manner in which I fell broke my arm, which was so splintered and shattered, that amputation was deemed indispensable. This was a complete check to my favourite diversion—a diversion which I have never ventured to engage in since that period. For some years I was considered a complete misanthrope. Life to me appeared to have no attractions: after a time, however, I became a little more resigned, and as I made up my mind never to cross a horse again, and being incapable of engaging in the business of the farm, I was determined to commence a pedestrian tour through the different towns and villages of Great Britain, to

observe the manners, customs, and diversions of the different counties.

Unattracted by those ties which render the bulk of mankind *stationary*, and considering exercise as a most able physician, I have, within the last five and twenty years, by the assistance of a pair of excellent supporters, travelled over the greater part of England; and, in the course of my travels, have met with some curious, and, I may add, *interesting adventures*. As my appearance does not convey the idea of poverty or riches, I am neither treated with respect nor incivility by my different landlords; and I walk into the various houses of entertainment I have been accustomed to frequent, during my excursions, with the ease and familiarity of an old acquaintance. From the want of domestic society, I have acquired such a habit of taciturnity, that it is actually a fatigue to me to talk; in consequence of which I have acquired the appellation of—THE DUMB GENTLEMAN.—Some of my adventures, that appear to me most interesting, I will take the liberty of forwarding you from time to time, for the readers of the SPORTING REPOSITORY.

About three weeks since, I walked into a house of entertainment, which I have occasionally frequented for the last twenty years, and, after ordering a bed to be prepared for me, I took up a newspaper, and seated myself in my landlady's little parlour. My attention was so completely attracted by the relation of one of those horrid murders which, to the disgrace of Ireland, has recently been perpetrated on a reverend clergyman by the white-boys, that I did not perceive a young female enter the apartment, until I was roused by my landlady exclaiming, "She cannot have it, I tell you, Miss: coffee, indeed! to be made at this time of night! truly, without a *sixpence to pay for it.*"

In a voice the most persuasive, the fair pleader again implored her sick mother might be indulged; adding, that she did not doubt but the morning's post would bring the wished-for *letter;* which would enable her beloved parent to defray every expense she had incurred.

"A fig for your letter," exclaimed the unfeeling woman, "have I not already waited a fortnight for it; and did I not

send her up as nice a bason of tea half-an-hour ago, as any lady of the land need wish to drink? yet now, forsooth, she must have coffee;—but I tell you once for all, I won't make it for her."

Those tears which had with difficulty been suppressed, whilst offering the petition, rapidly escaped their boundaries; and, with a sigh which might have penetrated the most adamantine bosom, she hastened from the apartment. By an impulse at once humane and delicate, I instantly followed the mourning fugitive; yet, had I been going to offer a petition to our beloved sovereign George IV. I do not believe I should have felt so much embarrassment.

As the Great Teacher of religious and moral duties has taught us not to make an ostentatious display of our liberality, I shall merely inform my readers, that after apologizing for the liberty I was taking, my apology was received, and the coffee sent.

Though *fortune* had evidently dealt niggardly by this interesting young creature, *nature* had been peculiarly lavish; for a more perfect form, or a more lovely and pleasing countenance, never was beheld. Her mode of receiving my proffered civility, rendered me the obliged party; for *dignity* was so completely combined with *sweetness*, that I could not help feeling a degree of embarrassment whilst offering my services. Great as is my aversion to entering into conversation, yet the interest the fair unfortunate had excited was not to be repressed; and, having made myself responsible for the payment of the coffee, I enquired what untoward circumstance had reduced mother and daughter to such distress. "Why, bless me, sir," exclaimed my landlady, "I thought every body in these parts had heard of the —— coach being overturned; and the poor old gentlewoman, for whom you ordered the coffee, happened to have a thigh broken. You may think, perhaps, sir, it was very unfeeling in me to refuse sending up the coffee which Miss bespoke; but if I was to give up to all her *forgaries*, I might be *messing*, or *cooking*, all the day long; and I have never seen five shillings of their money since they first comed into my house."

Our conversation was at this moment interrupted by the

arrival of a stage-coach; the driver of which, upon entering the adjoining kitchen, said he had brought a parcel from Portsmouth for a lady, directed to be left at the George. At this intelligence, the countenance of my landlady assumed a very different appearance; and, hastily snatching the parcel from the hand of the coachman, she rushed up-stairs, exclaiming, "This will do poor *Miss's* heart good!" Far different, however, was the effect produced by the sight of the parcel, which was sealed by an emblem of melancholy intelligence; and scarcely had the agitated Matilda torn the envelope from it, when a shriek of horror escaped her lips.

Attracted by the sound, I rushed into the apartment from whence it issued; and beheld a sight which harrowed up every feeling of my breast; the afflicted fair one was supported in the arms of our landlady; whilst the letter, which had conveyed some appalling intelligence, had fallen from her palsied hands, and laid upon the carpet. Affecting as was the object which first attracted my observation, yet, upon directing my eyes towards the bed, I was still more distressed; for never had I beheld piety, affliction, and resignation, so forcibly impressed upon the human countenance. The hands of the unfortunate female were clasped and elevated, whilst her eyes were directed towards the throne of the Great Omnipotent;—and though horror-struck by the shriek which had attracted me to the apartment, she was ignorant of the calamity which had occasioned it.

By proper assistance, the unhappy Matilda was restored to that sensibility which made her more acutely feel the severity of that misfortune which had so unexpectedly occurred; and, clasping her hands together, in a tone of agony, she emphatically exclaimed "*Oh! my beloved brother!*"

"Great God! enable me to sustain this unlooked-for calamity!" *sighed*, or rather *groaned* out, the afflicted mother; "but in mercy, sir," she added, directing her tearful eyes towards me, "explain the nature of that misfortune we are doomed to encounter." At this appeal to my humanity, I picked up the fatal letter which had produced such a penetrating shriek from the agonized Matilda; who, placing her hand upon my arm, said, "Not yet;—not yet, I implore you. In pity do not read it to my beloved mother."

"That Being, my beloved child, who for wise reasons has thought proper to afflict me," sighed out the resigned sufferer, "will, I trust, enable me to sustain the stroke. But suspense like what I have endured for the last ten minutes is intolerable. Read the letter, I beseech you, sir."

That I was destined to wound the heart of a being whom misfortune had already afflicted, was evident by the effect which the epistle had produced upon Matilda; and though I endeavoured to sum up all the fortitude I was master of, my frame actually trembled, and my voice faltered; for, previous to utterance, I glanced my eyes over the appalling letter, the contents of which were as follow:—

"Dear Madam,

"I am truly distressed that the friendship which has so long subsisted between your brother and myself, should be called forth upon so melancholy an occasion; but aware that you were in daily, and even hourly, expectation of seeing, or hearing from him, I was convinced that disappointment would impel you to examine the papers; and to soften, in some degree, the shock which, in that case, must have awaited you, I take upon myself a most painful office.

"Allow me to inform you, madam, that, for the last twelve years of our lives, your excellent brother and myself have been shipmates; in fact, the friendship which subsisted between us, might be compared to that of Jonathan and David's; for we had one heart, one soul, and one interest; and I have the happiness to assure you, my purse was ever open to my friend. This assurance, my dear madam, will, I trust, prevent you, and your excellent mother, from permitting any scruples of delicacy to prevent you from accepting any pecuniary assistance; for I am perfectly acquainted with those trials you have recently been destined to encounter; and it was with my aid that your excellent brother indulged the hope of surmounting those difficulties. With the intention, my dear madam, of diminishing your filial anxieties for the fate of a mother whom, I understand, you have so much reason to love and respect, our poor Edward obtained leave of absence from his captain, and was in the very act of leaving the ship, when his foot either slipped, or the plank tilted; be that as it may, he sunk, and all human efforts to save him were in vain.

"I have now, my dear madam, fulfilled a task more painful than the power of language is able to express; and, allow me to say, I should have been the conveyer of this distressing intelligence, had I not been desirous of paying the last sad duty to the body of my deceased friend; but, when once it is performed, I shall flee to the assistance of your respected mother with sensations bordering upon filial obedience.

"I am, MADAM,

"Your's most sincerely,

"AUGUSTUS PELHAM."

Vain would be all attempts to describe the effect produced by the preceding letter; for the sympathetic mind can more easily imagine it; but whilst the grief of Matilda burst forth in the most violent expressions of sorrow, that of her suffering parent was dignified by silence.

Though I had merely intended to sleep at the inn, and quit it at an early hour on the following morning, yet I felt too deeply interested in the fate of these unfortunate females to leave it, without either rendering some essential assistance to them, or seeing them placed under the protection of some being who possessed the power and inclination of serving them. At an early hour on the following morning, I was roused by my landlady's informing me, that the gentleman who had sent the parcel to Miss M——— had just arrived in a chaise-and-four; and my communicative hostess having informed him that I had interested myself in the fate of these unfortunates, he expressed a desire of conversing with me before his arrival was announced.

The appearance of this young stranger was at once elegant and prepossessing; he apologized for the liberty he had taken, by saying he understood I had been serviceable to Mrs. M——— and her daughter; concluding by entreating me to introduce him to them as the intimate friend of him whose death they had so much reason to deplore. From this ingenuous young officer, I discovered that Mrs. M——— had offended her family by marrying contrary to their wishes and views; in consequence of which, she had little more than the pension of a lieutenant's widow to subsist upon. Her

husband died before the youthful Edward had completed his twelfth year; but, as the propensity of the father seemed to have descended to his offspring, the navy was the only profession of which he would hear. This promising young officer, I discovered, from the narrator of his simple history, had been absent from his family nearly four years; and, being in a delicate state of health, his anxious mother could not resist the maternal impulse of visiting him in port; indulging the hope that the prize-money due to his gallant exertions would allow her to gratify her inclinations.

That the coach which was to convey this fond parent to Portsmouth was overturned, my readers already know; but, alas! poor Mrs. M————'s misfortune did not end with a broken bone; for the little trunk, which contained the few pounds which was to defray the travelling expences of herself and daughter, in the confusion occasioned by the accident, was either stolen, or lost; and they were compelled to submit to the insults of their unfeeling landlady, until they could receive remittances from Portsmouth.

Though piety and resignation to the will of that Being who disposes all events which happen in this world, induced the attached mother of the ill-fated Edward to bear the afflicting calamity which had befallen her with an appearance of composure; yet so debilitated was her frame by suffering, and so poignantly did she feel the loss of her beloved son, that when I entered the apartment to announce the arrival of the Honourable Mr. Pelham (which was the name of that son's bosom companion), I perceived that death had aimed an unerring arrow at the hapless Mrs. M————'s breast.

Language would in vain attempt to do justice to the interview which followed; and callous must have been the heart which was not deeply affected by it; for my part, I must acknowledge, that of all the painful dispensations I have been called to pass through, none ever made so indelible an impression upon my mind: and the recollection of those circumstances, even whilst I am penning down this short sketch for the perusal of your readers, sensibly affect me.

Eager were the inquiries which the anxious mother made respecting the spot which emtombed the form of her beloved

child; and, hearing it was not more than five-and-twenty miles distant, she exclaimed, "Oh! that I might but enjoy the thought of being buried by his side."

"Talk not of dying, I implore you, my dear, my beloved mother," said the agonized Matilda, throwing herself on her knees by the bed-side. "I must deceive you no longer, my child," rejoined Mrs. M———, in feeble accents; "but to whom am I to entrust a being far dearer to me than life? Great God!" she added, "what are the pangs of dying compared to the thought of leaving you, my child?"—"Deign to make me her protector; sanction an engagement which, as if in the presence of the Omnipotent, I swear most solemnly to maintain," exclaimed the deeply-affected Pelham, whilst tears of sympathy rapidly flowed down his manly face.

The dying Mrs. M——— for some moments gazed anxiously upon the countenance of her beloved child; then gently drawing her towards her palpitating bosom, she said a few words in a whispering voice; then taking her hand, she placed it in that of Pelham's, who, from the moment he had entreated to become the protector of the hapless Matilda, had remained kneeling at the bed-side. "As you fulfil the sacred trust at this awful moment committed to you," said the expiring parent of Matilda, in a tremulous tone of voice, "may that Eye who now witnesses the contract, bless you through every period of life!" Here she paused;—and solemn was the pause indeed;—exhausted nature had made its last exertion; and her spotless spirit took its flight to the realms of eternal bliss.

I caught the fainting Matilda in my only remaining arm, and carried her into an adjoining chamber, into which I was followed by my landlady; who, no longer fearful of not being rewarded for her trouble, was all attention and civility.

Though I had witnessed the sacred engagement into which Pelham had voluntarily entered, yet the impropriety of a young female being left without any of her own sex to console or comfort her, instantly occurred to my mind; and, recollecting that the widow of a clergyman resided within the distance of five miles, I resolved to go thither, and, if possi-

ble, bring her with me. Scarcely had I related my mournful tale to this exemplary woman, when she proposed accompanying me, and offering her house as an asylum to the unfortunate Matilda, whose sorrows excited the tenderest sympathy. From a mixture of respect and affection to the memory of her deceased parent, we found it impossible to persuade this amiable young woman to quit the spot which contained a form so beloved, until it was removed to be interred; yet, when Pelham and myself followed it to the place where her son had a few days before been buried, Matilda accompanied Mrs. Clavering (the clergyman's lady) to her hospitable home.

During our slow and melancholy journey, my ingenuous companion informed me he was attached to Matilda even before he beheld her charms; as, from the confidence which had subsisted between himself and her brother, he had, from her letters, formed the most favourable opinion of her disposition; adding, that as his parents were dead, and his fortune independent, he was at liberty to follow his inclinations.

Having performed the last sad duty of friendship to the mother of the lovely Matilda, at the request of Mr. Pelham, I accompanied him to her new abode; when, with ardour unfeigned, he implored her to give him a legal claim to prove the fervency of his regard. Withheld, however, by those scruples which a delicate mind could not avoid feeling, Matilda refused to become his wife for the space of six months; not only alleging as a reason the recent loss of her nearest connexion, but the dread that Pelham should repent having entered into such a serious engagement.

Though I combined my persuasive powers with those of the impatient lover, yet, as Mrs. Clavering highly approved of the reasons Matilda assigned, it was decided that the lovely orphan should remain under that excellent woman's protection for six months, before this important tie was made: and there the amiable Matilda now is.

REMARKS ON AGRICULTURE, &c.

The subject of Agricultural Distress having excited considerable interest throughout the country, and being at this time agitated in the House of Commons, it is presumed any remarks on that subject that may tend to the amelioration of that very useful class of people will be acceptable to our readers.—Generally speaking, the interest of the Sportsman is intimately connected with that of the Agriculturist; indeed, every class of readers feel an interest on the subject. The following remarks have been forwarded to us by an intelligent correspondent, some few of which have appeared in a respectable daily paper.—We do not pledge ourselves for every statement contained therein, but every impartial reader must allow that the writer is fully competent for the important task he has undertaken.

"The alteration in the currency of the country (says this judicious writer) has created a most important change in the value of all property whatsoever. It has affected the prices of not only our own produce but of foreign produce also. The products of India, of the Colonies, and of the Continent imported into this country have suffered a depreciation of more than 25 per cent. The same effect has been produced on the value of shipping, of houses, warehouses, and shops, articles both of luxury and necessity, and manufactured goods of every kind. The extent to which this diminution in prices has proceeded, cannot have been produced by a corresponding decrease in the demand. For if prices are regulated by the demand, this diminution in prices of 25 per cent. would argue a corresponding decrease of demand to the amount of one-fourth, which supposition the daily increase of population is sufficient to refute, were it not already negatived by the official papers last year laid before Parliament. That the alteration in the currency has produced a most important change in the value of the produce of the land, cannot be for a moment doubted; but the fact is, that agricultural produce has experienced a greater depression than any other

property. It has fallen not merely 25 or 30 per cent., but in some instances 50 per cent. Now, this excess of depression in agricultural produce over that experienced in other property, may be accounted for principally by considering that such produce had attained to a price beyond that to which adventitious circumstances had raised any other whatsoever, and the re-action is consequently felt in the same proportion. But a few years since no price appeared too great for land, no land so bad as not to re-pay the cultivation, no system of agriculture too expensive to be adopted, no agriculturist too ignorant to take a farm.—It is scarcely necessary to state, what is known to every man familiar with the management of landed property, that rents have in some instances been trebled, in many doubled, and in all vastly increased, within the last thirty years.—Landholders cannot be blamed for availing themselves of the advantages the times offered, but those advantages were of a nature too brilliant to be perpetuated; they were the fruits of an unnatural state in which the country was placed, and could only be co-existent with that state.

The great increase in the rents of farms was the natural consequence of the great demand for land, and the facility with which tenants were obtained, and the advantages which enormous prices held out to the employment of capital, by which many were induced to remove their capitals from other employments less lucrative, and embark in trade to which they were strangers. By this means the rent of land was often regulated more by the wealth of the incoming tenant than its own real value. Again, the mania which at one time existed to purchase land, when every one seemed anxious to possess some acres, to which, in case of national ruin, they were to retire as a final refuge, raised its value to the purchasers beyond its natural limits: the purchaser to re-imburse himself, in the shape of interest, raised the rentals; and I question not, but it will be found, that upon large estates, which have descended from father to son, in a long line of ancestry, the tenants are now in a far better situation than on those which have, within a few years, changed proprietors, or which have gone from the hands of one into those of various landlords;

for, in proportion as those estates submitted to sale were smaller the price they fetched was greater, and consequently the rent to be derived from them was proportionably raised. Farming, too, from the number of gentlemen who embarked in it, became a speculative amusement; and the improvements made in the system of tillage and breeding, created expences which required extraordinary means of remuneration. I would instance the prices paid for stock, which were such that no natural price could support. When 1000 guineas could be asked for a particular high-bred bull—when cows of the same breed fetched 100 and 150 guineas, what prices could remunerate the purchasers? This system has been much more generally adopted in the growth of wool: rams were sold at 100 guineas each, and hired for the season at nearly the same price. What wonder, then, that the price of wool is ruinous to those who formed their flocks at such an expence. In fact, the system of farming has been one of extravagance—an extravagance which Agricultural Societies have encouraged, and which has more than counterbalanced the improvements they have introduced.

The policy of landlords, when they could obtain tenants who could rent large farms, induced them to throw three or four small farms into one. This measure, however necessary or advantageous in districts where the population is thinly scattered over an extensive tract of country, has, I fear, been productive of great evil. The class of small farmers has been annihilated; the system of agriculture was too expensive for their means, and the capitalists entering into the market drove them from it. In the place once occupied by two or three of this useful class of men, was introduced one of another class, whose habits, for the most part, were of a more luxurious character—who combined something of the man of independent fortune with the industrious farmer—whose expences were greater, and experience less—who did that by deputy which he should have done himself. The capital he brought into his large farm gave him a command of money: the returns were large. Did the landlord call for his rent? If the tenant had it not, the first country-banker would advance it on the security of his harvest. The poor's-rates

were increasing, but, in the goodness of the times, this was overlooked; besides, the tradesman, in his parish, managed this business, and the greater the sum distributed in poor's-rates amongst the labouring classes, the greater the sum expended in the village. Thus this evil increased unheeded by the farmer, and the money was paid without reluctance. The landlord, too, attended to his own interests; and if the profits of farming were great, the landlord shared in them, though not in the expences; and, in too many instances, little opportunity was given to the tenant to provide against less propitious days. With the exorbitant prices of the times, the exactions of the landlord, and the demands of the overseer, kept equal pace. Exorbitant rents, enormous poor's-rates, high wages of labour, and extravagance in the whole system, were the effects of exorbitant prices of produce. That these prices were produced by extraordinary circumstances, I do not deny; but that they were productive of the greatest evils with which the farmer has to contend, viz. enormous poor's-rates, exorbitant rents, and general extravagance in labour and in farming, is, I think, a fact which none can deny also.

It is, then, to a reduction in these branches of his expense that the farmer must principally look for relief. This will be most clearly seen, if we consider in what proportion his expences are affected by taxation, by tithe, by poor's-rates, and by rent and labour; and by examining to what extent a diminution in these several branches will relieve him. For this purpose we must assume a given period of time; and supposing these several items to be diminished to what they were at that period, we shall then see how far the farmer may expect to be benefitted.—Being in possession of the accounts and expences incident to the farm I now use, since the year 1790, I shall lay before my readers an account of the prices of grain and labour—of the expense of cultivating a given portion of land in the years 1792 and 1822—and of rent paid, and poor's-rates levied, on the farm in question.

This farm, I premise, is about 300 acres, of which about 180 are under the plough, the remainder upland pasture. I assume this particular instance not as a general standard as

to the increase of expences, but as one which, I feel convinced, will be found applicable in nine cases out of ten.

First, then, the rent on this farm was,

In 1792, 300*l.* per ann.; in 1822, 500*l.**

Poor's-rates, 30*l.* - - - - - - - - - 100*l.*

It was free of great tythes.

Prices for labour paid in 1792, were—

For threshing wheat, - -	£0	3	6	per qr.—In 1822,	£0	5	0
Do. barley, - -	0	1	10	- - - - - - - - -	0	2	3
Do. oats, - - -	0	1	6	- - - - - - - - -	0	1	8
Thatching - - - - - - -	0	1	0	per square - - -	0	1	6
Labourers' weekly wages	0	10	0	- - - - - - - - -	0	12	0
Hire of a team of 3 horses with man and boy - -	0	12	0	per day - - - -	0	15	0

Dung, from 3s. to 4s. per load; now 5s. to 7s.

Expence of cultivating fifteen acres of wheat in 1792:—

(Eight folded 7 dunged) 70 loads dung cost, at 3s. -	10	10	0
Two teams drawing out dung 7 days, at - - - - - -	8	8	0
Man filling seven days, at 1s. 8d. - 11s. 8d.—Ditto spreading, 11s. 8d. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -	1	3	4
Ploughing, 9*l.*—Harrowing and sowing, 1*l.* 8s. - -	10	8	0
Seed, five quarters at 14*l.* per load - - - - - - - -	14	0	0
Harvesting and housing - - - - - - - - - - - - - -	6	11	3
Threshing 37 quarters, 4 bushels, at 3s. 6d. per qr.	7	17	6
Rent 15*l.*—Poor's-rates, 30s. - - - - -	16	10	0
	£75	8	1

Sold 37 qrs. 4 bush., at 14*l.* per load,	105	0	0
Deduct - - -	75	8	1
Profit - - -	£29	11	11

Expense of cultivating fifteen acres of wheat in 1822:

(Eight folded seven dunged) 70 loads dung, at 6s.	£21	0	0
Two teams drawing out dung 7 days, at 15s. - -	10	10	0

* It is here to be understood, that an estate let at £500 per annum, free of great tythes, the value of such tythes is included in the rent: indeed, tythes are only that portion of rent which belongs to the parson or to the impropriator.

Man loading 7 days, at 2s. - 14s.—Do. spreading, 14s.		1	8 0
Ploughing, 11*l.* 5s.—Sowing and harrowing, 34s.		12	19 0
Seed, five quarters, at 14*l.* - - - - - - - - - - - -		14	0 0
Harvesting and housing, 14s. per acre - - - - - -		10	10 0
Thrashing 37 quarters, at 5s. - - - - - - - - - -		9	7 6
Rent, at 1*l.* 13s. 4d. per acre - - - - - - - - - -		25	0 0
Poors'-rates, 4s. in the pound - - - - - - - - - -		5	0 0
		109	14 6
Sold 37 quarters wheat, at 14*l.* - - -		105	0 0
Loss - - -		£4	14 6

By this it appears that the profit in 1792 was £29 11 11
the loss in 1822 4 14 6

The price of labour and manure, in 1792, was -	£58	18 1
in 1822, - - -	79	14 6
Excess - -	20	16 5

Increase of rent - -	£10	0 0
Ditto of rates - -	3	10 0
	13	10 0

Let us suppose this increase of rents and rates to be reduced. If 13*l.* 10s. be deducted from £109 14 0 the amount of expences in 1822, - - - - - - - 13 10 0

there remains - 96 4 6 leaving, when deducted from - - £105 0 0
96 4 6

the produce in 1822 8 15 6 profit.

If we suppose labour and manure to return to the prices of 1792, which, at the present prices of produce, it is reasonable to suppose they will, and prices, rates, and rents to remain the same, the profit on the foregoing calculation, of fifteen acres, would be 16*l.* 1s. 11d.

If we suppose labour and manure to be at the prices of 1792, rents 25 per cent. more, and poor's-rates double the amount of

labour and manure, they will then be,	£58	18	1		
Rent 15*l.* more 25 per cent. 3*l.* 15s. - - -		18	15	0	
Rates double of 1*l.* 10s. - - - - - - - - -		3	0	0	—80 13 1
which, deducted from the produce	£105	0	0		
	80	13	1		
leaves	£24	6	11	profit.	

nearly a rent and one-third; and such I conceive ought to be the profit on cultivation on a wheat crop. It appears then that the high prices of labour, rent, manure, and rates, are the principal evils with which the farmer has to contend, and it is to a reduction in these particulars that he must look for relief. The increase in them has been the natural consequence of the high prices obtained for produce, and with the diminution of prices they must necessarily decrease.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A VALENTINE

From one of the nine Hungarian and hungry Taylors to a celebrated SPORTING CHARACTER.

Mr. EDITOR,

THE way in which I obtained possession of the following poetical, or, as Mr. Coleridge would call it, "psychological" curiosity, is singular. I had been staying at Newmarket, at the box of a sporting friend of considerable notoriety, when the first yearly spring-meeting commenced. The turf was as much crowded with blacklegs and betters as is usual on such occasions, and great was the joy of the spectators. The winning-post too—but I must repress all tendency to eloquence, and content myself with a plain unvarnished statement of facts. Well, Mr. Editor, you must know, that among the multitudinous assemblage who thronged round the betting-post, during the continuance of the most celebrated sweepstakes, it was my lot to distinguish a stout-looking gentleman of such an atrabilious and

greenish cast of countenance, that I was unavoidably reminded of the biblical truism, that "all flesh is *grass*, and the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field." The flowers that this sportsman's phisiognomy resembled most were the crocus and dandelion. After gazing at him for some time, with those feelings of sociality that the appearance of a jolly corporation never fails to inspire, he mixed with the crowd and was no more seen, at least for that time.

The next day, being in attendance as usual at the races, and having been just immortalized by a most condescending nod from the inimitable Buckle, the nonpareil, the Jack Randall of Jockies, I was, as you may naturally conjecture, as much in love with all mankind as myself. Indeed, a gentleman may well be excused an extra complement of the milk of human kindness, who has been publicly noticed by Buckle in his top-boots and jockey-cap. "But," as Lord Byron very appropriately observes of himself, "I must own, if I have any fault it is digressing—so let me to my story as before." Well, I was attending the betting-post as usual, when who should make his appearance again but the identical stout sportsman, whom I had seen the day before, and who, in the agreeable rotundity of his carcase, justified Colman's waggish description of being "like two single gentlemen rolled into one." Indeed, you may form some idea of his corporation, when I say, that it would have been sufficient exercise for an invalid to walk four times round him, for, in good sooth, he was as heavy as the national debt, and infinitely more difficult to raise.

We stared at each other with feelings of mutual complacency, the index as it were of future dinner invitations; and after a little time spent in listening to the bets and odds, offered and accepted, my jolly gentleman took out his pocket-book, for the purpose of noting down some enormous wager, accepted by him on the favourite filley of the day, when, in the operation, he dropped something that had the appearance of a letter; I was dismounted at the time, and thinking, from the stranger's good-humoured countenance, that civility would not be thrown away upon him, I instantly volunteered my services in picking it up. "Keep it for your trouble, sir,"

said the gentleman, with a non-descript species of smile; "it will show you how great my own sporting and intellectual faculties must be, when they can form poetry out of only the ninth part of a man." At his instigation, I immediately proceeded to the perusal, and was well rewarded for my pains. On concluding I offered to return them, but the gentleman kindly refused: and, after some further conversation, I was induced to mention the place where I was staying; terminating my harangue, "do you know my friend, sir?" "Know him! know him! yes, sir, to be sure I do; and he knows me; and all Newmarket knows me; and all the world knows me." I soon discovered, from further confab, that this jolly fellow was no other than the celebrated ———, with whom I have since spent many a pleasant evening, and with whom I may probably crack many a future bottle. And so ends my story; the best part of which I here subscribe, for your's and your numerous readers' gratification.

JEHOIAKIM QUIZ.

Feb. 14, 1822.

To Mr. ———, NEWMARKET.

ON this amorous day, when love travels by post,
And the letter-man wanders about like a ghost;
Fatigued with the weight of epistles so true,
And so *dear* (in their price from one shilling to two);
Receive, honor'd sir, this love-letter from me,
'Tis correct, for my lawyer has signed it, d'ye see.
I press not my *suit* like a man to a maid,
I press but the payment for *suits* I have made,
I recall not love promises perjured and gay,
I remind you alone of your promise to pay,
To the *firm* not of Venus, which all of us know,
But the less noted *firm* of Coutts, Thomas & Co.
Ah! where be the oaths wicked man you have broken,
Ah, where the soft vows that your glib tongue has spoken;
When *principal* burdened each hope that I sighed,
And *interest* hung on each word you replied,
All are gone, thou Satanic adherent of evil,
Vows, money, and clothes have all gone to the devil.

Oh! foe to the cabbage, the goose, and the needle,
Away some unlucky mechanic to wheedle,
Vows, promises, and multiply vices forsooth,
But, remember the Bench, in the days of thy youth;
For as sure as with oaths I have lately been shammed,
I will clap thee in quod, if I don't I'll be damned.
But still at this season, when all are so gay,
Permit me to hope that you also will *pay*,
Not attention to Venus or Venus's hill,
But (I ask, tho' I never expect it) *my bill*.

ON TRAINING.

This subject, although it is usually deemed only important to jockies, pedestrians, or pugilists, is, however, of the most vital and general importance to all mankind. It may be termed the *universal*, the *best*, the *cheapest doctor*;—and, if put in practice, would soon diminish the complaints of gout, rheumatism, lumbago, bile, indigestion, scurvy, and other numerous diseases, which afflict nearly one half of the human race. In the humid, and changeable climate of Great Britain, it is essentially requisite to all who would enjoy a good state of health, and a green old age, devoid of pain and excruciating torment. "*Train up a child in the way he should go*," is not more true of the youthful mind than of the body. With proper *training* in infancy, youth, and manhood, few human beings would die of that most destructive of all disorders—the Doctor and Apothecary; or, indeed, of any other disease than that incurable one, absolute old age.

The antients were so well aware of the importance of exercise and temperance to ensure a healthy state of body, and from the intimate connection of body and mind, of improving the latter also, that *Gymnastic* sports were held in the highest repute; and the most glorious rewards and the highest honours were paid to those who excelled in them; and these were not confined to the victors themselves, but

were held to shed a glory on their families, their friends, and their country. The *Olympic* crown, though composed only of laurel, or olive, was the most glorious mark of approbation that could be conferred, it being deemed beneath a brave, free spirited conqueror, to attach a value to gold, silver, or other usual gratifications of a mercenary, and an ambitious soul. Yet as the *Gymnacia* were only a kind of initiatory or preparatory school, to call forth the latent qualities of a great soul, that it might be afterwards called into exercise for the benefit of the country; this reward was merely a pledge of the honours, privileges, and immunities, which were to be afterwards the consequence of being publicly crowned; or, in other words, marked out as distinguished objects for further honourable employments. The *Gymnacia* were the schools for *statesmen* and *warriors*, the wise, brave, and politic Greeks making even their sports and pastimes, as well as their religious exercises, subservient to the welfare of the general community. It was not till the time of the Romans, and among them, in their declining state, that these public institutions degenerated from the rank of a liberal art, and became a *mercenary* profession, embraced only by the lowest and vilest part of society. To prepare men for the business of war was the grand object of the Greeks, divided, as they were, into a number of small independent states, constantly embroiled with one another, and not even to be reconciled by the presence of overwhelming hosts of common enemies. To rear up a race of hardy warriors was the chief aim of these states, and by learning and practising the Gymnastic exercises, their youth were inured to toil; they were rendered hardy, vigorous, healthy, enterprizing, and fearless. They were the *trained bands* of Greece, ever prepared for war on the slightest notice, and on the least emergency. The Grecian mode of warfare required strength and agility, to wield the long spear, as well as to enable their soldiers to make rapid marches and evolutions over a rugged country. It was therefore the opinion of the Grecian oracle, *Plato*, that "every well-constituted republic ought, by offering prizes to the conquerors, to en-

courage all such exercises as tended to increase the strength and agility of the body."*

Unhappily, *training*, as one of the main sinews of health and war, has been neglected by the moderns. This neglect has been, indeed, less injurious to Britain than to any other nation, because her sons, being all early inured to habits of industry and hardihood, whether as agriculturists or manufacturers, are more adapted from their childhood for the purposes of war, than those of any other nation. Her armies are principally recruited from agricultural labourers, and even those from among the manufacturing classes are smiths, wheelwrights, sawyers, stone-masons, and others, whose trades keep their limbs in strong agitation, and in what may be termed *half training*, which gives them that superiority of muscular strength and advantage in the use of the bayonet. Were the practice of the antients imitated, by the erection of schools for Gymnastic exercises, and our recruits subjected to a process of training, as well as of tactics, the lives of thousands would be saved to their country, and the efficient strength of the army greatly increased.

Mr. Edgeworth, in treating on military education, says: "As to EXERCISE and AMUSEMENT for the pupils in a military academy, they should all be calculated to promote and sustain manly dispositions.—A military school should have annual competitions and prizes, for foot-races, wrestling, leaping, fencing, and firing at a target.† The victors should be rewarded with the applauses of the public, the countenance of the great, and sometimes, perhaps, with the patronage of government. All sports, without exception, that

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* Is not this maxim equally applicable to Britons? The *bayonet*, at the end of the musket, is to them what the *long spear* was to the Greeks. The Britons now, as the Greeks did then, excel all other men in the physical powers of the body, and the bayonet generally terminates all contests in their favour. Ought not, then, Gymnastic exercises to be held of as much consequence among Britons as with the Greeks?

† Buonaparte added '*swimming*,' a no less necessary acquirement for the preservation of life, than of health;—necessary not only in the military, but in every station of life.

promote strength and agility, should be encouraged in our military schools."

But to every man, as well as the soldier, the proper exercise of the body is an important object, as good health and spirits constitute the greatest blessing of nature, for our pleasures are derived from the capability of enjoying them. Dr. Churchill justly remarks, that "in the formation of our frames, and the very nature of our constitutions, it was the positive institution of Providence, to create in us an absolute necessity for exercise, in order to our well-being." And further, that "by attention to exercise, the tone and vigour of the moving powers are wonderfully increased; the nervous energy and circulation of the blood are naturally accelerated; and this increased impetus of the blood through the whole system, produces an effectual determination to the surface of the skin; and free perspiration is the consequence. By the same means the body is disposed to sleep; the appetite increased; the tone of the stomach and digestive powers preserved; and the blood is determined from the internal viscera, which prevents as well as removes obstructions, and powerfully obviates the tendency to a plethoric fulness of the system. By exercise the spirits are enlivened, and the body refreshed; or, as Hippocrates observes, "it gives strength to the body, and vigour to the mind; and it is an irrefragable truth, that where it is improperly neglected, the energy and strength of the whole machine falls to decay."

It is to exercise that is to be attributed the continued flow of health and spirits of the *British sportsman*. His character is universally allowed to be harmless and amiable. His health of body gives a spring and elasticity to the mind, and never suffers it to be impaired by the vacancy of employment or thought. Hence it is that he is manly to his superiors; friendly to his equals; affable to his inferiors; a hospitable entertainer; a cheerful companion; a good husband; an affectionate father; and a tender master. There is, perhaps, a greater absence of vicious pursuits in a *lover* of *field sports*, than in any other character in the world. Exercise, therefore, may be justly deemed no less a moral than a physical virtue.

At some future opportunity we shall resume this subject, and give some account of training as it is practised at the present period, with some useful suggestions that appear to us calculated to improve the present system.

THE MILL-STONE;

A RAMBLING SKETCH.

Peter Van Podzen was a thriving, drowsy, middle-aged baker of Cape-Town. His only sister, Katherina, had long been a grievous eye-sore to the petulant dame Von Podzen, and Peter's doughy face melted into the similitude of a smile, when Katherina informed him that her intended bridegroom had nominated an early day for the solemnization of their long-expected nuptials.

Archibald Grimes was a shrivelled, sun-parched, little gentleman, who had scraped up a decent competency in the fiery clime of the Eastern Ind. On his return to Europe, (where he intended to spend his earnings,) he was obliged to tarry for a season at Cape-Town, in order to wind up certain prolix and complicated mercantile accounts, and there the portly and full-cheeked sister of the sedentary Van Podzen burst upon his enraptured vision. She was just what his heart desired, and his hunting eye had been long seeking out. Diminutive men greatly contribute to the preservation of the goodly and moderate stature of mankind, by generally selecting a bride from the most gigantic women they can find. Archibald Grimes had inflexibly resolved to forbear from wooing, and, moreover, to stifle every symptom of incipient love in his bosom, until some lucky star should lead him into the presence of a fine, imposing, lusty, and reputable-looking virgin; and the fair Katherina Van Podzen was the express image of that ideal bride which often flitted before his mind's eye, in those delicious waking dreams which bachelors alone are blessed with. He had hitherto glided through life unnoticed, and often bewailed the misery of being elbowed and jostled about by men who happened to exceed him in

stature by some few inches. He thought that the portly figure of such a woman as Katherina would confer an air of respectability on his appearance, and catch the eye of passing men as he strutted by her side through the streets of his native city. She would appear, too, he conceived, as a living trophy of his success in life, and a substantial proof that his pretensions to the notice of the soft sex were far from despicable; in fact, he expected that, with such a Mrs. Grimes as Katherina would make, his fellow-citizens would never think of sneezing at him.

I shall not here detail the festivities of the wedding-day, or the clumsy Dutch frolics which were played by the bride's juvenile relations during the evening: suffice it to say, that Peter Van Podzen snuffled through many a drowsy relation of the doughty feats of one of his great ancestors (yclept Hendrick Van Podzen,) among the Hottentots; the jolly bride borrowed all the silks and ribbons of her manifold acquaintance, to adorn her wedding-dress with their flaunting tints, and looked as gay and gallant as a Dutch lugger on a holiday, bedizened with the colours of all the nations upon earth. Archibald Grimes swallowed such staggering draughts of the jovial Van Podzen's strong drink, that he floundered into the warm bakehouse instead of his nuptial chamber, and daintily laying himself down in the great kneading-trough, snored through the night very satisfactorily, encircled by the soft billows of the rising dough. Great was the consternation of Peter Van Podzen's petulant dame, and her corpulent sister-in-law, at the protracted absence of the brown-visaged bridegroom. The house was ransacked seven different times, not an eggshell escaped the scrutinizing inquisition of the bride's green eyes—the most improbable places were sought into, but nobody thought of searching the great kneading-trough, and Archibald lay snug and undiscovered in his soft retreat, until the workmen came to the bakehouse at day-break —when the astonished churls dragged him forth, cleverly encased in a thick surtout of puffy-dough, upon which his little head drooped with an aching and dejected air, and his dry meagre legs peeped out at an aperture, like those of an

old rook through the thick crust of a huge harvest-home pudding.

In due time, Archibald Grimes and his lusty spouse took leave of the drowsy Van Podzens, and set sail for Old England. Archy bought the identical house in which he had been immured for the first eight years of his manhood, diligently posting the multitudinous accounts of a thrifty sugar-broker, and feeling no care but when the debtor and creditor sides of his well-filled balance-sheet could not be brought to tally by some fraction of a penny. "Here," thought he, "I shall revel in perfect bliss. Here I can dream over the days of my youth, by the cosey fireside of my snug little back-parlour, the scene of my former feats of calculation and penmanship, or sally forth to take the air linked in loving fondness to my portly and respectable Katherina."

But, alas! how transitory are all the pleasures of man. Archibald dwelt in a quarter of his native city replete with waggery and mischief. He soon found that the disproportionate bulk of his bride, instead of conferring dignity, only served to bring down showers of ridicule on his ill-fated head. She rose into a monster, and he dwindled into a mere pigmy, when contrasted with each other. Katherina was the best of wives,—the utmost extent of her wishes was to please her little lord. She sedulously attended on him from morn till eve,—sang droning Dutch lullabies to compose him into a comfortable nap after his dinner, and always dressed in green and yellow, because Archibald generally wore, and greatly affected, those colours. The wags of the place compared her to a huge over-ripe pumpkin, rolling along by the side of a crooked frost-bitten little gherkin. This and many other malicious comparisons reached the ears of Archibald, through the kind offices of his cackling acquaintance, and galled him to the soul. He was a most sensitive little creature, and feared the tongue of ridicule more than the serpent's sting; he had passed the greatest part of his life in projecting schemes to shield him from the lolling tongue, the winking eye, and the heart-sinking titter. He found his plans weak and unsuccessful,—a tall, corpulent, respectable-looking wife had proved utterly inefficient,—his hopes of

happiness were blasted, and his heart sunk within him at the thought.

He began to grow melancholy,—confined himself more than ever to his fire-side,—seldom opened his mouth, and at length never crossed the threshold in company with Katherina. He longed for the bustle of traffic again,—wandered about in the dusk of the evening,—affected solitary places, but to his infinite dismay and mortification never could escape for a single moment from the presence of his wife. She haunted him in all places, and at all seasons,—whenever he turned round, his eye invariably fell upon the broad flat face of Katherina. She followed his steps incessantly, and watched him with the eye of affectionate solicitude in his wayward rambles. He began to hate her most outrageously,—he considered her as the cause of all his grief, the bane of his happiness and comfort. His disgust rose in proportion to the increasing fondness she shewed towards him. His diseased fancy attributed to her faults of which she was altogether innocent; and he finally made up his mind, that it was impossible for any man breathing to live with such a woman,—made a liberal provision for her support, and secretly decamped.

"How happy have I been," cried little Archibald Grimes, as he tripped homewards down a dark alley near the very heart's-core of busy Glasgow. "How happy have I been since I summoned up my dormant energies, and ran away from my wife. The finger of scorn is never pointed at me here; I can now sally forth to collect an appetite, without any fearful forebodings of being stared at as I pass through the streets, and return hungry and happy to my dark lodging, just at the moment my solitary meal is placed upon the table. Verily, I am thrice blessed; man never knows the sweets of happiness, until he has tasted the bitter cup of misery. I have travelled hundreds of miles from Katherina; I am altogether out of her reach." So saying he glided into his little parlour, rubbing his boney hands, and inwardly chuckling with delight, when, lo! and behold! the good-looking Katherina was snugly seated on "the post of honour," and looking just as if nothing particular had happened. She had been

sedately darning his hose, and kindly asked him, on his entering the room, whether he would take roast or boiled.

At five o'clock the next morning the lusty summer-sun shone upon Archibald's out-jutting polished nose, on the roof of a stage-coach. He had stolen from his chamber before day-break, and silently eloped.

Many months had passed away, and the cloudy brow of dark December lowered upon the stunted form of our hero, as he crossed the bleak summit of a Norwegian hill, on the boisterous back of a shuffling galloway. He was several miles distant from his lonely little cottage; the shades of evening were closing around him; the melancholy wind moaned through the forest in the valley, and Archibald Grimes was fearfully musing on the strange accounts given by the superstitious peasantry of "the green lady on the white horse," who nightly scoured through the dark glen. He attempted to rally his sinking spirits, and laugh at the foolish tales of the ghastly spectre, essayed a merry English song, bethought him of the dull festivities of Peter Van Podzen's little parlour; but all his efforts were fruitless. The visionary lady floated before his green spectacles, and his blood curdled with fear as he entered the haunted glen. Anon loud snortings, and the dull sound of a horse's hoofs on the soft turf, assailed his ears. The shanks of his spurs were thereupon buried in the sides of his mettlesome little steed, whose shaggy neck he convulsively-embraced, roaring most piteously for help and company, and bewailing all the misfortunes of his life in those stentorian tones for which diminutive persons, male and female, are so highly renowned. He fancied that he felt the burning-breath of the phantom-steed scorching his shoulders, and resolutely closing his eyes, wreathed and coiled round his neighing galloway, as he courageously galloped through the dismal glen. They soon emerged from its shades, and continued their course down a steep declivity at a most fearful average. The galloway at length lost his footing, and toppled down the rugged steep, with his master still clinging to his back, almost as fast as he had galloped through the glen.

The first object that poor Archibald Grimes beheld, on re-

covering his scared senses, was the fat, platter hand of his spouse Katherina, diligently employed in laving his gory temples. She had ferretted him out in the interior of Norway, and, in the impatience of her love, borrowed a farmer's horse for the purpose of meeting him on the mountain, which he was obliged to cross on his return home from a visit to a neighbouring pastor, who was extravagantly fond of playing at chess, and courted the company of Archibald on account of his prowess at the game.

Archibald Grimes, like other folks, had always represented himself to be a man of undaunted courage, who was not to be intimidated by flesh and blood, ghost or goblin, or any other shape that patroled the earth by night or day; and the consciousness of so great a stigma on his mettle as the affair of the glen, rendered the company of Katherina more irksome to him than ever. He speedily turned his back upon the shores of Norway, and after infesting St. Petersburgh and the vicinity of Cracow, from whence he precipitately decamped, for some imperious reasons which history has neglected to perpetuate, the indefatigable little husband once more embarked for sultry Africa. "The deuce is in it," quoth he, as he landed at the Cape of Good-Hope, "if Katherina will ever dream of seeking me here. Her brother's house is the most improbable place on earth to meet with me, and thither I'll instantly go."

Peter Van Podzen had filled the mighty bowl of the hereditary pipe for the tenth and last time, prior to betaking himself to repose, when Archibald Grimes, with his hands buried in the pockets of his small-clothes, carelessly sauntered into the room. He was welcomed with a huge puff, and sat down with a sigh. Peter Van Podzen asked no questions, but slowly raised his dull dexter eye, whose turn it was to watch and be awake, towards the spare pipe which lay upon the mantel-piece. His guest well understood the dumb invitation, and having some of the old heathen blood of Ixion in his veins, proceeded to fill and light the spare pipe, and soon raised a goodly cloud about his head. Billows of soft smoke rolled round the ceiling, and the two friends passed the first hour of their meeting in sober, dignified, and dozing

silence. As the Dutch clock in the corner pealed forth the hour of midnight, Peter Van Podzen slowly rose from his seat, and, followed by his friend, ascended the old staircase, and after indicating a chamber to the right with a nod, silently waddled to bed.

The next morning Archibald Grimes was not to be found under the roof of Peter Van Podzen. He had absconded in the night, but dame History (who delights in chattering about trifles, and often omits material and important circumstances,) has maintained a most distressing silence as to the cause of Archibald's sudden departure. If, however, tradition may be credited, the ill-fated little gentleman found his Katherina daintily decked out in the state-bed of Dame Van Podzen, as if she was in expectation of his arrival. In the turnings and windings of life, men often gallop into the very jaws of the danger they are trying to avoid; and probably the good Katherina, by some of those wayward freaks of chance which often occur, anticipating Archy's resolution of steering towards the Cape of Good-Hope, had diligently travelled in the same direction, and happily arrived at the bakehouse of Peter Van Podzen a few days before her disconsolate husband.

Archibald Grimes now assumed the name of Jacob Grogan, and in the middle of the next spring after his flight from Cape-Town, was seen sitting at the cabin-table of a fine vessel, gallantly sailing over the bosom of the great ocean, towards Van Diemen's Land. The sea-sickness of the passengers had wholly subsided, every body began to look for comfort and amusement in the society of his fellow-voyagers, —the glasses were gaily sparkling about the board, when the captain informed the company that, with their leave, he would introduce a passenger to their acquaintance, who had hitherto been confined to the sick-cabin. Curiosity beamed from every eye, and Archibald Grimes carefully wiped his green spectacles during the absence of the captain, who re-appeared in a few moments, and very innocently introduced——Mrs. Katherina Grimes! The amazed Archibald convulsively leaped into his birth, commenced a series of most volcano-like eruptions, and scarcely uttered a word for the remainder

of the long voyage. But no galley-slave chained to the detested oar ever bemoaned his fate in sullen silence more bitterly that little Archibald Grimes.

Decision of character is a virtue which many men affect, and Archibald, who, to say the truth, was as obstinate as a Biscayan mule, prided himself greatly upon the habitual steadiness and unswerving pertinacity of his disposition. He suffered no opportunity to escape of proving his staunchness in sticking to his point. Accordingly, he re-embarked, the day after his arrival at Van Diemen's Land, sailed back to Europe, and from thence set out for America; and after traversing the greatest part of the United States, skulked into the cavity of a rock by the sea-shore, determined to live and die like an oyster, rather than come in contact with Katherina again. Here he passed many months in utter solitude; but awaking one morning suffused with perspiration, and panting under the dead weight of a crushing night-mare, to his unutterable amazement he found Katherina placidly slumbering by his side, and affectionately encircling his wasted body with her colossal arm! This surpassed all her former feats. The heart of old Archibald was at length subdued. He could not help admiring the constancy and affection which had enabled Katherina to vanquish the united obstacles of sex, bulk, and ignorance, and follow him even into the cavity of a rock, by the side of the great sea that lashed the shores of America; he called himself an obstinate idiot, an unfeeling brute, and Katherina the best of women. Perhaps he was rather tired of his wandering life, convinced that it was impossible to elude the vigilance of his wife, or sick of his cold bed on the hard rock. But be that as it may, Archibald warmly embraced his sleeping Katherina, deserted the lonely cave, returned to his snug back-parlour in the waggish neighbourhood, dressed in green and yellow again, overcame and laughed at the sneers of the world, walked proudly forth with his Katherina by his side, passed away many years in happiness and comfort, and when poor Katherina died, bewailed her loss with unfeigned sorrow, and shed many a tear over her cold grave.—*Brighton Mag.*

A.

LIFE IN LONDON.

No. —, Grub-Street, (Attic Story,)
March 2, 1822.

To the Editor of the Sporting Repository.

By profession, sir, I am a knight of the order of St. Crispin, but taking, at the age of twenty-one, (which now, alas! is many years back) a thorough dislike to the lapstone, I assumed (having received a tolerable education at Bancroft's School, Mile-end-road) the pedantic occupation of schoolmaster. Equipped with ferula, rod, cane, and every necessary requisite for the dignity of the curule chair, I announced my intentions to the public, under the respectable title of "Green-harbour *square* Academy for Young Gentlemen;" my pride being too great to call it a *court*, nor did I think it at all entitled to that appellation. At the head of my circular I gave a neat wood-engraving of my house, in front of which stood three or four wide spreading elms, which gave it a rural enchanting appearance. My plan succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations, and in less than two months from my commencement, I could boast of having obtained no less than fifty scholars. To this number I confined myself, having no accommodation for an increase. Soon discovering that I had more upon my hands than I could well accomplish, to do justice to my pupils, I advertised for an usher, one perfectly acquainted with the English language, and capable of teaching the rudiments of the Latin. This advertisement, which appeared in one of the most popular papers of that day, obtained me considerable celebrity, though not without now and then a rub from my tavern companions concerning the pompous title of "Green-harbour Square Academy."

My rising fame unfortunately inspired me with no small degree of vanity, and having now obtained an usher of considerable talent, I consigned the greater part of the duty of the school to him, in order to indulge more freely in my insatiable propensity for company and pleasure. Sometimes,

to my disgrace be it spoken, I made so free with the bottle, that by three o'clock in the day I have found my way into the school-room in a complete state of intoxication; and, to the no small delight of the boys, I, on every such occasion, indulged them with a holiday. I will not tire your readers with a recapitulation of the numerous evils which proceeded from this baneful propensity to drink; suffice it to say, that in less than eighteen months after the establishment of my academy, I was circumvented by the usher, and turned out of my house. This sudden transition of fortune plunged me into the deepest despair, and so far from effecting a reformation in my conduct, I became what is vulgarly termed *a complete mop.* I affected, however, a deal of gaiety amongst my companions, but in order to keep up appearances, I found myself obliged to pledge the very last coat I had left in my wardrobe, (a large box, which also contained the whole of my library and culinary articles.)

Finding all my resources exhausted, I found an evident alteration in the conduct of my companions. I was not received with the wonted cordial shake of the hand, there was a shyness for which I could not account, and on my entrance into the coffee-room, instead of—"Ah, my hearty fellow, how d'ye do," I was received with a cold nod of the head, and sometimes with silence: this contemptuous conduct induced me to quit, in disgust, a house and companions which had, in a great measure, contributed to my ruin. Man was made for society, the truth of which I soon discovered, for I found it was impossible for me to mope away my time in my own apartment, alone and unfriended. I therefore looked out for new society, and accidentally met with a jolly fellow belonging to my original profession, who introduced me to some friends at the "Parrot," (a house in my old neighbourhood) which contains a snug little parlour, and as merry a set of chaps as ever trod in shoe-leather. Here I was surrounded by cordwainers of every degree, with whom I soon became intimate. Shortly after I had left my school, I took an apartment in Grub-street, a complete rendezvous for poor, and, I may add, *unfortunate* authors, for if there is any profession or situation in life that is more worthy of this

epithet than another, it is that of an author; this I have found by sad experience.

Necessity, it is said, is the mother of invention, and having no disposition to return to the lapstone, I was determined, or rather persuaded, to embark in this last-named profession. About this time *catholic emancipation* was agitated in the House of Commons, a subject which appeared to excite considerable interest. I accordingly wrote a long article entitled —*The Danger of Confiding in the Promises of an Enemy*— addressed to the editor of a celebrated evening-paper, which I put into the post overnight, and a wag of a fellow, a neighbouring author, told me to be sure to call early at the office the next morning, and make a demand of one penny per line. Not exactly understanding the nature of these things, nor indeed knowing whether it was inserted, and my cash being completely exhausted, the next morning, as early as modesty would allow, I hied my way to the famed emporium of politics, to reap the reward of my literary labours. On arriving at the place, I felt somewhat embarrassed as to the mode in which I was to introduce myself. I gave a most forcible pull at the bell, (imagining by this I should evince a consequence consistent with my situation as author) which left the handle in my hand. A boy answered the summons, who eying me most keenly from top to toe, asked me, rather sarcastically, if I had ever pulled a bell before.—Whatever damage, said I, young gentleman, I may have done, I will settle with your master, whom I wish to see directly.—What is your name and business? says the boy;—Oh, tell him, the *gentleman* who wrote the article on *catholic emancipation* solicits the honour of an interview.—The boy reiterating, as he went along the passage, the word *gentleman*, with a greater degree of emphasis than I liked, left me whilst he went to announce my business; and he had scarcely gone a minute before a handful of mud, of the filthiest description, was thrown plump against my left cheek, and in hastily turning round to see whence it proceeded, I drove my elbow through a large square of glass which looked into a place called the "Publisher's Room," a window which, till then, I had not observed.

A momentary impulse induced me to make a most precipitate retreat, but my progress was impeded at the threshold of the door by a butcher's man, (surrounded by a vast concourse of people,) apologizing and begging pardon for the unintentional circumstance which had placed me in such an awkward predicament; his aim, he said, was directed to one of his own companions, from whom he had received a similar salute a day or two before; and, as bad luck would have it, just as he got opposite to the door of the house where I was standing, he made his aim, which his opponent perceiving, avoided, by quickly drawing his head aside, and causing me to be the sufferer. The boy by this time had returned, and bursting out a laughing in my face, requested me to walk up-stairs. Here, Mr. Editor, I want words to describe the various emotions by which I was at this moment overwhelmed. The idea of breaking the bell, thrusting my elbow through the window, and to be introduced, for the first time, in the pickle I then was in, to a gentleman on whom, I imagined, my future fortune was to depend, excited sensations which are more easily conceived than expressed. Fain would I have returned back without an interview, but a porter belonging to the news-office, as though apprehensive of my intention, seized fast hold of me, requesting the money for the square of glass. The person who had been the cause of this disastrous event had, on hearing this demand, made his exit, and left me in this unpleasant dilemma. I summoned up all the resolution I had, and disengaging myself from his grasp, accompanied the boy up stairs. He shewed me the door and retired; but recollecting I had not rubbed the mud clean off my face, and my handkerchief was so dirty it was but of little service, I retired to a dark corner of the stairs and imagining that no one could see me, I used the tail of my shirt for this purpose. A door, which I had not perceived, and against which my face was directed, instantly opened, and, to my no small chagrin and confusion, out darted a female with a lighted candle (for it was yet early in the morning!) At this inauspicious moment, I had my shirt up to my face. The woman screamed aloud, and fell down apparently with fright, and in this unpleasant situation, standing at

the feet of this very female, I was, in the twinkling of an eye, surrounded by men and women of every description.—Editors, printers, printers' devils, porters, men and women news-venders, with a retinue, indeed, which nearly choaked up the landing-place. My mouth was involuntarily opened, but I could not utter a word; I appeared paralysed.—I had not sense or power even to pick up the candle that was still burning on the floor.

CI-DEVANT SYNTAX.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

*** A regular series of letters under this head will appear in our future Numbers, and will contain actual facts and scenes that have taken place during each month, both in town and country.

Field Sports for the Month.

HUNTING,—The deer.

SHOOTING,—Wild fowl, wild ducks, widgeons, and teal.

ANGLING,—Salmon, trout, greyling, carp, tench, roach, dace, &c.

AGRICULTURAL DIRECTIONS, &c. FOR MARCH.

[*From the Glasse of Vaine Glorie.*]

Your barly land labor with plogh and plogh-share,
The roots of your fruit-trees to couer haue care;
Ply planting and graffing, sow beans, oates, and peason,
Set sit-ruls and sage, for now is the season.
Eate good meates and cleanse thee,
Let bloud; if neede vrge thee.

[From the Oldest Almanack known.]

The dauntless stagge ashamed to see,
His antler's brave now prest to wracke,
From cragges and mountes to couch doth flee,
To mourn the horror of his lacke.

OBSERVATIONS PECULIAR TO THE MONTH OF MARCH.

Mild weather still continues; though the beginning of this month is generally distinguished by cold keen winds; we have had some slight frosts lately. Vegetation is progressive; indeed, it is now in a more forward state than has been known for many years. Those trees and plants which, in the last month, were budding, now begin to put forth their leaves. About the 2d or 3d, rooks begin to build; a few days later, the cooing of ring-doves, *(columba palamba)* may be heard; and about the 11th, the swallow *(salix)* hath its flowers in full bloom.

On the 20th, the vernal equinox takes place, which introduces the spring quarter. All nature feels her renovating sway, and seems to rejoice at the retreat of winter. About this time the bees leave their hives, in which they have been sheltered from the storms of winter. The alder *(alnus betula)* has its flowers in full bloom; the laurastinus *(viburuum tinus,)* the laurel *(prunus lauroceracus,)* and the bay *(laurus nobilis)* begin to open their leaves.

Towards the end of this month the violet *(viola adorata)* and the primrose *(primula veris)* have their flowers full blown; the yew-tree also is in full bloom; the buds of the cherry-tree *(prunus ceracus,)* of the hawthorn *(cratægus oxycantha)* and of the larch-tree, begin to open. The farmer goes to the plough, and proceeds (if weather permit) to sowing oats and barley. The gardener prunes his trees, &c. as observed in our extract in preceding page, from the "Glasse of Vaine Glory."

HORSE-RACING.

(With an Engraving.)

By a reference to p. 91, of our last Number, it will be perceived, that we there gave an account of the earliest introduction of Horse-Racing into this country; we also progressively noticed such particulars and improvements as have taken place in that amusement

from that period up to the present time.—We have therefore little to advance on this subject that our readers are not already in possession of. Our engraving, which, it will be perceived, is beautifully coloured after nature, exhibits a modern race-course, with horses in the act of running. The resumption of this ancient and favourite amusement is now on the eve of taking place. There is an anxiety and interest so peculiarly felt by amateurs of the turf, that induced us to suppose that a graphic illustration, at this time, would be generally acceptable.

Pursuant to our promise, we shall commence our racing report with the Craven Meeting, at Newmarket, which will take place on Easter-Monday.

QUERIES *

(PROMISED IN OUR LAST NUMBER.)

Concerning the reducing the weight of horse-jockies, and the general effect on their health; and on the methods employed in training of race-horses, so as to augment their strength, wind, and speed.

I. Jockies.

1. What is the process used in training them and reducing their weight?

2. What effect has it upon their health and strength?

3. What effect has it upon their mind, in regard to courage, quickness, &c.

4. How long do these effects continue?

5. After being reduced, do they quickly get fat again, or do they continue long in the state to which they were brought?

6. Are jockies, accustomed to be thus treated, healthy and long-lived?

II. Running-Horses.

1. What are the principal objects to be attended to in regard to running-horses? Do their perfections depend upon parentage, and whether most upon the male or female? Is it necessary that the mare should have gone her full time to

* Answered by Mr. Rickword, Newmarket; by Mr. Sandevir, surgeon, Newmarket; and by Mr. Robson, Newmarket.

bring forth a perfect foal? Is the gradual growth of the foal essential? Is there a great difference in regard to natural constitution, between horses of the same parentage? What kind of form is in general preferred? Do you prefer great or small bones? Which sex is preferable for speed, and which for strength?

2. What is the best age for beginning to train horses for the turf? Are they first put upon grass? What is the effect of soft meat? When should they be put upon hard meat? What are the effects thereof? Is it necessary to purge them frequently? Have the purges any tendency to weaken them? What food is reckoned the most nourishing? How often are they fed? What drinks are given them, and how often? Whether hot or cold? Is it necessary to keep their skin perfectly clean, and how? Is it necessary to make them perspire much? What exercise is given them? How is the training completed?

3. After the training is completed, can the perfections thereby obtained be easily kept up? Does the process merely effect a temporary change, or does it last during life? Are running-horses as long-lived as others, or do they soon wear out?

Extracts from General Answers of W. S. Rickword, to the above Queries, in a Letter addressed to the late Sir Charles Bunbury, M. P.

"I have collected from elder John Arnall and others, that physic of no kind is used now, so common as it used to be, either in wasting men to ride, or in training them to pugilistic engagements, or extraordinary muscular exertions of any kind."

"No general rule can be laid down as to the mode of feeding, the quantity of exercise, or the time required to bring either man or horse to perform the utmost he is capable of doing: the conformation and idiosyncrasy of the body of each animal, the trainer should make himself acquainted with: men and horses differ in constitutions as in dispositions. The great art among trainers is, or should be, to discover what quantity of exercise, &c. a horse will take to bring him to, and keep him at his best. As to physic, it is my opinion that

it is much too generally in use, among racing-horses in particular; but upon that subject I have more to say than is convenient for me to advance at present. More depends, far more, on exercise than is generally believed, even at this period, though the benefit is pretty well known and admitted; yet by no means sufficiently: pure air, proper exercise, good oats and hay, with thorough grooming, would bring horses to the starting-post, far better able and in condition for running than they are usually brought, in consequence of the too common use of physic, and the quantity given at each dose. I am persuaded that alterative medicine would answer a better purpose than stronger physic, in most cases, where even it is exhibited judiciously: I do not say that physic is at no time proper; there are situations where it is highly necessary; but I contend against the frequency of its exhibition, and the quantity exhibited; I do so, thoroughly convinced of its laying the foundation of some diseases; and rendering the animal incapable of contending against any other with which he might unfortunately be attacked. As to the food used in the training of men, I should think that which affords the most nutriment, occupying the least space, and digesting easily to be the most proper, and likely to give the greatest assistance to the other requisites, in training them to perform any feats, requiring any extraordinary exertion of the muscular system; this attended to, with the benefit of free respiration, (without which, nothing great can be performed, by man, horse, or other animal,) will admit of astonishing and wonderful powers and strength, in wrestling, pugilism, walking, running," &c. &c.

To the queries put by Sir John Sinclair to Mr. Sandevir, an eminent surgeon, at Newmarket, the following answers were returned.

Q. 1. How long does the training of jockies generally continue?

A. With those in high repute as riders, in a greater or less degree, from about three weeks before Easter to the end of October; but a week or ten days are quite sufficient for a rider to reduce himself from the weight he is naturally of, to sometimes a stone and a half below it.

Q. 2. What food do they live on, both solid and liquid, and what quantities are allowed them of each?

A. For breakfast, a small piece of bread and butter, with tea, in moderation. Dinner is taken in a very sparing way; a very small piece of pudding, and less meat; and when fish is to be obtained, neither the one nor the other are allowed; wine and water is their usual beverage, in the proportion of one part wine to two of water. Tea in the afternoon, with little or no bread and butter, and no supper.

Q. 3. What exercise do they get, and what hours of rest?

A. After breakfast, having sufficiently loaded themselves with clothes, that is, five or six waistcoats, two coats, and as many pair of breeches, a severe walk is taken, from ten to fifteen or sixteen miles; after their return home, dry clothes are substituted for those that are made very wet and uncomfortable by sweat, and, if much fatigued, some of them will lie down for an hour before dinner; after which no severe exercise is taken, but the remaining part of the day is spent in that way that may be most agreeable to themselves; they generally go to bed by 9 o'clock, and continue there till six or seven the next morning.

Q. 4. Are they purged, and what purges and other medicines are given them?

A. Some of them, that do not like excessive walking, have recourse to purgative medicines; two ounces of Glauber-salts is the usual dose, and it is very seldom that any other medicine is had recourse to.

Q. 5. Would Mr. Sandevir recommend a similar process to reduce corpulency in other people, whether male or female?

A. W. Sandevir would certainly recommend a similar process, to reduce corpulency in either sex, as, from experience, he perceives, that the constitution does not appear to be injured by it; but he is apprehensive, that hardly any person could be prevailed upon to submit to such severe discipline, that had not been inured to it from his infancy.

(To be concluded in our next.)

YORK SPRING MEETING, 1822.

FIRST DAY.—Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for horses, &c. of all ages; three-year olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st. 4lb.—4lb. allowed to maiden horses at the time of naming.—Three and four-year-old fillies allowed 3lb.—Two miles.

Lord Scarbrough's br. c. Byram, by Amadis, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Peirse's g. f. by Comus, out of Lisette, 4 yrs old.
Lord Fitzwilliam's br. c. Sandbeck, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Grimston's bl. f. Melody, by Sir Malagigi, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Gascoigne's b. c. Hamilton, by Governor, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Armstrong's b. h. Alexander, by Don Cossack, 5 yrs old.

The Filly Sapling Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 3lb. each.—Last mile and a half.

Lord Fitzwilliam's c. Dismal, by Woful, out of Minstrel.
Mr. Gascoigne's ch. by Comus, out of Thomasina.
Sir M. M. Sykes's br. by Prime Minister, dam by Shuttle.
Mr. Watt's b. by Tramp, out of Mandane.
Sir W. Milner's b. by Amadis, out of Banshee.
Mr. Peirse's g. by Walton, dam by Wizard.

Produce Stakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. for colts and fillies then two years old; colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—3lb. allowed to those got by untried stallions, &c.—Two-year-olds' Course.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. (dead) by Filho da Puta, out of Desdemona.
Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. by Filho da Puta, out of Swift's dam.
Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. by Filho da Puta, dam by Camillus.
Lord Queensberry's gr. c. Hussar, by Whisker, out of Vesta.
Mr. Powlett's b. f. by Whisker, dam by Shuttle, grandam by Sir Peter.
Sir W. Maxwell's b. c. by Comus, out of Cutty Sark.
Mr. Watt's b. c. by Whiskey, out of Altisidora.
Col. Cradock's b. f. by Comus, out of Torchbearer's dam.

Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for colts and fillies then three years old; colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Last mile and three-quarters.

Lord Scarbrough's bl. f. by Walton, dam by Golumpus.
Mr. Brandling's ch. c. by Comus, out of Salamanca.
Mr. Vansittart's ch. c. by Comus, out of Lady Frances.
Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. f. Leonella, Sister to Maritornes.
Sir W. Milner's bl. c. Angler, by Walton, dam by Sorcerer.
Mr. Duncombe's b. c. by Comus, dam by Stamford.
Mr. Tatton Sykes's b. c. by Prime Minister, dam by Camillus.
Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. Debonnaire, by Comus, dam by Shuttle.
Mr. C. Marson's bl. c. Melmoth, by Soothsayer.

York Spring St. Leger Stakes of 25gs. each, for colts and fillies then three years old; colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Last mile and three-quarters.

Mr. Lambton's b. c. by Don Cossack, dam by Sancho.
Lord Scarbrough's b. c. Brother to Coronation, by Catton.
Mr. Riddell's ch. c. Pity Me, by Woful, dam by Precipitate.
Sir W. Milner's ch. c. by Caliban, dam by Beningbrough.
Mr. Petre's b. c. Theodore, by Woful, out of Blacklock's dam.
Mr. Fox's ch. c. by Macbeth, dam by Jupiter.
Mr. Wright's b. c. Sir Walton, by Walton.
Mr. Perren's b. f. by Comus, dam by Cerberus.

Second Day.—*Filly Stakes.*—Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for fillies then three years old, 8st. 3lbs. each.—Last mile and half.

Col. King's b. Miss Fulford, by Walton, out of Fulford's dam.
Lord Scarbrough's b. by Catton, out of Henrietta.
Mr. J. Ferguson's ch. Evens, by Walton, dam by Sancho.
Col. Cradock's b. by Woful, dam by St. George.
Lord Milton's bl. Annarda, Sister to Palmerin.
Mr. Wyvill's b. Marchesa, Sister to My Lady.
Mr. Harrison's b. Miss Wortley, by Woful.
Mr. Reed's ch. Miss Wentworth, by Cervantes, dam by Stamford.
Mr. Gascoigne's br. by Amadis, out of Fitz-Orville's dam.
Mr. Bell's bl. Gipsy, by Juniper, dam by Orville.
Mr. T. O. Powlett's br. by Prime Minister, dam by Shuttle, out of Scud's dam.
Mr. Watt's b. Marion, by Tramp.

Match.—Mr. Clark's ch. f. Polly, by Caliban, agst Mr. W. Hutchinson's b. f. Sarah, by Pigot, out of Queen Coil, T. Y. C. 100gs. h. ft.

The Gold Cup, by a subscription of 20gs. each, value 100gs. and the surplus to be paid in specie, for horses, &c. of all ages; three-year-olds, 6st. 4lb.; four, 7st. 12lb.; five, 8st. 7lb.; six and aged, 8st. 13lb.—Two miles.

Mr. Lambton's ch. h. Leopold, by Camillus, aged.
Mr. Lambton's br. h. Waverley, by Walebone, 5 yrs old.
Mr. J. Ferguson's gr. c. Jonathan, by Octavian, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Allison's br. c. Vingt-un, 4 yrs old.
Colonel Cradock's br. h. Sir Walter, 6 yrs old.
Mr. Petre's br. h. Sir John, 5 yrs old.
Mr. Fox's b. f. Lady Peter, by Smolensko, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Robinson's b. c. The Lord of the Manor, by Raphael, 4 yrs old.

The Shorts.—A Sweepstakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for colts and

fillies then three years old; colts to carry 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Last mile.

Mr. Lambton's b. c. by Don Cossack, dam by Sancho.
Lord Queensberry's b. c. Orator, by Prime Minister.
Sir E. Dodsworth's b. f. Susan, by Woful, dam by Sorcerer.
Mr. J. Blades's b. f. by X Y Z, dam by Beningbrough.
Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. c. by Woful, out of Masquerade.
Mr. C. Marson's bl. c. Melmoth, by Soothsayer.

Sweepstakes of 30gs. each, 10gs. ft. for colts and fillies then two years old; colts to carry 8st. 3lbs. fillies, 8st.—Two-year-olds' Course.

Mr. Lambton's b. f. by Leopold, out of Borodino's dam.
Lord Scarbrough's b. f. by Raphael, dam by Paynator.
Mr. J. Ferguson's ch. c. by Octavian, dam by Pipator.
Mr. Humphries's b. f. Governess, by Governor.
Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. f. Comedy, by Comus, out of Cowslip.
Mr. Watt's ch. c. Brother to Marion, by Tramp.
Mr. Harrison's ch. c. Sir Roger, by Comus.
Mr. Bell's ch. c. by Fitz-Teazle, dam by Hyacinthus.
Mr. Wright's b. c. by President, dam by Hambletonian.
Mr. T. O. Powlett's bl. f. by Walton, dam by Orville.
Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. by Filho da Puta, dam by Camillus.

THIRD DAY.—The Constitution Stakes of 20gs. each, h. ft. for horses, &c. of all ages; three-year-olds, 5st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, 9st. 1lb.; and aged, 9st. 5lb.—One mile and a quarter.—This stakes to continue in 1823 and 1824.

Mr. Lambton's gr. h. Dunsinane, 5 yrs old.
Lord Scarbrough's bl. h. The Black Prince, 6 yrs old.
Lord Queensberry's ch. c. Ledston, 4 yrs old.
Lord Milton's b. c. Sandbeck, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Petre's b. f. My Lady, by Comus, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Ridsdale's br. c. Statesman, by Prime Minister, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Fox's ch. h. Glow-worm, aged.
Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. h. Gambler, 5 yrs old.

The Colt Sapling Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. then three years old; 8st. 3lb.—3lb. allowed to those got by untried stallions, &c.—Last mile and three-quarters.

Mr. Riddell's ch. Pity Me, by Woful, dam by Precipitate.
Mr. Lambton's br. by Leopold, out of Borodino's dam.
Mr. T. O. Powlett's gr. Swap, by Catton, dam by Hambletonian.
Duke of Leeds' gr. by Comus, dam by Evander.
Duke of Leeds' b. by Mowbray, dam by Dick Andrews.

Mr. Gascoigne's ch. by Comus, out of Louisa.
Mr. Watt's b. Dupore, by Cerberus, out of Miss Cranfield.

Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, with 20gs. added, for three-years-old fillies, to carry 8st.—The last mile and three-quarters.

Lord Scarbrough's b. f. by Walton, dam by Golumpus.
Sir E. Smith's b. f. Susan, by Woful, dam by Sorcerer.
Sir J. Byng's ch. f. Lady Mary, by Amadis.
Mr. Gascoigne's ch. f. by Comus, out of Thomasina.
Colonel Croft's ch. f. by Comus, dam by Paul.
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. Haidee, by Comus, out of Stamfordia.
Mr. Glover's ch. f. by Comus, dam by Remembrancer.
Mr. Petre's b. f. Georgiana, by Woful.

The Ledston Stakes of 25gs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 5lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and a quarter.

Mr. Lampton's b. c. Don Cossack, by Sancho.
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. Catherina, by Walton.

FRIDAY, March 29.—Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, p. p. 10st. each—Gentlemen riders.—Ledston Course.

Mr. Wilson's bl. c. by Woful, out of Cowslip.
Mr. Petre's gr. c. The Baron, by Cervantes, out of Camilla.
Mr. Duncombe's b. c. Harmless, by Henderskelf.
Sir J. Byng's b. c. Fitzwalter, by Amadis, dam by Buzzard.

HORSES.—On Monday, Messrs. Tattersall submitted for sale twenty-three of the King's horses, which fetched very moderate prices, as follow:

MARES.—A Sorcerer mare, out of a Precipitate mare, dam by Delpini, grandam Shovel's dam, &c. in foal by Waterloo, 65 guineas—Olivera, by Sir Oliver, dam Bellona, by Mercury, &c. in foal to Soothsayer, 73 guineas.—A Mare, by Haphazard, out of Bourbon's dam, covered by Rainbow, 40 guineas.—A mare, by Wizard, out of Deborah, by Waxy, &c. 52 guineas.

COLTS AND FILLIES.—A Roan Filly, rising five years old, by the Cole Arabian, out of the White Cockerel Arabian Mare, the dam of Shah Alum, 33 guineas.—A Chesnut Colt Foal, by Blucher, dam by Sorcerer, grandam by Precipitate, &c. 31 guineas.—A Brown Filly Foal, by Blucher, out of an Arabian Mare, 104 guineas.

COACH HORSES.

	guineas.		guineas.
Marske was sold for	41	Juggler was sold for	63
Major	37	Miller	32
Wimbush	13	Bustard	30
Boxer	33	Malton	50
Taylor	45	Waverley	33
Rector	91	Golumpus	28
Ticket	125	Roman	32

HACKS.—A Bay Gelding, eight years old, 33 guineas.—A Roan Pony, five years old, 19 guineas.

WORCESTER RACE-COURSE—is about to receive the necessary addition of a grand-stand. Every body does not know that this elegant city is looked up to as the very cockaigne of all Wales.

Lord Stanford's horse Peter Lely, is matched against Sir T. Stanley's Doge of Venice for 200gs. first day of next Chester Races. Doge 8 st. 3 lb. Peter Lely 8 st. Two miles.

Lord Jersey has sold his b. g. Sporus, brother to Master Henry, to Lord Verulam, who has named him for the Hoo Cup, against Antelope and several others, to run in Lord Dacre's Park in Easter week.

The HORSE which belonged to BUONAPARTE followed him to the grave—he is about 14 hands high, of a bright chesnut, with a flowing mane. This brute *may*, perhaps, have the honour of carrying another monarch; since he was forwarded by Sir *Hudson Lowe* to his Majesty from St. Helena, and is now in the royal stud.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York gives this day, (March 15), a grand dinner to the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Turf, at York-house, St. James's.

HUNTING.

GREAT STEEPLE CHASE.—The 7th inst. the great sweepstakes steeple chase, over twenty miles of rough country, took place between Captain Holmes and Messrs. Ricketts and Montgomery, for fifty guineas each, at eight o'clock in the morning, from Chorley, Bucks, to Nettlehead-hill, Oxfordshire, amidst a field of fox-hunters. Captain Holmes rode a famous bay-mare, late the property of Mr. Barclay, and one of the best of the Farley-hunt. Mr. Ricketts was mounted on horse Sloper, and Mr. Montgomery on his roan gelding. The three went off together, accompanied by about a dozen horsemen, and broke from the road towards the ridge-coppice, and previously to arriving there, each had some hazardous leaps. The Captain rode through the first coppice, and his antagonists skirted it at different angles and pursued their own course. At Wycomb inclosures the Captain was observed at full speed, and about a mile on his right was Mr. Ricketts making full play. The race was here very interesting between the two, Mr. Montgomery having lamed his horse in crossing a rivulet. Captain Holmes had level, but heavy riding, four miles from home, and Mr. Ricketts was about half a mile

behind on another tract, where the horse could make better play; but Capt. Holmes won the match by four minutes. He was the favourite at five to four against each of his antagonists, and he performed the distance, about 20 miles as a bird might fly, in 1 hour and 35 minutes.

Two Corsican stags, lately presented by Lord Maynard to Mr. R. Hammond, have afforded to the West-acre Hunt two of the severest runs experienced during this or the last season. The first was turned off at Rongham, on the 21st Jan. and after crossing an extensive line of beautiful country, was run into on the beach at Snettisham after a very severe chace of nearly three hours, from the effects of which two horses died. The other was turned at Bradenham, on the Monday, and taking an easterly direction, through a deep and woodland country, afforded the true lovers of the chace an opportunity of the finest hits and steady hunting ever displayed by any hounds in this country. After running a circuitous route through thirteen parishes, it was at last pulled down at Honingham, after a tremendous run of two hours and a-half. This deer is evidently very superior to the red kind of this country, from their capability of enduring extreme fatigue, and taking the most extraordinary leaps.

At the close of last month, the Worcestershire Fox-hounds had a brilliant run of one hour and twenty minutes from Shipley Goss, with only one short check, and run into their fox in high style.

Last month the harriers of R. Sanderson, Esq. of Tunbridge-Wells, unkennelled a fox in one of the Earl of Abergavenny's woods, near Rotherfield, when, after a severe and gallant chace of two hours and twenty minutes, without a check, poor Reynard, being hard pressed, tired and exhausted, was compelled, though reluctantly, to surrender his brush, and his life also, to his staunch pursuers, who ran into him in a style which perhaps none but regular fox-hounds could have equalled.

The Pevensey harriers have, lately, had some excellent running over the Downs in the neighbourhood of Lewes. This little crack pack is considered to be equal to any in the kingdom for good hunting and low scent.

Sir Robert Hill's Salop harriers had a most brilliant run this month of one hour and twenty minutes, after a bag-fox, without a single check, and killed him in high style in the river. It is very remarkable, though the harriers passed through three covers, in which there were numerous hares, they never once changed their scent.

Stag-Hunting.—Mr. Hammond's hounds met on Friday, Feb. 15th, at Hockham, Norfolk, whence they hunted a buck belonging to W.

Burch, Esq. of Wretham, and, after half an hour's chace, they took him at Shropham. In consequence of the shortness of the run, Mr. Partridge, of Hockham-Hall, hastened home, and from his park turned off a fresh buck, to indulge the bloods of the field with a second gallop. Whilst the accustomed *law* was expiring, Mr. Partridge hospitably regaled his brother sportsmen in the true old English style, which enlivened their spirits and fitted them for another good brush, in which they were not disappointed, the buck taking one hour and twenty minutes before the dogs could pull him down.

Fox-Chace of five hours and a half.—Colonel Berkley's famous pack of Fox-hounds threw off last month, at Queen Wood, near Cheltenham; found, and after running in cover, broke, went away over Clene and Nottingham Hills to Gotherington Grove; from thence nearly to Winckcomb, which they had left on the right, making a turn round through Greet Grove, through the covers, round Stanley Hill, to Gotherington Grove again, and thence across the Vale to Queen Wood; from thence through the Coppices to Mr. Agg's Plantations, then turned to the left across the hills to Puckham Scrubbs; from thence through West Wood, Humble Bee, Low Willis's Coppice, through Bisbeach and Halling Scrubbs, and when within a field of the Great Woods at Guiting, whipped off at half-past four o'clock, after a fine run of five hours and a half.

The Earl of Derby's Stag-Hounds.—On Tuesday, the 15th of January, the Earl of Derby's hounds had an excellent day's sport. A fine young deer was turned out at the Oaks. He first made over the enclosures to Woodmanstone, where he was headed, and then faced the open country towards Old Woodcote, and down to Shirly Common, to the coverts at Addington. Here the hounds came to a check for twenty minutes, when the deer was halloo'd away, breaking covert on the other side of Addington village, when the hounds catching a view of him, went away at a racing pace, and only a *chosen* few could live with them. He made across the vale for Crown-Ash Hill, where the Hon. Mr. Stanley stopped the hounds to enable the gentlemen *intail* to come up, when the anxious pack were again permitted to pursue their game, and ran him through the large coverts in the neighbourhood of Crown-Ash Hill, *from scent to view*, and took him near Tadsfield, after a run of two hours and fifteen minutes. The burst from Addington was as quick as ever was remembered; and this young deer promises to be equal to Plough-boy, or Ben the Sailor.

Sir David Moncrieffe's harriers threw off on Friday, February 15, at the Bridge of Erne, and found a most gallant hare, which gave them a chase of more than eight miles in the direction of Abernethy, where she doubled into the hills, and was killed in a stone quarry. The worthy Baronet, at the risk of his life, plunged into deep water to rescue the

unfortuate animal from a watery grave; his exertions were fruitless, as poor puss had already become a sacrifice to her fleet pursuers.

Friday, February 15, the Hambleton fox-hounds (Hants) met at West End Telegraph, on which occasion there was a large field of sportsmen. Immediately on going into cover close to the above place, they uncovered reynard within a few yards of the spot where such fine sport was enjoyed about six weeks since. He took to the valley, and was killed near Darley. The Itchen Ferry sailors, in their red night-caps and blue jackets, attended in great numbers anticipating much fun, and supposing it to be the same fox which lately paid them a visit before Mr. Osbaldiston's hounds. The sport elicited a number of curious seafaring remarks from these men, viz. how the fox put before the wind, and let go his fore sheet—how the hounds made sail after him, and beat up his quarters, and made an sheer off—and what a parcel of the horsemen were obliged to come to an anchor in the bogs, or were canted over the bows, and went down with all their colours flying, &c.

Royal Hunt.—His Majesty's stag-hounds met, on Friday, 15th Feb. at Stanwell, with a field of about seventy horsemen, when a beautiful young white-faced stag was uncarted for a day's hunting. The stag left Longford, Drayton, and Hillingdon, to the left, went to Hayes, from thence crossed a deep flat country to North Holt, Frenfold, and Penyvale. The people of the hunt knowing him to be a *strait-necked one*, consequently kept fast the *ribbands*, but all would not do, for here the distress became general, and *pit tickets* were plentiful. The hounds did not receive the least interruption, for the riders of the best horses thought themselves well placed at one field distant. He crossed the canal close under Harrow, past Edgware, in a line for Hampstead, then turned a little to the left, and was taken at Hendon, unhurt, after a most severe run of two hours. To describe the pace the hounds went would be impossible; but, as the bird would fly, it was upwards of twenty miles, over a beautiful flat country, but tremendously heavy, and very strong fences. There was only two whippers-in and four gentlemen at the taking of this excellent stag. He well deserves the name of the Hendon deer, after the celebrated old deer of that name. It is no more than justice to speak in the highest terms of the hunt establishment—the horses and hounds looked remarkably well, and no pack could run better together.

COURSING.

(With an Engraving.)

In presenting an elegant engraving of the dogs used in coursing, it will be expected that some remarks be made on this favourite diversion. It has been followed as an amusement for many centuries in Great Britain. History informs us, that, in the year 1591, Queen Elizabeth visited the seat of Lord Montecute, in Sussex, where she saw from a turret, "one day after dinner, sixteen bucks, all having fair law, pulled down by greyhounds." It is certainly a diversion of undoubted antiquity, and historians have not been wanting to inform us of its institutes: amongst whom may be enumerated Xenophon and Arrian, the former of whom flourished as early as the year B. C. 359, and the latter A. D. 161. It was then denominated by the term leash or coursing: and after a lapse of above 1600 years, it is somewhat surprising that the ideas of sporting in this particular should so nearly assimilate.

Wolves, foxes, and deer, were the animals chiefly selected in former times for coursing, and were pursued by a stronger and more hardy animal than the modern greyhound, known by the name of gazehound. As, however, ferocious animals became extinct as civilization advanced, so coursing gradually assumed a different form, and kept pace, as it were, with the progress of other improvements.

The modern highly improved greyhound (of which we have given a correct engraving) is unquestionably the most elegant and beautiful of the canine race. In the southern parts of England, the greyhounds are generally smooth, beautiful, high-bred dogs; while in some parts of the north, particularly Lancashire and Cheshire, rough-haired animals, partaking much of the lurcher, are used.

The plan of kennelling is an important consideration for the sportsman, and is too frequently marked with neglect and inattention. In a small establishment, provided no more than three or four brace of greyhounds are kept, they should always lie in a stable purposely set apart for them and a

couple of hacks, and made large enough to contain a separate kennel for each: the construction, says an intelligent anonymous author, "Should be a square of at least four feet, and two in depth, and altogether similar to a large potter's pannier, placed, of course, with the open end upwards, and fixed steady to the ground by means of a piece of wood at each corner, but not so very securely that you cannot at pleasure remove it as necessity may suggest: hay is decidedly the best litter, whether you consider the comfort or health of the animal; but it must be good, such, in fact, as you give to your horses, for the refuse of a stable is often damp and mouldy, and would, if thus made use of, be productive of endless disorder and disappointment. I would not have these beds close to each other, but the space between them ought to be large enough to admit a broom; and their being thus separated will give each dog a more distinct idea of his own property, which, when he has once ascertained, it will be difficult hereafter to induce him to relinquish; for a day it may be necessary, perhaps, to confine him by a chain, but seldom beyond that, or two nights at the utmost."

This subject will be resumed in a future Number.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

OF THE

Newmarket Coursing-Society, 1822.

1. That the number of members shall be regulated by the letters in the alphabet, the junior members taking the letters X and Z.

2. That all members be elected by ballot, that seven members constitute a ballot, and that two black balls shall exclude.

3. That the name of every person proposed to be ballotted for as a member, shall be put up over the chimney-piece two days before the ballot takes place.

4. That no proposition can be ballotted for unless put up over the chimney-piece, with the name of the proposer and the person who seconds it, at or before the dinner preceding the ballot, and read to the members at such dinner.

5. That this Society meet on the

6. That Mr. Redhead, Admiral Wilson, and Mr. Wilkinson be a committee for managing the affairs of this society.

7. That the committee shall appoint a person to judge all matches run in this society.

8. That if any member running a greyhound, makes an observation to the judge respecting any course during the time of running, or before he has delivered his judgment, he shall be deemed to have lost the course. And if any member not running a greyhound, makes an observation to the judge respecting any course, during the time of running, or before he has delivered his judgment, he shall pay one guinea to the fund.

9. The dogs shall be put in the slips at eleven o'clock the first day, and at half-past ten the following days, and if the first dogs standing in the list of matches for the day, are not with the slipper and ready at the time appointed, they shall lose their places, and be put at the bottom of the list of the day; or, if only one is ready, the absent greyhound shall pay forfeit.

10. Any member may put up to auction the dog of another member, such member being present at the sale, and being at liberty to have one bidding.

11. Two stewards to be chosen by the members at dinner each day, to act on the following day. The stewards are to regulate the coursing and to preside at dinner as well as in the field, and every member is expected to assist the stewards to the utmost of his power in preserving order in the field, and all the members are to wear a white ribband for distinction.

12. No stranger to be admitted into the Society's room unless introduced by a member, who is to put down the stranger's name on a paper, which is every day to be put up over the chimney-piece of the dining-room. No member to introduce more than one friend.

13. If any member absent himself for two meetings, without sending what shall be judged a sufficient excuse, he shall be deemed out of the society, and another chosen in his place.

14. That every member present at this society, shall produce and match at each meeting, a bonâ-fide greyhound of his own, or forfeit one guinea.

15. No rough-haired dog to be deemed a greyhound.

16. That all matches run in this Society must be run in slips.

17. All matches shall be determined from the entry in the match-book, and any person having engaged a puppy and producing an aged greyhound instead of a puppy, shall lose his match;

and in the match-book and list, there shall be p. prefixed to the name of each puppy.

18. That no greyhound be allowed to start, if any arrears be due to the Society from the owner.

19. That any member lending another a greyhound for the purpose of saving his forfeit, shall forfeit five guineas. All strangers' dogs can only be matched and entered in the second class, and that any member permitting his name to be used by any stranger for the purpose of running in the first class, shall forfeit five guineas.

20. That any member matching a dog to run in a different name from that by which he has before been matched, unless he has changed his letter in the Society, shall forfeit five guineas.

21. That any member of this Society, or any other person running a greyhound at any of the meetings of this Society, whose greyhounds may be at large during a course, shall forfeit one guinea; and if the greyhound at large shall belong to either of the persons engaged in the match then running, the match shall be decided against him.

22. That in future, none but members shall run a greyhound for the cup at Newmarket, unless it shall happen that less than sixteen members have offered nominations; in that case, honorary members shall have a preference, and that honorary members shall have the privilege of matching their greyhounds with the members of this Society in the first class.

23. That the members of the Ashdown Wiltshire Society shall be honorary members of this Society.

24. Any member running the dog of a stranger, shall cause the name of the stranger to be inserted after his own name in the list, under the penalty of one guinea.

25. In consequence of the very increased number of greyhounds belonging to members, in future, no member shall be allowed to match more than two greyhounds on any day in the first class, under the penalty of five guineas; unless such members as are drawn out for the cup, in that case they will be allowed to match three greyhounds in the first class.

26. That the annual subscription be six pounds.

The Newmarket Cup will be run for annually in November, by greyhounds which are the property of the members under the following restrictions:—

That the greyhounds which start for the same, shall be entered

with the secretary on Monday, the first day in the November Meeting, between the hours of seven and eight in the evening.

That there shall not be more than sixteen greyhounds to run for the cup—that if more be entered, the name of every greyhound shall be put on a piece of paper, and all of them put into the cup, and then drawn out singly till the number be reduced to sixteen. In like manner should there be more than eight and less than sixteen, the tickets shall be drawn out singly till the number is reduced to eight, which eight shall be deemed the greyhounds entitled to start for the cup. The secretary shall then cause the tickets to be drawn singly out of the cup; the first and second to run together the first match, the third and fourth the second match, and so on 'till they are all drawn out of the cup.

That if any of these greyhounds thus drawn to run together, be so disabled between the time of drawing the tickets and running the matches as to pay forfeit, the greyhound receiving the forfeit, shall be deemed the winner of his match, and the person paying the forfeit, shall produce another greyhound to run against the reputed winner for one guinea; but the substituted greyhound is to have no chance for the cup though he wins his match.

That every greyhound produced for the cup shall be (bonâ fide) the property of the gentleman who runs him, and who must not enter more than one greyhound.

That every owner of the greyhound entitled to run for the cup, shall be obliged to bet one guinea more with his antagonist.

That all matches for the cup shall run the first time on Tuesday, and following days till decided.

The cup-courses to take precedence on each day.

The cup-matches on the three first days, must be decided the first time the dogs are slipped, but in the course for the main of the cup, the umpires shall have the power of putting the dogs into the slips again, if they judge that the course had not been sufficient to decide upon.

That any member drawn out for the cup, shall not be drawn out a second time till every member has experienced the same fate.

At a meeting of the Society, Nov. 27, 1820, it was proposed by Mr. Redhead, and seconded by Mr. Wilkinson, that, in future, the cup of the Newmarket Coursing Society be the cup of the club, and not in part a subscription-cup as heretofore. That in order to meet this arrangement, it was proposed that the annual subscription be six pounds, which will enable the Society to give annually a gold cup and cover.

NEWMARKET COURSING MEETING, 1822.

We do not recollect, on any similar pleasurable meeting, a more numerous assemblage of gentlemen than on the present occasion; amongst whom were Lord Rivers, Lord Maynard, Lord Dunwick, Mr. Northey, Mr. Gooch, Mr. Scott, Mr. Readhead, &c. &c. The particulars of the different day's courses will be found correct, as follow:

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19.—FIRST CHEVELY FIELD.

For the Couples.

Mr. Bennett's bl. b. p. Omen, beat Mr. Redhead's br. d. Yonder.
Mr. Gooch's r. b. Gambol, beat Mr. Gent's bl. d. Sampson.
Lord Rivers's bl. d. Rodney, beat Mr. Denn's bl. d. Duke.
Mr. Scott's br. b. Io, beat Lord Dunwich's r. d. Mum.

Four better Courses were never seen, although the three first hares beat the dust, by running from the furze, up side hill, and getting, with great difficulty, into the plantation.

Matches.

Lord Rivers's bl. b. Rhoda, beat Mr. H. Redhead's bl. d. York.
Mr. Redhead's r. d. Lounger, against Mr. Gooch's bl. d. Guider—No course.
Lord Rivers's bl. b. Riddle, beat Lord Maynard's bl. b. Key.
Mr. Wilkinson's bl. b. Camilla, against Mr. Northey's bl. b. Mum—undecided.
Lord Maynard's bl. d. Kew, against Lord Dunwich's r. d. Ensign.—No course.
Mr. Northey's bl. b. Nutshell, beat Lord Maynard's bl. b. Kettle.
Lord Rivers's r. d. Richmond, against Mr. Scott's bl. d. Incledon.—undecided.
———— bl. b. Regina, against Mr. Denn's br. d. Dux.—No course.
Mr. Northey's r. d. Nollekins, beat Mr. Redhead's bl. and w. b. Lapwing.
Lord River's bl. d. Rupert, beat Mr. Denn's bl. b. Dinah.
Mr. Gent's bl. d. Spitfire, beat Mr. Wilkinson's r. b. Clara.
Lord Dunwich's w. b. Mop, beat Mr. H. Redhead's bl. b. Yarico.
Mr. Scott's bl. and w. b. Ibla, beat Mr. Redhead's br. d. Link Boy.

Not much can be said of the matches, as the hares were put up and ran on the fallows, they were very weak and afforded but little sport, three out of four of which were killed.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20.—FIRST CHIPPENHAM FIELD.

First Ties for the Couples.

Lord Rivers's bl. d. Rodney, beat Mr. Gooch's r. b. Gambol.
Mr. Scott's br. b. Io, beat Mr. Bennett's bl. b. Omen.

Two admirable runs, and each dog shewed the best of bottom.

Matches.

Lord Rivers's bl. d. Roebuck, against Mr. Wortley's bl. and w. d. Nivelon—No course.

———— bl. d. Robust, beat Lord Dunwich's br. d. Moorcock.

Mr. Redhead's r. and w. d. Lark, beat Mr. Gooch's bl. d. Grazier.

Lord Maynard's bl. d. Kangaroo, against Mr. Northey's r. d. Nollekins.—No course.

Lord Dunwich's r. b. Machine, beat Mr. Northey's bl. d. Nelson.

Mr. Wilkinson's br. d. Cannon-Ball, beat Mr. Gooch's r. d. Gelert.

Lord Dunwich's br. b. Eel, beat Lord Rivers's r. b. Rosa.

Lord Maynard's r. and w. d. Kian, against Mr. Denn's bl. b. Dinah.—undecided.

Lord Dunwich's bl. d. Monster, beat Mr. Wilkinson's w. d. Champion.

Mr. Redhead's r. d. Lounger, beat Mr. Gooch's bl. d. Guider.

Lord Maynard's bl. d. Kob, beat Mr. Scott's bl. b. Irene.

Lord Dunwich's r. b. Expert, beat Lord Rivers's bl. and w. b. Rakeless.

Mr. Redhead's f. d. Leman, beat Mr. Gooch's bl. d. Gerrard.

Mr. Northey's bl. d. Nuncio, beat Mr. Denn's bl. d. Dux.

Second Class.

Lord Rivers's bl. d. Reindeer, beat Mr. Northey's r. d. Newby.

Lord Maynard's bl. d. Kerry, against Lord Rivers's bl. b. Ready.—No course, 3d dog loose.

Lord Rivers's bl. b. Romp, beat Mr. Wilkinson's bl. b. Cumnor.

Mr. Denn's bl. d. Duke, against Mr. Gooch's br. b. Gainesome.—Off.

Several good runs and the dogs well matched; but not a brilliant day's sport. The rain came on at two o'clock, and much impeded the remaining day's sport.

THURSDAY, FEB. 21.—ON the FLAT.

Matches.

Mr. Northey's bl. b. Nutshell, beat Mr. Scott's bl. and w. d. Jay.

———— bl. b. Nun, beat Lord Dunwich's r. d. Mum.

Lord Rivers's bl. d. Roebuck, beat M. Northey's w. d. Nivelon.

Lord Dunwich's w. b. Mop, beat Mr. Northey's bl. b. Noblet.

Mr. Scott's bl. d. Incledon, beat Lord Rivers's bl. and w. d. Romulus.

Lord Rivers's bl. b. Riddle, beat Mr. Scott's bl. and w. b. Ibla.

Mr. Northey's y. b. Nias, beat Mr. Readhead's bl. and w. b. Lapwing.

Mr. Scott's bl. b. Irene, beat Lord Maynard's bl. d. Kob.

It is impossible to describe the excellence of this day's sport; every dog well contested his match, but notwithstanding that, every hare beat them.

FRIDAY, FEB. 22.—ALLINGTON-HILL.

Second Tie for the Couples.

Mr. Scott's br. b. Io, beat Lord Rivers's bl. d. Rodney, and won the Couples, after a long and fine course. Io was got by Mr. Scott's bl. d. Iago, who won the Cup at Epsom, 3 yrs. ago, and out of the Brindle b. Cestus, the property of Mr. Wilkinson.

Matches.

Lord River's bl. d. Ready, against Mr. Redhead's r. d. Leman. No course.
——— bl. d. Rupert, beat Mr. Redhead's r. and w. d. Lark.
Lord Dunwich's br. b. Eel, beat Lord Rivers's bl. and w. b, Rakeless.
——— r. b. Expert, against Ld. Rivers's r. b. Rosa, no course.
Lord Rivers's bl. and w. b. p. Rouse, beat Mr. Northey's bl. b. Nutshell.
Mr. Denn's br. d. Dux, against Mr. Scott's names Mr. Ruslis bl. and w. d. Jay, undecided.
Mr. Northey's r. d. Nollekins, against Mr. Redhead's r. d. Lounger. No course.
Lord Dunwich's bl. d. Monster, against Lord Maynard's bl. d. Kob, no course.
Mr. Dean's bl. b. Dinah, beat Mr. Gent's Sam.
Lord Rivers's r. d. p. Richmond, beat Mr. Northey's r. b. Kias.
Lord Dunwich's r. b. Machine, against Mr. Denn's bl. d. Duke, no course.

Very good sport, and many hares killed after long runs.

SWAFFHAM COURSING-MEETING.

The First West-Acre Field.—Matches, Tuesday Feb. 5.

Mr. Ayton's r. d. Pyrrhus, beat Mr. Buckworth's bl. d Bob.
Lord Rivers's bl. d. Reindeer, beat Lord Maynard's bl. d. Kerry.
Lord Dunwich's w. b. Mop, beat Mr. Ayton's bl. b. Phillis.
Mr. Northey's r. d. Newby, beat Lord Dunwich's bl. d. Monster.
Mr. Buckworth's r. d. Banker, beat Mr. Northey's bl. d. Nuncio.
Lord Rivers's bl. b. Regatta, beat Lord Maynard's bl. and w. bitch, Kickshaw.
Lord Rivers's bl. b. p. Rusty, beat Mr. Northey's w. d. p. Nivellon.
Lord Rivers's bl. and w. b. p. Rouse, beat Lord Maynard's bl. b. p. Key.

MALTON MEETING, FEBRUARY 19.

For the Cup.—First Class.

Mr. Vansittart's blk and w. b. Judy, beat Mr. Lumley's dun d. Rainham.
Major's Bower's blk and w. d. Big Ben, beat Mr. Fox's r. d. Streamer.
Marquis of Huntley's blk d. Vulture, beat Mr. Lumley's dun d. Reginald.
Mr. Fox's blk and w. d. Turk, beat Major Bower's blk d. Blacksmith.

Marquis of Huntley's r. b. Vanish, beat General Bosvelle's blk. d. Selim.

Mr. Best's bl. and w. b. p. Vanity, beat Major Bower's r. b. p. Blossom.

Mr. Fox's r. b. Maiden, beat the Marquis of Huntley's blk and w. d. p. Virgil.

Mr. Lumley's r. d. p. Cleveland, beat Mr. Best's blk b. p. Miss.

Sweepstakes of 5gs. each. bonâ fide, to be run for in Classes, on Tuesday and Thursday.—First Class.

Mr. Vansittart's dun. d. Boxer, beat Mr. Lumley's r. b. Duchess.

Mr. Best's blk and w. d. Tram, beat Mr. Fox's bl. and w. dog Clinker.

Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, bonâ fide, for Puppies, to be run in Classes, on Tuesday and Thursday.—First Class.

Mr. Best's bl. and w. b. Muslin, beat Mr. Vansittart's blk d. Miller.

Mr. Fox's brin. d. Bowler, beat Mr. Lumley's dun b. Faith.

Nine Matches,

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21.

For the Cup.—Second Class.

Mr. Fox's Maiden, beat Major Bower's Big Ben.

Mr. Lumley's Cleveland, beat Mr. Vansittart's Judy.

Mr. Fox's Turk, beat the Marquis of Huntley's Vanish.

The Marquis of Huntley's Vulture, beat Mr. Best's Vanity.

Sweepstakes of 5gs. each.—Second Class.

Mr. Best's Tramp, beat Mr. Vansittart's Boxer.

The Sweepstakes won by Tramp.

Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, for Puppies.—Second Class.

Mr. Best's Muslin, beat Mr. Fox's Bowler.

The Sweepstakes won by Muslin.

Eleven Matches.—For a Piece of Plate.

Mr. Bower's Cottager, beat the Marquis of Huntley's Varley.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22.

For the Cup.———Third Class.

Marquis of Huntley's Vulture, beat Mr. Fox's Turk.

Mr. Lumley's Cleveland, beat Mr. Fox's Maiden.

Fourth Class.

Marquis of Huntley's Vulture, beat Mr. Lumley's Cleveland.

The Cup won by Vulture.

TROTTING-MATCHES.

SPORTING DECISION.—The dispute on the great trotting-match, for 300gs. aside, which took place, since our last, on Sunbury Common, between the celebrated *American* horse and Mr. *Willan's*, was decided, at the One-Tun Tavern, on Tuesday night following. The American horse was first *home;* but the evidence of impartial country-gentlemen, who witnessed the match, proved distinctly that the American horse broke into a gallop in the last mile, and did *not* turn round. It was satisfactorily proved, that when Mr. Willan's horse broke into a gallop, he was turned round, and consequently WON the match. The whole 600gs. was, of course, paid to Mr. Willan's friend. No doubt can exist that, if the American horse had been rode by a Jockey who had a GOOD HEAD and FINGERS TO FEEL the mouth of his horse, he must have won.

A GREAT TROTTING-MATCH—This match was for a stake of 500gs. between a mare, the property of Mr. Edmund Bouverie, and Mr. Montgomery's horse, to trot 12 miles, and to carry 10 stone each. It was done over a two mile circle in the Granger Park, Essex, the seat of Mr. Ilbury. The two miles were timed by the umpire as follows, in a fine close race.

	miles	min.	sec.		miles	min.	sec.
Mr. Bouverie did	2	in 6	40	Mr. Montgomery did	2	in 6	41
	2	6	50		2	6	49
	3	6	47		3	6	48
	4	6	50		4	6	52
	5	6	51		5	6	52
	6	6	54		6	6	55

Mr. Bouverie won it by a few yards.

A TROTTING-MATCH between Messrs. Dyson and Fielder for 100gs. on Sunbury Common; the distance was three miles, to the two mile-stone from Hampton; betting was seven to four on Mr. Dyson. The horses are the same as lately trotted the three miles for 300gs. viz. Mr. Willan's carrying 12 stone, and the slate-coloured American carrying 11 stone, which was won by Mr. Willan. This match was then made for Mr. Fielder to ride his American horse, and Mr. Dyson, who is more than two stone the heaviest, the winning horse. At starting, Mr. Dyson took the

lead, and without pushing the horse, kept it during the race, and won it cleverly by about 70 yards; his opponent could never get up to him. Neither of the horses broke from the trot, and the match was done within a second or two of 10 minutes.

SHOOTING.

Sporting Pigeon-Match.—It has been stated that a Mr. Goff, who won the silver-cup, last Wednesday, by killing 17 birds from 18, matched himself for 200gs. to kill 18 birds from 20, from a trap 21 yards from the gun, and a boundary of 100 yards for the bird to fall within. He made the undertaking agreeable to the match, Monday morning, the 25th inst. on the Cobham Inclosure, and the gun was backed to kill at four to one each shot, and seven to four that Mr. Goff lost the match. The first bird fell at about 80 yards from the gun, heavily hit; but on Mr. Goff going after it, made another rise, and fluttered 10 yards out of bounds, and was lost—three to one against the shot; but Mr. Goff killed 11 birds successively; betting became reduced to two to one. He missed the 12th and 16th birds, and the 19th and 20th; killing 16 birds only.

Two other matches took place for 10gs. each. The first by Mr. Mason, who undertook to kill five birds from seven—but, missing three, he lost. The next, a Mr. Jones undertook, for a like sum, to kill three birds from four, which he accomplished.

Pigeon-Shooting.—On Midgham Downs, the club which bears that name had their annual meeting on Thursday last, to shoot for a silver-cup (with cover). Eighteen subscribers, at three guineas each, produced three prizes; the second and third of which were 5*l.* and 2*l.* to the second and third best shot. Of fifteen birds, each let loose from a trap 21 yards from the gun, Messrs. Goff, Andrews, and Smart killed fourteen each; and in shooting off their ties, Mr. Goff killed three other birds, and won the cup; Mr. Andrews two, 5*l.* and Mr. Smart one.—A match for 10gs. given (out of the subscription) to the best of the five lowest members in the preceding prize, was then shot for between Messrs. Stephens, Gore, Mason, Crane, and Harvey, at seven birds each, which was won by Mr. Crane killing six birds.

Ashbridge-Castle, Hertfordshire, the seat of the Earl of Bridgewater, was lately a scene of great gaiety. The sports of the field on the three days of the Duke of York's sojourn, were never before equalled. The Duke of Wellington's double-barrel gun brought down every thing before it. During the last four days a party of gentlemen killed 623 head of game. Killed from eight guns in three days 1093 head of game:—

1st day, 7 guns, 627 shots, 326 killed.
2d day, 9 guns, 956 shots, 511 killed.
3d day, 8 guns, 388 shots, 251 killed.

The best shots were, the Duke of York, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Bridgewater, and Lord Verulum. The Duke of York killed on the first day 47 head of game.

COCKING.

Amongst British Sports we must enumerate Cock-fighting: as we profess to give every description of sporting, we should be deficient in our duty, were we to omit this part of our plan. Though we do not exactly approve of this diversion, our private feelings shall, at all times, yield to duty. We consider ourselves as faithful narrators of sporting, in all its varieties; we shall, therefore, record with the strictest nicety, every passing event that is consistent with the title of our work.

It appears probable, (according to Columella) that the diversion of Cock-fighting first originated with the Greeks. It is well known, that at one period it became so prevalent amongst them, that families of extensive property were reduced thereby to the lowest ebb of fortune.

The islanders of Delos were great cock-fighters; and Tanagra, a city in Bæotia; the Isle of Rhodes; Chalcis in Eubœa, and the country of Media, were famous for their generous and magnanimous breed of chickens. The kingdom of Persia was, probably, included in the last, from whence this kind of fowl was first brought into Greece; and if we

may judge of the rest from the cocks of Rhodes and Media, the largest were deemed the most excellent, these being what our modern sportsmen term *shakebags* or *turnpokes*. The Greeks, moreover, had some method of preparing their birds for the fight, by feeding, as Columella further informs us. Cock-fighting was patronized by the Greeks as a political institution, for the purpose of instilling the seeds of valour in the minds of their youth, but was afterwards abused and perverted to a common pastime and source of gambling.

As the Romans were so fond of imitating the Greeks, in their bad as well as good customs, it came to them as a mere gambling sport. According to Herodian, the first cause of contention between the two brothers, Bassianus and Geta, sons of the Emperor Septimus Severus, happened in their youth, about cock-fighting, which they had probably seen in Greece, whither they had often accompanied their father.

It is not known when this custom was first introduced into England, but undoubtedly by the Romans. The bird was here before the landing of Julius Cæsar; but no notice of cock-fighting occurs earlier than the time of William Fitz-Stephen, who wrote the life of Archbishop Becket, in the reign of Henry II., and describes it as a sport of school-boys, on Shrove-Tuesday. From this time it continued in a fluctuating state; sometimes in vouge, at others disapproved; and prohibited 39 Edward III.; also in the reign of Henry VIII.; and in 1569. It has been termed a *royal* diversion, and the cock-pit at Whitehall was erected by a crowned head, for the more magnificent celebration of it. There were other pits in Drury-lane and Javin-street. It was prohibited by Oliver Cromwell, March 31, 1664.

With respect to the breed of game fowls, the criterion of *blood* in these animals, before trial, is "fineness of feather," richness of plumage, "cleanness" of feet, and keenness of aspect. But there have been introduced of late years some varieties quite distinctly marked from the game fowls of old times, viz. "top knots," and "muffey heads," which were quite unknown to our ancestors.

THE great Main of Cocks, at the Royal Cock-pit, Westminster, between the gentlemen of Essex and Middlesex, took place on Monday, the 25th of February, and continued every succeeding evening, at half-past 5 o'clock, for 10gs. a battle, and 200gs. the odds, till the Saturday night following, at 9 o'clock, when Fleming, for Essex, beat Dean, for Middlesex, *eleven a-head on the main*, and byes even.

The pit was more numerously attended than we have seen for a considerable time, and the particulars of each day's play will be found as under:

FLEMING	Mains	Byes
Monday	3	2
Tuesday	3	1
Wednesday	4	1
Thursday	5	2
Friday	3	2
Saturday	3	2
FLEMING	21	10

DEAN	Mains	Byes
Monday	2	1
Tuesday	2	2
Wednesday	1	2
Thursday	0	2
Friday	2	2
Saturday	3	1
DEAN	10	10

THERE was a day's play on Monday, March 4th, at the Gentlemen's Subscription-pit, Bainbridge-street, St. Giles's, for a guinea a cock the main. Mills and Hall feeders, which afforded good sport, and terminated even in the main, and Mills a trifle a head in the byes. On the usual fighting-night, Tuesday the 5th, at the same pit, for bye-battles, there was very capital play, in consequence of the celebrated Mr. Fleming taking his winning cocks of the preceding week at Westminster. This gentleman astonished the Fancy of St. Giles's, as he pitted his cocks against others of a pound and upwards more weight, and won almost every battle.

And on Wednesday, the 6th, at the same pit, there was a day's play of cocks, for 5*l.* a battle, and 20*l.* the odds; between two private gentlemen. Roxborough and Willis feeders. The sport was most excellent, and the cocks so well matched, that the main was even, and Willis only one a head on the byes.

COCK-FIGHT FOR A RACE-HORSE, AT NEWMARKET.

ONE of the most wonderful battles we ever heard of took place, some time ago, at Newmarket, for a race-horse. And

as almost every one, from the nobleman to a stable-boy, are fond of the Fancy, this fight, and the prize fought for, excited an unusual desire of conquest. The Royal Cock-pit, as built by King Charles, who frequently used to attend it, was the place of slaughter, and it never was more crowded than on this occasion. The battle we allude to, was an instance of a cock, superior to any other in that country for fighting, when standing on his legs, with his head dangling on the ground for nearly one hour, and at 100 gs. to 1 against him, which was frequently laid; and afterwards, to the astonishment of all present, won the horse, and was carried in great triumph out of the pit, and 'lived to fight and win again.' At this battle there were many persons in consequence of so unexpected an event, most seriously injured by their bets.

Newmarket is a place where the breed of cocks excel most parts, and the greatest care is taken in promoting the goodness of stock—and the Fancy are continually enjoying themselves with a day's play, when fine sport is generally the result.

We understand, from indisputable authority, that the Earl of Derby continues to fight the mains of cocks, both at Manchester and Preston Races, as hitherto, in the race-weeks, and that his old favourite feeder and setter (Potter and Fleming,) will be found at their post. His lordship still continues his admiration of the Fancy, and has expressed his intention of witnessing the sport.

To be fought at the Royal Cock-pit, Tufton-street, Westminster, on Monday, the 18th of March, 1822, and three following days, for 6gs. per battle, and 100gs. the main, between the gentlemen of Somerset and the gentlemen of Norfolk.—To begin at six o'clock.

There will also be, at twelve o'clock precisely, on Wednesday, the third day, a gold watch fought for, by sixteen cocks.

Feeders.—Briggs, for Somerset;
Nash, for Norfolk.

BIOGRAPHY.

Sketch of the Life of Mr. John Jenkins.

John Jenkins was born in the year 1762, and died lately at Highnam Park Lodge, Gloucestershire, very much regretted. He was for a number of years game-keeper to Sir B. W. Guise, Bart. A few years before his death he was afflicted with lameness, but generally speaking he enjoyed an excellent state of health, and possessed as many peculiarities as most people. As a shot, he stood unrivalled, and was considered, by the Baronet himself, of the first-rate order. Under a rough exterior was concealed a most generous heart. He has left behind him a number of living monuments of his humanity and generosity; and in the higher circles, particularly those who were visitants at the Baronet's house, he was much respected, and in his judgment was placed implicit confidence. In a respectable cotemporary publication is given the following particulars; and in speaking of the peculiarities of Mr. Jenkins's equipment, this writer observes:—

"His shot-bags, of shamois leather, with a mere tube of brass to each, calculated, by the pressure of the fore-finger and thumb underneath, to contain a load in the quickest manner, were of his own contrivance; and his favourite double gun, which was provided soon after the introduction of the patent breech, he had altered, after a novel plan, by a self-taught artisan in a neighbouring village (of the name of Prosser,) who nevertheless worked admirably well both on wood and iron. By the conjunctive reasoning of these persons, it was supposed that the deep graduation in the "cup," as they called it, of the patent breech, and the length of the channel from the site of ignition, would tend to promote the very grievance they were designed to remedy. To obviate this, Prosser cut off a few threads of the screws in either barrel, and made new breeches for both, in such a manner that the channels of communication were much shortened, and the "cups," hollowed to a concave only. As to the issue of this project, Jenkins would ever after contend that his piece was thereby rendered much quicker. He would bet on

it against any one of equal weight, inches, and calibre; and such was its execution from his shoulder, that a detail thereof would scarcely obtain belief.

"As far as regarded the immediate nature of his office, such as the due preservation and supply of game, according to the district allotted him, long as were his services, Jenkins kept up an admirable consistency of conduct; nor did he relax in his vigilance though as lame as would have confined many a man to his bed. But the keeper of Highnam had, in "his" day, some things to attend to which, though not out of the common line of duty, called nevertheless for more consideration than is required in the generality of the fraternity.

"The prime part of each shooting season over, Jenkins was next to advert to what contributed not a little to his consequence, as well as his emolument. From somewhat beyond the city of Gloucester to Highnam, the rabbits multiplied annually to an astonishing degree. I have been often present when twenty couple killed in that direction, by three guns, have been looked on as constituting no very great sport for a morning; and I was informed that in the neighbourhood of Highnam, to seven guns, in one day, no less than one hundred and two couple fell victims.

"It was from such liberality, as under certain administration could not fail eventually to promote popularity, that many reputable tradesmen in and about Gloucester were allowed occasionally to sport after these rabbits, attended by Jenkins; and if the parties on these occasions had not been appointed and marshalled with admirable discretion, animosities would have ensued to the probable disturbance of a whole district, and accidents on accidents must have happened to the unavailing lamentations of many reputable families. Jenkins's generalship, however, obviated all apprehensions on these heads. It was his grand concern, out of such a promiscuous society, to bring together on these occasions those only who were of similar dispositions, and between whom there was a good understanding; and with such judgment did he arrange matters when in the field, his quick eye darting with the rapidity of lightning into the several parts of the scene before him, that from eight guns (as I have

frequently known,) planted in a small cover, incessent as was the firing, no accident could occur, as long as each sportsman kept within the precincts assigned him. It is no feeble argument in proof of the due support of the command invested in Jenkins, that no one, even in such ebullition of the animal spirits as is common in occasional sporting, acted in violation of his injunctions on these meetings. In truth, such was the respect paid to the man, that these assemblages seemed to take pleasure in yielding themselves, one and all, implicitly to his direction and disposal. In sporting cases too of doubt and dispute, after the unavailing efforts of others towards settling matters, a word alone from Jenkins would often turn the scale, and that with such method in stating the circumstances of conviction, as at once reconciled the parties to the decision, and to each other. And so it was on other and more important occasions. Often was Jenkins called on as umpire in cases of moment. Many, his superiors in life, far as well as near, consulted him on a variety of subjects, and not unfrequently on such as one would have thought him altogether unacquainted with.

"If we look to the consequences of such united and general deference, they tended to an importance of character unexampled probably in any one of Jenkins's situation, an importance (however some may argue on such influence in a menial only) creditably affecting all who stood connected with him, not excepting the distinguished individual who appointed him. In short, there constantly emanated from Jenkins, through rather a rough exterior, such hand-in-hand decorum and ability, and such promptitude in good offices, that his loss is deeply felt and lamented, not only by a large circle of immediate friends and acquaintance in the neighbourhood of Highnam Lodge, but also by a most extensive and respectable share of the surrounding community."

Death of Mr. Sparrey.

We have the painful duty of recording the death of Mr. Sparrey, landlord of the Horse and Groom, Lea-Bridge, a house celebrated as the resort of the most noted anglers of

the metropolis. Mr. Salter, in his "Angler's Guide," gives the following testimonial to the character of the deceased:—"The proprietor of the house and waters, I have always found extremely desirous of giving every assistance to promote the success of the angler, and every attention to accommodate them in the best possible manner."

PEDESTRIANISM.

Lieutenant Fairburn's match to do twenty miles in two hours and a quarter, was undertaken on Wednesday, the 6th inst. over a two-mile piece of ground on the Colnbrook road, for 40 guineas. Betting was 6 and 7 to 4 on time. The first two miles were performed in four seconds under twelve minutes, and the five miles were completed one minute within the half hour; the next five miles (half the distance) were accomplished in one hour and three minutes. The pedestrian went on at a winning rate, and performed the fifteen miles in one hour and 40 minutes, when his speed forsook him. He had 35 minutes left to do the last five miles, and he did two in 14 minutes and a few seconds, when he broke down, and was obliged to give in.

Public curiosity is now directed to a pedestrian feat in course of performance in Lincolnshire, by a Mr. James Tenny, who, for a wager of 100 guineas, has undertaken to walk 936 miles in 20 successive days, two intervening Sundays excepted, and reducing the walking days to 18. The task is to be accomplished on the road between Lincoln and Stamford, and the pedestrian is to pass through Newark and Grantham, making the distance 52 miles. He started from the Lord Nelson, near the High Bridge, Lincoln, at a quarter before five on the morning of Monday se'nnight, and arrived at the Horse-shoe, Stamford, at about half-past eight at night, and has since continued his journeyings. The same individual walked 102 miles in 23 hours 13 minutes, under great disadvantages of weather, on the 7th of January, on the Anlaby road. He also walked 400 miles in six days,

commencing January 28, on the Beverley road. He appeared not to be distressed on the eleventh day. He takes support freely on the road; and if he should fail in the match it will probably be owing to too much indulgence in this way.—Betting 6 to 5 against him.

Wednesday, the 19th of February, a gentleman named Bartleman undertook, on the Peckam road, to go backwards 12 miles in two hours. He did the first mile in seven minutes, and four miles in 32 minutes. He accomplished, within 200 yards, the last seven miles in an hour, and halted about two minutes. He won the match, having only two minutes to spare, with much trouble, as he frequently fell, from giddiness, in the last two miles.—Betting 2 to 1 on time.

William Dearsley, another pedestrian, a native of Nordelp, has engaged, for a considerable wager, to walk 100 miles in 25 successive hours, on the road between Long Sutton and Tydd Goat, to start on Monday morning, the 11th inst. Time is the favourite at present.

James Bigmore, the Suffolk pedestrian, who ran 50 miles in 8 hours on the 22d January last, undertook a few days since the arduous task of running 72 miles within 12 hours. He started at half-past 5 o'clock, and at 8 had run 13 miles; at 12 minutes after 9 o'clock 20 miles; at 11, 30 miles; at 15 minutes before 2 he accomplished 50 miles; at 2 minutes before 6, 72 miles; taking 3,744 turns, and finished his task of 72 miles in 11 hours 28 minutes, including refreshment.

A Gentleman, 80 years of age, resident within 5 miles of Carlisle, proposes to walk to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, from that place in one day. The distance is 56 miles. If the veteran pedestrian accomplishes this, it will certainly be a wonderful performance.

PUGILISM.

THERE has been no pugilistic contest of leading importance since our last, or that has excited any great or general interest. Such as may take place, we pledge ourselves to record with the greatest exactitude and fidelity. Respecting minor engagements, we shall give a list of the names of the parties, and the sums fought for; and if a detail of the different rounds appears interesting, a full detail shall be given.

The principal that has taken place since our last, was that at Newmarket, on the Heath, March 1, between two *Jockey Boys*, notorious rival chaffers of that place of sporting celebrity; the one named Owers, about 21 years of age, 9 stone 11 lbs.; and the other, who is commonly called Warrior Wake, nearly the same age and weight. The former was in most excellent milling condition, and the latter diametrically opposite. This battle was for the small sum of 5 guineas aside; both combatants are known good men, as commoners, and they came to the scratch in the most sanguine manner, each confident of success. They fought nine rounds most manfully. A detail of each round will be found as follows:

ROUNDS.

1. Sparred one minute and a half before a blow was struck. Owers then made play, and pelted his adversary right and left, about the frontispiece, which produced a prodigious flow of claret; the compliment was so ably returned about his lug and neck, that it caused a similar circulation of blood; they closed, and Wake went down.—5 to 4 on Owers.

2. Wake made play, and went slap into his antagonist, planting a most tremendous body blow. Owers returned this furiously upon his head, which sent him down.—6 to 4 on Owers.

3. Sparring for wind two minutes nearly: Wake then threw into his adversary an impressive blow on the jugular, *à la Gas*, and floored him, as if knocked down by a shot.—Betting became even.

4. They closed without materially hurting each other, and both fell, Owers uppermost.

5, 6, and 7. All in favour of Owers, who easily sent his man down each time.—3, 4, 5, and 6 to 1 on Owers.

8. This was a most terrific round. They rushed into each other like two bull-dogs, seemingly as if determined to put a finale to the conflict.

They both digged away right and left about the tender points, when Wake went down, after a minute's hard work, from weakness.—10 to 1 on Owers.

9th and last round.—This was well fought on both sides, but Wake unfortunately broke his finger, which consequently decided the battle in favour of Owers.

Wake, who laboured under considerable disadvantage by having one arm shorter than the other, notwithstanding his discomfiture, boldly offered to meet Owers in three months, for 50 guineas, p. p. but which was not accepted.

There was a numerous assemblage of Amateurs of the Fancy, and Gentlemen of the Turf present, and a great deal of money was won and lost on the occasion.

Battles have also been fought between Fordham and Holt for the sum of 50 guineas, when the former, after a severe contest, was declared victor.

Between Howard and Gibbs, for the enormous sum of Two Guineas, when the former was declared victor.

Between Godfrey Thorpe and Barnard Gleede, for 40 guineas. As manly and determined a battle as any on record, when Thorpe dearly earned the palm.

Boxers.—The much-talked-of great match, so long desired by Martin, is at length made between him and Randall, for the enormous sum of one thousand guineas, to take place in September. Martin has his summer's work cut out, as he is matched to fight Abraham Belasco, on the 7th of May, for 200 guineas, and fifty a-side is deposited. The following is an extract from the articles of agreement between Randall and Martin:—

"Monday, March 11.

"John Randall and John Martin agree to fight in a 24-feet ring, a fair stand-up battle, half-minute time, for 300 guineas a side, and a bet of 700 guineas; 150 guineas are put down this day, in the hands of Mr. Bland, and a further deposit of fifty a-side; to be made good at Mr. Franklin's, on Tuesday, the 4th of June: and the whole stake to be made good on Tuesday, July 2, at Spring's, and Mr. Bland to be stake-holder. The place of fighting to be named by Mr. Jackson, and the fight to take place on Tuesday, September 3. An umpire to be named by each party, and Mr. Jackson to appoint a referee." Signed, &c.

N. B. If either party do not make good the stakes according to agreement, the defaulter to forfeit the deposit.

The money was put down by Deputies, and the real backers are at present in the back ground.

Boxing.—The fight between Acton and Kendrick, the black, took place on Thursday, (February 28) at Moulsey, the magistrates having interfered to prevent its being fought at Hounslow. Acton was seconded by Spring and Eales, and the black by Randall and Jos. Hudson. For several rounds the black had decidedly the advantage, and betting was sometimes not less than ten to one in his favour. In the 15th round, however, Acton gave the black a body blow of so severe a description, that he fell apparently breathless, and did not recover its effect for the remainder of the battle. In the 17th round both men were at a stand still, but Acton, although most beat, was in best wind. After this the black had not a hit left, and it became Acton's turn to operate with all his might. The black was led up to the scratch eight other rounds, but all the exertions of the seconds could not invest him with a hit, and Acton was declared the winner. Bob Burn and the Suffolk Champion are to fight another time.

Sparring.—The exhibition of the fight between Neate and the Gas Man, at the Royal Tennis Court, on Tuesday, (March 5), drew a very genteel assemblage, among whom was a number of Patricians. The several combats received their usual applause.

Abraham Belasco challenged to fight Abbot for any sum (not less than fifty), within three months.

POETRY OF THE FANCY.—No. 1.

"In *Fancy's* maze he wandered long."
Pope.

RANDALL's WARNING.

A Parody on Lochiel's Warning.

Mr. Jackson loquitur.

Jack Randall! Jack Randall! beware of the day
When Martin shall meet thee in battle array,
For a hell of a *mill* rushes over my sight,
And the lads of the Fancy bet high on the fight.
They swear and they storm for the tight Nonpareil,
Woe—woe to the Baker who kneads them so well;

Bill Gibbons a somerset dances for joy,
And the seconds of Martin say "Fib him, my boy."—
Oh! think what a *hole* it will make *in thy wall*,
John Randall, in fame, and in pocket, and all,
Should thy backers be doom'd to come down with the dust,*
And Martin the *baker* make light of thy *crust*.

JACK RANDALL.

Go, preach to the Gas, Mr. Jackson, thy tale,
But strive not my strength or my courage to quail;
To the Bromagem youth tell thy story of woe,
But think not to frighten or bully me so.

MR. JACKSON.

Hah! laugh'st thou, Jack Randall, my words to deride,
Nonpareil of the light weights beware of thine hide;
Say—fought the bold Belcher and Chicken and Co.
With other game *gluttons* whom all of us know,
Say, fought they and conquered,—when I had predict-
Ed that they would be most cursedly licked?
List the warning I give thee, list, Randall, oh list!
Uncock thy pug nose and undouble thy fist,
For the baker some terrible fibs will be brewing,
And thine eyes will exhibit both *black and blue ruin*.
Hark! Chancery-lane echoes loud with the din
Of the *hole in the wall*, and its bruisers within,
And the patrons of light weight who backed thee before,
With tears in their *peepers* will back thee no more;—
Already thy *frontispiece*, altered in look,
An *index* displays to a faint-hearted book;
And thy head *once in chancery, punished*, and black,
May get in with ease but will never get back.

JACK RANDALL.

Down, down, Mr. Jackson, my name shall be never
Polluted with fears that would damn it for ever;
The forthcoming *mill* I will put my whole heart in,
And a somerset dance on the carcase of Martin,
Who madly flies on to his fated undoing.—
No more.—Here's your health, Mr. J. in *blue ruin*.

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* By page 252, it will appear that these celebrated pugilists are matched for the 3d of September next, for the sum of 1000 guineas.

THE FAZENDEIROS AND LAVRADORES, OF BRAZIL,

With interesting Particulars relative to the Shepherds' Dog.

[From Henderson's History of the Brazils.]

In the year 1802 there were, in the province of Rio Grande Do Sul, 539 proprietors of land, judicially marked out amongst the breeders of cattle, denominated *fazendeiros*, or farmers, and *lavradores*, or husbandmen, which latter breed only what is necessary for their own service and consumption; they possess generally about two square leagues of land; but those of the first order have eight or ten square leagues, and some even more. The greatest proportion of the cattle are breeding cows. In a plain or field of three leagues are usually bred four or five thousand head, and proportionably more or less, according to the quality of the land, or attention of the breeder. The pasturage is not, however, generally good, the soil being of a sandy nature.

For the management of a fazenda of five thousand head of cattle, it is said six men are sufficient, with one hundred horses at least; the whole of which pasture together in troops of twenty, with a tamed mare, from which they do not usually stray. From the sandy nature of the soil, as in many other parts of Brazil, particularly at Pernambuco, no expense is incurred by the owners for shoeing them. In each establishment, or tract of land, there is commonly a small hill, or the most elevated land is selected, as plain and even at the summit as possible, sufficiently large to contain the whole flock when brought together. For this purpose the shepherds on horseback distribute themselves round about the cattle, and cry out loudly,—"Rodeio, rodeio, rodeio;"* at whose voices the cattle march at full trot towards the rodeio, in files, divided into droves or bands of fifty to one hundred, according to the numbers that pasture together. This mode of forming them early into troops is deemed indispensable, in order to put on the mark of the dono, or proprietor, upon such as have it

* Rodeio signifies a certain compass of land, situated on an eminence.

not, and with more facility to select those that are upwards of four years old for the market, or for *carnesecco*, or jirked-beef.

If the stock of cattle exceed the number of heads which the fazenda is capable of sustaining, they of course run short of pasturage, and many spread out into more distant plains, and, after a time, will no longer obey the rodeio, but fly and disorder the rest of the flock.

In a fazenda of three leagues it is computed that one thousand young cattle, male and female, are branded or marked annually; consequently, the number they send off or kill may be estimated in the same ratio.

The farmers also breed a certain number of domestic cattle. He who possesses four thousand cattle, which are denominated *bravo*, or wild, keeps commonly 100 milch cows, which, however, pasture in the same folds or plains with the others. When a cow calves, she always selects a situation adapted to the concealment of her young, where it continues in secrecy for the space of eight days. She visits it at different times in the course of the day in order to give it suck, lying by it at night. It is difficult to find them during this period; but once discovered, the calf is immediately conducted to the cattle-fold, where it is kept eight or nine months, or more, being daily visited by its dam, which is milked the whole of this time for the purpose of making butter and cheese, leaving to the prisoner only what it can draw from its mother after she has been milked. The familiarity of the young one with the persons upon the fazenda, preserves it in a state of tameness. The males, when sufficiently grown, are used in the cart or plough, and the females pasture in the plains till they become mothers, continuing to supply the farmer with an increasing stock.

Although the domesticated cattle are not bred up with such a satiety of provision as the wild ones, which enjoy the whole of the mother's milk, and pasture the entire day without working, yet they grow as large and become fatter. This is attributed to the fearful nature of the undomesticated kind, who fly from every animal that appears; whilst the tame ones, although they eat less, live in quiet, always retaining the

habit of going to the fold, and approaching people without alarm; they are also less time in the fields, consuming less pasturage, and it is estimated that the aliment which four thousand head of wild cattle exhaust, is sufficient to sustain eight thousand of the tame. The meat of the latter is esteemed the most savoury.

The same *fazendeiros* breed also droves of horses and mules. The latter are the most lucrative, a male one being at least doubly the value of a horse; and, in consequence, its species is more numerous, although very few persons breed more than two hundred annually. The she-mules of two years old are in the fold, or separated from the rest, in order to avoid the destruction which they would cause in the species. A she-mule seeing the foal of a mare, immediately begins to caress it as her own, and will not allow the mother to approach to give it milk; the result is, that it perishes with hunger.

The breed of sheep would, if attended to, much exceed that of cattle, in consequence of their generally producing two at a birth; they are not, however, numerous, few farmers possessing one thousand head, and the major part not any. Nothing here appears so easy and cheap as the multiplication of this animal. For the purpose of shepherding a flock of one thousand, two cur-dogs are sufficient, bred up in the following mode. As soon as they are whelped the lambs of a ewe are killed, the puppies are put to her, and she suckles them until she becomes habituated to treat them as her young, when, upon opening their eyes and seeing no other benefactor, they attach themselves to her, and play with the lambs as if they were of the same species. Nothing is ever given them to eat; they are shut in the fold with the sheep, and on attaining strength and vigour to attend the flock, they are suffered to go at large, when they accompany it to the field. In a little time, and without more instruction, they are so familiarized with the sheep, that they never separate from them. When it happens that a ewe lambs in the field, and the lamb cannot accompany the mother, in consequence of its not having strength to follow her, one of the dogs watches near, and if he finds it cannot reach the flock, he carries it in his mouth, without doing it the least harm. No other animal or un-

known person can approach the sheep, of which these dogs are the guardians, without the risk of being attacked. The other domestic dogs and the hordes of the Chimarroe dogs are the greatest enemies to the flock; against them and the birds of prey, which pick out the eyes of the lambs, the vigilance of the watch-dogs is requisite.

ANECDOTES, &c.

THE HUNTSMAN AND HOUNDS.—Not many years ago, a gentleman, somewhat too distinguished for scolding his huntsman in the field, was so incensed at a reply the fellow made, that he turned him off instantly on the spot. The huntsman, after delivering up his horse, got into a rabbit-cart, and away he went. The next morning, when the gentleman was going out, and had got to the end of the town with his hounds, the voice of the huntsman saluted his ear, who began hallooing the dogs, till not one of them would leave the tree where the man had perched himself. What could be done? The gentleman wished to hunt, but there was no hunting without dogs, and there was no stopping the man's mouth; so he was obliged to make the best of a bad bargain, and take the fellow down from the tree into his service again.

A GENTLEMAN of Northmore, Oxfordshire, (Mr. R——), one day this month turned out some tame rabbits in his garden. The next week six of them were seen playing with two Blenheim spaniels and three cats. A sheep-dog sat by and never interrupted their frolics.

GREENLAND DOVE.—About a fortnight back a small water-fowl was found, nearly dead, not far from Keswick, supposed to have been blown out of its latitude by the late hurricanes. It is in the possession of Mr. Isaac Scalby, of Keswick, and appears to be a "Greenland Dove."

THREE-LEGGED FOX.—On Saturday, the 2d instant, Sir Richard Sutton's fox-hounds threw off at Stableford-moor, and started a fox with only three legs, which gave a fine run of a quarter of an hour. On the same moor there is a very fine doe, which has been there for some time, supposed to have strayed from some park.

A NEW MODE OF SAVING TOLL.—A few days since, a party of eight gentlemen, from town, met on Kennington-common to play a match at foot-ball, which was well contested for several hours. At the conclusion

of the game, and after taking some necessary refreshment, a motion was made to return, but four of the party were without horses, and greatly fatigued, and it was agreed they should ride double. They jogged on merrily over Waterloo-bridge, chuckling at the thought of saving toll as well as their legs; when, on reaching the gate, the toll-keeper insisted on a penny for each person mounted in the rear, which, after some sharp discussion, was paid Both gentlemen and toll-takers took advice, and on the gentlemen returning from another game on a subsequent day, when within 100 yards of the bridge the party stopped, and each horse was burthened with three persons. The toll-keeper, however, now only demanded twopence for each horse. This victory was hailed with cheers; but the toll-keepers lost nothing by it, as an immense number of persons assembled to witness the result.

THE TOLL-MAN OUT-WITTED.— Not long since two boys, chimney-sweepers, had occasion, in pursuit of their occupation, to pass over the celebrated bridge of Sunderland, in the county of Durham, when they arrived at the toll-gate they discovered they had only cash sufficient to allow one to pass. Though they stated that their business was urgent, and that they were then late, the inexorable toll-man persisted in refusing to admit them through without the toll for the two. In this dilemma, the boys returned back a few paces, and getting behind the toll-house, the biggest one opened his bag, and requested the little one to jump in. This being done, he marches to the gate with the sack at his back, paid the toll, and was permitted to pass: as soon as through, he put down the bag, and exhibited to the astonished toll-man its contents, and after a hearty laugh they went on.

SINGULAR SAGACITY AND AFFECTION OF A SHEEP.—The following instance of sagacity in an animal, not distinguished for that quality, is worthy of the attention of the public, as given in the words of an eye-witness. "Walking with a lady through some meadows between two villages, of the names of Upper and Lower Slaughter, in the county of Gloucester, the path lay within one hundred yards of a small brook. Many ewes and lambs were in the meadow: we were about half way over it, when a ewe came up to us and bleated very loudly, looking up in my face, and then ran towards the brook. I could not help remarking this extraordinary behaviour, but my attention was particularly roused when she repeated it; and, bleating louder, seemed to wish to signify something in particular; she then ran off as before in the same direction, repeatedly looking behind her till she reached the brook, where she stood still. After standing to look at her some time, we continued our walk, and had nearly reached the gate that led into the next meadow, when she came running after us the third time, and seemed yet more earnest, if possible, than before. I then determined to endeavour to discover the motives for such singular behaviour; I followed the ewe towards the brook; seeing

me advance, she ran as fast as she was able, looking behind her several times; when we came to the brook, she peeped over the edge of a hillock, into the water, looked up in my face, and bleated with the most significant voice I ever heard from a quadruped. Judge of my surprise, when, on looking into the stream, I saw her lamb standing close under the hillock, with the water nearly over its back. I instantly drew it out, when the fond mother began to lick, and give it suck, and looking up to me, uttered several sounds very different from those she had uttered before, and evidently expressing satisfaction and pleasure. I needed not those thanks, for I never performed one action in my life that gave me more unmixed pleasure, nor did ever brute appear more grateful."

MISCELLANEOUS.

COURT OF COMMON-PLEAS, Feb. 20.

LEGAL DECISIONS.

Before the Chief-Justice and a Special Jury.

NATHANIEL GARLAND, ESQ. *v.* JOSEPH JEKYLL AND THOMAS CUMMINGS, ESQRS. THE EXECUTORS OF SIR C. BUNBURY.

This was an action brought by the plaintiff, as lord of a manor in Essex, to recover 2,600*l.* the value of fourteen horses, which are claimed to be due to him on the death of the late Sir Charles Bunbury, Bart. as *heriots*.

Serjeant Pell, for the plaintiff, opened the case, and from the evidence it appeared, that the late Sir Charles Bunbury, of sporting celebrity, held the manor of Wick's Park, in Essex, a copyhold under the plaintiff, who is the lord of the manor, and, by the feudal custom of it, was entitled to the best beast of the tenant on his demise, as a heriot. It was contended, and evidence adduced to show, that, by the division of the manor, the parts divided became separate estates, and that the heriots due to the lord had been multiplied as the estate was separated. The whole, however, had fallen to Sir Charles Bunbury. But it was contended, that the right of the lord to heriots for each of the parts that had been divided still remained the same. On the death of Sir C. Bunbury in March last, the plaintiff sent his bailiff to Barton, near Newmarket, the place where the stud belonging to Sir Charles was kept, to seize twenty-two of the best of them in satisfaction as heriots, which he claimed to be his right as the lord. The celebrated horse Smolensko, which was the property of Sir Charles, and is valued at 1300*l.* is one of those chosen by virtue of the right, claimed as a heriot, but was in Yorkshire when the bailiff made the seizure on the stud, of which he marked down twenty-two; and a question arose as to whether Smolensko should be included amongst those to which the plaintiff was entitled.

The Steward of the Manor read the Records of the Court Baron to prove the custom of the Manor, and that compositions in lieu of heriots had been made by the tenants of the several parts of the Manor.

Serjeant Lens, in a long and able speech for the defendant, contended, on the evidence which had been adduced at great length, that the custom of the manor had not been sufficiently made out, and said the Jury must be satisfied by the most complete evidence before they gave a verdict for the plaintiff on so enormous a claim, made under such extraordinary circumstances. He contended, upon many grounds, that the plaintiff was entitled only to four heriots, and that he must make his election out of those seized at Barton, near Newmarket, in which Smolensko was not included. He admitted the right of the lord to seize his heriots wherever he could find them, although not on the manor; but the agent of the plaintiff had made their election out of the stud at Barton. To prove this, he called

The groom, or stud-keeper, of Sir Charles Bunbury, who stated that, in April last, Harris, the bailiff of the plaintiff, came down to Barton, and requested to see the stud, which request was complied with. There were twenty-four horses in the paddock, of which twenty-two were shown him, when he took down their names, and said that was enough, he wanted to see no more. He went away, after having made particular inquiries about Smolensko, which was at that time down in Yorkshire.

Serjeant Pell called evidence in reply, and contended for the right to the horses as heriots. He admitted that the case, as against the defendant, was extremely hard, and said that no one could abhor these remains of feudality more than he did; but it was the law of the land, and they must decide upon it as it stood, until it should be abolished by Act of Parliament, an event which he (Serjeant Pell) should be glad to see take place.

After long legal arguments on both sides had been heard, it was agreed that a case should be made for the judges as to the number of heriots that the plaintiff had a right to; but that it should go to the jury for their decision as to whether the defendant's bailiff had not made his election out of the stud at Barton, without including Smolensko.

The Jury retired for more than half an hour, and returned with a verdict for the plaintiff. The number of heriots to be afterwards decided by the court; and finding that the election had been made from the stud at Barton. To which verdict the foreman said they came, in consequence of the bailiff's saying, that he had enough when he took the list. The horse Smolensko, as to whose disposal great anxiety existed, therefore is not included. The trial occupied the court the whole of the day.

OAKES *v.* CRAWFORD.

This was an action brought by the plaintiff, a major in the 1st regiment of Life Guards, against the defendant, a gentleman residing at New-

market, for the recovery of 159*l.* 1s.; 126*l.* thereof being so much paid by plaintiff to the defendant, for a colt, named Haphazard, of which the defendant, at the time of sale, gave a false representation, and the remaining 33*l.* 1s. being so much paid by the plaintiff for the keep of the colt since September last.

Mr. Gurney stated the case for the plaintiff, and called

Joseph Sydney Thorp.—In the month of July, 1821, was commissioned by Major Oakes to buy him a horse; having been at Newmarket he was told that Stevenson, the groom of the defendant, had a colt which would suit him; he went and saw the colt; the price of which Stevenson stated to be 120 guineas; he afterwards met the defendant in London, who said to him, "I believe the horse to be sound, and he has never been lame;" he would not have bought the horse if he thought he had ever been lame; he saw the horse, perfectly lame, in a day or two after he was brought to Knightsbridge; he remitted Major Oakes's check for the 120 guineas.

The payment of the check to the defendant's banker, and by him to the defendant, was then proved.

Charles Newland, the plaintiff's servant, proved, that he led the horse from Hockerill to London; that no accident had happened on the road; and that, on his arrival in London, he discovered the horse to be lame.

Mr. Bloxam, veterinary surgeon, 1st Life Guards, saw the horse in a day or two after he had been brought to London, and he had no hesitation, that the horse must have been lame for months previous to July.

John Field, another veterinary surgeon, saw the horse on the 23d September last, and if the horse were in the month of July in the state described by the last witness, he must have been lame for months.

George Stracey had been training the horse in March last to run for the Derby Stakes; but he being found to be lame in April, the defendant gave up his intention of running him for the stakes, and said he would fatten him and sell him.

Thomas Billings, a livery stable-keeper, at Brompton, proved that plaintiff had placed the horse at his stables (where he now was) on the 16th September last, and W. Allman left a notice to that effect at the office of the defendant's solicitor.

W. Cliff, a jockey at Newmarket, rode the horse twice in April last; on the last time he galloped as if he was sore: witness would not like to ride him a third time.

Mr. Scarlett, for the defendant, contended that there was no warranty; that Mr. Thorpe only required the certificate of Mr. Barrow, a veterinary surgeon, of the state of the horse, and that such a certificate had been given to him.

——— Stevenson, the defendant's groom, swore, that he told Mr. Thorp that race-horses were never warranted, and that Mr. T. said he

should like to have Barrow's certificate. He considered the horse sound on the day that he was sent to Hockerill.

A servant of defendant proved, that he delivered the horse, free from lameness, to Major Oakes's servant.

Two other persons, in the service of the defendant, proved, that they had never known the horse to be lame.

—— Barrow, a veterinary surgeon, said, on the day on which he gave the certificate, he considered the horse sound; he did not particularly examine the feet at the time.

Mr. Gurney replied.

The Chief Justice, in summing up, said, the Jury could have no hesitation in finding a verdict for the plaintiff, if they believed Stracey.

Verdict for plaintiff.—Damages, 159*l.* 1s.; costs, 40s.

Barbarous Customs in Scotland.—Towards the end of every summer, the inhabitants of St. Andrews, and of its vicinity, are in the habit of assembling to see what they term a *cat-race*. The cat is enclosed in an old cask, which is suspended by a rope from the middle of a pole, each end of which is fixed at the top of two others. From this transverse beam, the cask is hung, like a man from a gallows, and every person on horseback is at liberty, as he rides briskly below the cask, to reach up, and try to knock the end out of the cask in which the cat is, so as to make her fall down among the multitude; several thousands of whom are generally assembled to behold this savage spectacle. He who either kills the cat, or makes her fall among the people, is said to gain the race. Nor is this all: the poor cat, which, like all others, generally lights on her feet, is chased, taken by the tail, and thrown up into the air, perhaps an hundred times, till she dies; and the poor animal, thus tost up into the air, glad, and yet afraid, to light among so many people, some of whom she generally wounds with her claws in her fall, seems to afford the people of this place a high degree of amusement.

Nor is their *goose-race*, as they call it, less a mark of their inhumanity. The poor goose is hung by the feet from a gallows, similar to that from which the cat is suspended; and its neck being denuded of the feathers, and well soaped or greased, to make it slippery, the savages, riding below it, raise themselves from the horses, as far as they can, to get hold of the goose's head, which it naturally raises up to avoid them. In this manner, while they ride under it, they try to get hold of its head; and he who pulls off the goose's head, is said to gain the race. To see the poor animal writhing its neck, and trying to avoid the savage hand that is about to pull off its head, seems to afford the people, in this part of the country, a high gratification.

Robin Hood.—At Kirklees, near Hutherfield, in Yorkshire, is a funeral monument of the famous outlaw Robin Hood, who lived in the reign of King Richard I. with the following inscription:

Here undernead dis laid stean
Lais Robert earl of Huntingtun.
Nea arter az hie sa geud.
An pipl kauld im Robin Heud.
Sick utlawz hi an is men
Vil England niver si agen.
Obiit 24 Kal Decembris, 1247.

Which may be rendered into modern English thus:

Here, underneath this stone,
Lays Robert, Earl of Huntingdon;
No archer was as he so good,
And people call'd him Robin Hood:
Such outlaws as he and his men,
England will never see again.

A Wrestling Epitaph.—At Bunney, a small agreeable village in Nottinghamshire, is a fine seat, with pleasant gardens belonging to the family of *Parkyns*. The late proprietor of this manor, Sir Thomas Parkyns, was such a lover of wrestling, that he wrote a treatise upon the subject; and, before his death, caused a tomb to be erected for himself in the church, on which was set up the figure of a wrestler, with an epitaph suitable to his character.

Astonishing Emigration of Sea-Fowl!—A most extraordinary event took place at the Great Island of Arran, lying at the mouth of the bay, leading to Galway, in Ireland, some years ago. The stupendous cliffs to the south-west of the island, which, from time immemorial, had been the place of resort, or rather the natural habitation of such numbers of rock-birds or puffins, as is almost incredible, were at once deserted, on the 24th of June, by that entire species of fowl, which abandoned their nests, eggs, and young ones, and went off to sea. The like incident is said to have happened forty years before, and no reason whatever could be assigned for these most extraordinary derelictions.

Remarkably Large Ewe.—In Smithfield market, on Monday, the 18th Feb. was exposed to sale, a ewe, six years old, bred by Farmer Guy, of Icomb, Gloucestershire, and fed on turnips and grass only, by Wm. Hawkins, of Lewkner, Oxfordshire. This astonishing animal weighs 41 stone 2 pounds; measures from the head to the tail 5 ft. 2 inches; and round the body 5 feet 4½ inches.

Furious Driving.—*Coroner's Inquest.*—On Tuesday night an inquisition, which lasted till a late hour, was taken at the Middlesex Hospital, before T. Stirling, Esq. coroner, on the body of Barnard Downes, a feeble and debilitated old man, whose death was caused by the violent and un-

justifiable conduct of Elijah Goff, who stands committed to Newgate for the offence. It appeared from the testimony of several respectable persons, that on Monday, the 25th ult. the prisoner, who carries on the business of a milkman, in Bruton-mews, Berkeley-square, was driving a cart, drawn by a spirited blood-horse, in Oxford-street, at such a furious pace, as to draw down the reprehension of the passengers, who frequently cautioned him against driving at that desperate rate. He disregarded every admonition, and at the corner of Bond-street, dashed into the midst of a crowd of ladies and gentlemen, several of whom were knocked down, and the deceased was dragged along the street by the wheels several yards, by which his thigh was broken and his skull fractured. The prisoner, by severely flogging his horse, got away from the crowd; but was stopped again, at the Green Man and Still, by some gentlemen, whom he horsewhipped severely in his endeavours to make his escape, but he was overpowered and conveyed before the magistrates at Mary-le-bone police-office, by whom he was committed. The gentlemen of the jury unanimously agreed, that this was one of the most aggravated cases they had ever heard, and without hesitation returned a verdict of manslaughter against Elijah Goff. The horse and cart were declared deodand.

So superabundant is the crop of turnips, that it is more difficult to get rid of than to obtain them. On Wednesday last the crier went round Bury, announcing that ten acres of turnips in the neighbourhood might be fed off gratis; and we have heard of such an offer being refused, because the owner of the turnips would not pay the shepherd!—*Suffolk Paper.*

THE PLOUGH.—It is scarcely to be credited, but an experiment was lately tried, in order to ascertain the difference between the working of the long mould-boarded plough (used within twenty-five miles of London) with four horses, a man and driver, and a common light Scotch plough with a pair of carriage horses and reins. The result turned out, that the pair of horses ploughed, in six hours, one acre, nine inches deep by twelve, walking at the rate of three miles an hour; the four horses ploughed half an acre, seven inches deep by nine, stepping two miles an hour. This may be relied on as a fact, and it is hoped will open the eyes of every farmer.

A QUALIFIED DOG.—A respectable freeholder, in the vicinity of Wellington, Salop, whose greyhounds had coursed and killed a hare, was threatened with a letter, of which the following is, we assure the reader, a literal copy printed from the original. The writer of the letter insisted that his—"*A qualifide dog*, killed the *Air*."

"I demand the Air that my dog Kiled, and I take it no nemening thing of you for taking the Liberty of Kiping it, if you think your Are Justifiable in taking Air from A qualifide Dog, then we see about is your Ancer or the Air. I remain your, W. J***."—*Yorkshire Gazette*

ADDENDA.

STAG HOUNDS.—The Earl of Derby's Stag-hounds had a famous run yesterday, March 12. Alexander, one of the choicest bucks of his Lordship's paddock, was turned off before a numerous field of the Amateurs of the Chase, at Potter's Lane, near Sutton. The deer, after a severe run of three hours, was run into a copse, not above half a mile from East Grinstead. The shortest distance from the place of meeting to East Grinstead, is 25 miles. Prince Esterhazy, Earl of Derby, Lord Stanly, Mr. Maberly, and many other distinguished individuals were present.

THE Earl Grosvenor has recenly lost his valuable racer, *Belvidere*, by a sudden death, at his stables, Eaton, near Chester.

A FAVORITE horse, the property of Henry Walrond, Esq. of Bedfield-house, Devon, died a few days since, at the advanced age of 50 years.

DIED, February 20, at his apartments in Northumberland-street, MR. STEWART, the celebrated Pedestrian, better known by the appellation of "*Walking Stewart.*"

BETTINGS.—TATTERSALL's.

1822.

DERBY.—FEB. 14.

7 to 1 agst Sycorax.
8 to 1 agst Whalebone
9 to 1 agst Aquilina.
12½ to 1 agst Plover.
14 to 1 agst brother to Antonio.
14 to 1 agst Landscape.
16 to 1 agst Stamford.
20 to 1 agst Marcellus.

OAKS.

4 to 1 agst Parasol.
5 to 1 agst Reserve.

ST. LEGER.

9 to 1 agst Marmion.
10 to 1 agst Swap.
10 to 1 agst Ajax.
17 to 1 agst Euphrosyne.

DERBY.—FEB. 18.

7 to 1 agst Sycorax.
8 to 1 agst Aquilina.
9 to 1 agst D. of York's Whalebone
14 to 1 agst Plover.
20 to 1 agst any other.

OAKS.

4½ to 1 agst Parasol.
5½ to 1 agst Reserve.
7 to 1 agst Cat.
11 to 1 agst Major Wilson.

The odds for the Riddlesworth and other stakes at Newmarket, and the Doncaster Leger have experienced no alteration.

DERBY STAKES AT EPSOM —Feb. 21.

7 to 1 agst a colt out of Sycorax.
8 to 1 agst a colt out of Aquilina.
8½ to 1 agst a colt out of sister to Castanea.
12 to 1 agst Midsummer.
14 to 1 agst colt out of Landscape.
14 to 1 agst brother to Antonio.
15 to 1 agst Mystic.
18 to 1 agst colt out of Bess.
25 to 1 agst Vertigo.
25 to 1 agst Marcellus.

OAKS.

9 to 2 agst a filly out of Parasol.
5 to 1 agst a filly out of Reserve.
8 to 1 agst a filly out of Cat.
10 to 1 agst a filly out of Tippity-witchit.

DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

8½ to 1 agst Marion.
10 to 1 agst Swap.
10 to 1 agst Ajax.
18 to 1 agst Euphrosyne.
18 to 1 agst Mr. Beard's Colt.
19 to 1 agst a colt out of Sycorax.

NEWMARKET.

2 to 1 agst Stag.

RIDDLESWORTH.

7 to 4 agst Midsummer.
3½ to 1 agst a colt by Frolic.
3½ to 1 agst Canadia.

DERBY.—Feb. 25.

6½ to 1 agst Aquilina.
7½ to 1 agst Sycorax.
10 to 1 agst Whalebone.
14 to 1 agst Antonio.
14 to 1 agst Landscape.
14 to 1 agst Plover.
15 to 1 agst Cecilia.
16 to 1 agst Stamford.

OAKS.

4½ to 1 agst Parasol.
5½ to 1 agst Reserve.
6½ to 1 agst Cat.
7 to 1 agst Meteora.

RIDDLESWORTH.

7 to 1 agst Plover.

NEWMARKET STAKES

2 to 1 agst Stag.

DERBY.—Feb. 28.

6½ to 1 agst a colt out of Aquilina.
7 to 1 agst a colt out of Sycorax.
9 to 1 agst a colt out of sister to Castanea.
13 to 1 agst a colt out of Midsummer.
14 to 1 agst a colt out of Landscape.
15 to 1 agst brother to Antonio.
15 to 1 agst Mystic.
17 to 1 agst a colt out of Bess.
20 to 1 agst any other.

OAKS.

6 to 1 agst a filly out of Parasol.
6 to 1 agst a filly out of Reserve.
6 to 1 agst a filly out of Cat.
10 to 1 agst a filly out of Tippity-witchet.
15 to 1 agst a filly out of Romp's dam.

DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

9½ to 1 agst Marion.
10 to 1 agst Swap.
11 to 1 agst Ajax.
18 to 1 agst Akarius.
18 to 1 agst Mr. Beard's colt.
19 to 1 agst Euphrosyne.
19 to 1 agst a colt out of Sycorax.

RIDDLESWORTH.

6 to 4 agst Midsummer.
7 to 2 agst colt by Frolick.
7 to 2 agst colt out of Canadia.

NEWMARKET ST. LEGER.

2 to 1 agst Stag.
7 to 2 agst colt out of Bess.
4 to 1 agst Midsummer.

DERBY.—March 4.

9 to 1 agst colt by Muley.
7 to 1 agst Sycorax.
8 to 1 agst Whalebone.
13 to 1 agst Landscape.
13 to 1 agst Midsummer.
14 to 1 agst brother to Antonio.
15 to 1 agst Cecilia colt.
16 to 1 agst Stamford out of Bess.
20 to 1 agst any other.

OAKS.

6 to 1 agst Cat.
7 to 1 agst Pastilla.
7½ to 1 agst Reserve.
8½ to 1 agst Meteora.
9 to 1 agst Tippitywitchet.

RIDDLESWORTH.

5 to 4 agst Midsummer.

NEWMARKET STAKES.

2 to 1 agst Stag.

ST. LEGER.

9 to 1 agst Marion.
10 to 1 agst Swap.
10½ to 1 agst Ajax.
16 to 1 agst Euphrosyne.
18 to 1 agst Stamford colt.
20 to 1 agst Sycorax.

DERBY.—March 7.

11 to 2 agst colt out of Aquilina.
7 to 1 agst colt out of Sycorax.
8½ to 1 agst colt out of sister to Castanea.
13 to 1 agst Midsummer.
13 to 1 agst colt out of Landscape.
15 to 1 agst brother to Antonio.
16 to 1 agst Mistic.
17 to 1 agst colt out of Bess.

OAKS.

11 to 2 agst filly out of Cat.
6 to 1 agst ditto Parasol.
7 to 1 agst ditto Reserve.
10 to 1 agst ditto Tippitywitchet

DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

10 to 1 agst Marion.
10 to 1 agst Swap.
10½ to 1 agst Ajax.
17 to 1 agst Beard's colt.
18 to 1 agst Euphrosyne.
20 to 1 agst Akarius.
20 to 1 agst colt out of Sycorax.

CURRENT PRICES OF GRAIN.

	s.	s.
Old Wheat	46	68
New Red Wheat	34	53
New White ditto	36	64
Rye	23	26
Barley	18	28
Feed Oats	14	20
Brew or Poland ditto	19	23
New Tick Beans	20	24
Old ditto	25	28

PRICE OF FLOUR,

Per Sack of Five Bushels, or 230lbs.		
Fine English Flour	50	55
Second ditto	48	50
American Flour	36	38

PRICE OF BREAD.

The Price of the Best Wheaten Bread throughout the Metropolis, is Ten-pence.

PRICES OF HAY AND STRAW AT SMITHFIELD.

	£ s.	£ s.
Hay	2 15 a	4 4
Clover	3 3 a	4 12
Straw	1 6 a	1 14

PRICE OF MEAT AT SMITHFIELD.

		s. d.	s. d.
Beef	*per stone*	3 0 a	4 0
Mutton		3 0 a	3 10
Veal		4 0 a	5 4
Lamb		0 0 a	0 0

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Female Game," by S. F. G. in our next.

"An Irishman's Glory," by an Hibernian is inadmissible. It does not even possess the negative advantage of being correct.

We request Ci-devant Syntax to send his promised communication as early as possible, that we may examine it prior to insertion.

Some of our Correspondents must certainly have forgotten our time of publication. An Old Field Sportsman's communication from Stockton arrived too late for insertion under its proper head, as did those of J. F. G. and Rigdum Funnidos.

We have been obliged, for want of room, to postpone the conclusion of our "Shooting Excursion among the Grampian Hills" till a future Number.

Communications dropped into the Editor's letter-box, 26, Haymarket; or from the country, (post-paid) will receive due attention.

THE

Sporting Repository.

VOL. I.] APRIL 15, 1822. [No. IV.

COACHIANA.—No. IV.

To teach the young idea how to—DRIVE.

Thompson.

Come listen to my story,
Now seated in my glory,
We make no longer stay;
A bottle of good sherry,
Has made us all quite merry,
Let Momus rule the day;
We hearty all and well are,
Drive to the White-horse cellar.

(The Mail Coach.)

SKETCHES OF COACHMEN.—A JOURNEY TO BATH.

I HAD long heard a great deal of the beauties of Bath and the magical effects of its Pump-room. It was reported to do every thing: it could clear the constitution with as much facility as the pocket, promote marriages by wholesale or retail, and give a man that fashionable air which shows that "he is up to a thing or two." To dissipated invalids its restorative capabilities were unprecedented, it thickened their blood as well as their head, and sent them back to the place from whence they came, living monuments of a fat skull and purified veins.

The report of these advantages inspired me with an itch to visit so praiseworthy a spot. I am nothing, thought I to myself, without seeing this wonderful city. If I go into a London

assembly, the company dub it monstrous fine, but inferior to the assemblies at Bath. Do I praise the architectural magnificence of Waterloo-place, "It is nothing," says a thin spinster on my left hand, "to the Crescent at Bath." And then as naturally as a man follows his nose, follows that old question, "Pray, sir, where you ever there?"—"No ma'am!" Alas! alas! that the only certificate to the Pump-room should be the certificate of Henry Hase.

At length, as good luck would have it, an old gentleman who had never showed me kindness but by dying, gave me the wherewithall to take a trip to Bath. Five hundred pounds are not to be despised in these hard times, I exclaimed, as with light heart and heavy purse I bolted into the Bolt-Inn-Tun. Fortunately a coach was starting for the "seat of Bladud;" the box was disengaged; and I made instant acquaintance with the coachman.

We reached the White-horse cellar at about six o'clock in the evening, mid an obstreporous vociferation of coaches, jew boys, ostlers, jarvies, and the whole fraternity of Whips. Our Jehu I soon found was like the centurion of old, a man of authority in the neighbourhood. His patronage among the book-keepers was not to be lightly praised, and his word had almost as much weight as his body. His smiles too, like the condescensions of all great men, were received with befitting reverence, and an affectionate nod which he gave to a bustling ostler was acknowledged with an encore of capers.

We were kept waiting at Hatchett's for the arrival of one of the inside passengers, who, after unusual delay, made his appearance enveloped in coats as numerous as the items in a tailor's bill, and involved in similar confusion. And here by the bye, I should pause to give an account of his person as he figures in the ensuing narrative, but unfortunately he has detained us so long at Piccadilly, that it is high time to be off. Enough therefore for the present, to say that he looked like a cauliflower in full-bloom.

"All right behind, gentlemen," thundered the coachman, fingering the ribbands in the plenitude of vehicular importance; "aye, aye," squeaked out a voice in the rear, and

away we went, rattling along the stony pavement of Piccadilly, like the old lawyer on his road to the devil. The first part of our journey was dull, for the coachman was a fast friend to taciturnity. There was no getting a word out of the dog, he was so wrapped in the consciousness of his importance. The smack of his whip was rarely heard; for as knowing ones can tell, the first stage out of town is generally performed by modest, gentlemanly, and well behaved cattle. Seven miles were his average pace, and about every mile a sentence escaped his lips. This was drowsy work and nothing but the sight of his good driving reconciled me to such stupidity. At last we reached Hounslow, where a glass of good stingo so far civilized the savage, that he was moved to declare that in his opinion, "the roads were goodish, howsomedever it had rained in the morning." If brevity be the soul of wit, how inimitably humorou. must this speech appear.

Towards evening we arrived at Maidenhead, that town of virginal reminiscences, where, thanks to the giver of all good things, stupid coachmen included, our Jehu was changed. While the horses were putting-to, I made inquiries touching his birth, parentage, educa ion, &c. &c. and was told that he was badly married, for his wife was the only mare he could never break in. The happy couple sojourned at the outskirts of the town, where they contrived between them to rear about half a dozen children, who inherited the termagant disposition of the mother, together with the taciturnity and old cloaths of the father.

Our second coachman was the finest possible companion, and merits a circumstantial description. He was a well dressed natty looking young fellow, with a gay upper-benjamin, broad-brimmed white hat, top-boots, o eralls, and a magnificent pair of buckskin gloves. A dashing brace of whiskers fringed the borders of each cheek, and then making a circumbendibus towards his mouth, spread into an acre of bush. His mode of handling the ribbands was picturesquely genteel, and many good things might be said upon his style of double-thonging the shaft-horses.

In the pauses of conversation he invariably indulged the outside passengers with a jolly bravura, for like Braham and

Shakspeare, it was his pride to be known as "the sweet child of song." But whether it was owing to my ignorance or want of taste, I cannot exactly say, but I was certainly better pleased with his endeavours than his execution. Indeed, his notes appeared to me to be more remarkable for quantity than quality, and his tunes those "labyrinths of sweet sounds," were musically but inconveniently perplexing. Besides he humoured each song, like a darling child, to infinite extent; it was all the same to him, let the tune go which way it will, like Matthews, he was always "at home;" he married, for instance, "Love has Eyes," to "Alley Croaker," and even terminated "Will you come to the bower," with "The Jolly young Waterman."

I soon found out, from his manners and conversation, that he was a prodigious favourite among the ladies on the road, and I shrewdly suspect, from the roguish leer that he turned upon the damsels of the different public-houses, that he had "as many pledges as a pawn-broker." I observed too, that at the close of every stage he gave a curious smack with his whip, the herald no doubt of his arrival and his letter of introduction to the pretty bar-maids, who rushed out to bid him welcome. There was one in particular, to whom his attentions were superlatively refined, and who appeared a well-skilled linguist in the eloquent language of the eye; her countenance was an alphabet of expression, a speaking dictionary of love; or as Dominic Sampson observes, "an elegant duodecimo," which if *bound* at all, would look best when *bound* in the arms of a sweetheart. "Give me a kiss," was written in legible terms upon the rosy tablet of her lips, and "for shame you naughty man," twinkled *in parenthesis* between her eye-brows. Nor was her physiognomical language deficient in the necessary punctuation. Notes of admiration and interrogation lined both dimples of her cheek, when she suspected her Phæton of love for herself, or infidelity to others; and *a full stop* shone in her eye when he pressed her too rudely before strangers.

It was at Colnbrook we met this Dulcinea while the coach stopped nominally to water horses, but of a verity to give our enamoured charioteer time "to discourse sweet nothings."

Ten minutes are surely long enough for any reasonable man to make love, (at least I have always found them so,) and within this brief space we were ready to continue the journey.

Evening was now closing, and a chilly east wind hinted in strong terms the utility of a buttoned up coat. By way of warming us the coachman related sundry facete anecdotes of his pristine amours, and of the infinitely wicked things he had done to the poor little innocent chambermaids. Oh! the deep dog—there was no standing his enormities. Had I taken him at his word he must have been a perfect monster of concupiscence, a very "*Triton* of the Minnows." An odd fish he certainly was, and notwithstanding his inordinate partiality for the marvellous, there was enough iniquity in his little moist eye to subdue the most invincible virtue.

On reaching Twyford, an interesting scene occurred. The coachman stopped for an instant at the Three Bells, (I think it was,) whence issued a beautiful little creature of seventeen. "Well, my love," said our man of gallantry, as he jumped down from his box to salute her, "are there any parcels or kind messages for me to take to Newbury?"—"No, sir," said the pretty girl, dropping a demure curtsey. "Ah! you little jade, have you nothing left but a formal curtsey—come, give me a kiss, and I'll sing you a song when I come back to-morrow."—"Fie for shame, Mr. Coachman, you know I never *give* a kiss."—"No, my dear, but you'll *take* one, and thank me for it, so here goes,"—a treat which was forthwith followed by a salute of thundering sonorousness.

Should this description excite the curiosity of travellers on the high western road, they may gratify it by peeping into the Three Bells, at Twyford, a small village about thirty-five miles distant from London. They will there find a pretty innocent looking girl, with a fair face, blue eyes, auburn ringlets, and a most bewitching smile. Nor can they have reason to complain of extravagant charges, for the trifling sum of eightpence will purchase both a glass of genuine punch, and a blush from the Hebe who presents it. For my own part, if drinking will let me into her good graces, I have made a religious vow to get drunk in her presence, and take

this opportunity of recommending the same dose to all lovers of *beauty* and *genius*, that is of the fascinating barmaid and "Coachiana."

But to quit this spot of amorous reminiscences; it was night when we came within hail of Newbury, the place where the passengers supped. As we rattled along the paved streets the coachman's last song was concluded, and he was fain, in default of novelty, to encore the burden of one of his earliest ditties. His best jokes too had been cracked together with a bottle of strong ale at Twyford, where he seemed to have left his humour, his heart, and his money, in safe keeping with the tavern Venus. For myself, although wit is doubtless a relishing dainty, yet at this moment I fancied a greater relish in the dissection of a hashed fowl, or the deglutition of a rummer of brandy: and when I entered the supper-room to which my nose instinctively guided me, I pounced pell-mell upon a cold goose and a glass of Kennett ale.

"There is one subject," says Mr. Hazlitt, "on which it is pleasant to talk on a journey, and that is, what we shall have for supper when we get to our inn at night." The open air improves this conversation or friendly altercation, by setting a keener edge on appetite. Every mile of the road heightens the flavour of the viands we expect at the end of it. How fine it is to enter some old town walled and turretted just at the approach of night-fall, or to come to some straggling village with the lights streaming through the surrounding gloom, and then after enquiring for the best entertainment that the place affords (that is, if you have money to pay for it) to take one's ease at one's inn. What a delicate speculation it is, after drinking whole goblets of tea 'the cups that cheer but not inebriate,' to sit considering what we shall have for supper; eggs and a rasher—a rabbit smothered in onions, or an excellent veal cutlet.—"Oh! it is great to shake off the trammels of the world and of public opinion, and become the creature of the moment clear of all ties, to hold to the universe only by a dish of sweet-bread, and to owe nothing but the score of the evening."—While busily engaged in discussing my supper, I felt the full force of these observations. I was

clear of all ties, and (thanks to the landlord) nearly clear of money, and owed nothing but the score of the evening.

The night was wild, as leaving Newbury at some distance behind, we, oh Marlborough! bowled along thine uncivilized heath. Our coachman, for we had a fresh one, was as savage as the night, with a hard-featured face as rough as a country cross-road. His nose, which almost served in lieu of a lamp, was a mountainous chaos of carbuncles, and gave manifest tokens of not being fed upon water. It seemed, indeed, in close conversation with his upper-lip, debating most probably upon the goodness of the draught that had been last swallowed. Its owner, meantime, stood behind this goodly proboscis like a footman behind the chair of an alderman, and in reply to a hint I threw out respecting his potations, informed me that he had always loved a drop ever since he was the height of a beer-barrel.

As I found that he was more inclined to drink than to talk, and the wildness of the night afforded sufficient plea, I bargained for an inside-fare and turned in without further ceremony. My fellow-passengers were the fat gentleman I have previously mentioned, a spare-ribbed officer of militia, and a methodistical wight in black, who was going to preach the word at Chippenham, and let fly the thunders of Evangelism at the incorrigible disciples of the pump-room.

The last-mentioned personage was the most singular fellow I ever yet encountered. He was as thin as a thread-paper, and could never be accused of mortifying the sins of the flesh, inasmuch as he had scarcely an ounce of it on his bones. His long legs projected to an inconvenient length, and taken in connection with his body, reminded me of an animated pair of tongs.

When I first took my inside seat, silence for some time ensued, but as we gradually became familiarized to each other the restraint vanished, and cheerful conversation commenced. Among other topics religion was handled, and the methodist revealed to us the secret of his conversion. "I was," said he, "little better than a tool in the hands of Beelzebub, until I heard the sermons of that man of godliness, the late blessed Mr. Huntingdon. He showed me the pit-fall

into which I had plunged, and wrestled with the Lord for my salvation. He it was to whom the spiritual pair of breeches were sent, and to whom one of the cherubims gave a leg of mutton."*—"I wish they would give me one," said the officer, "and it would have saved me a supper at Newbury."—"Was the leg of mutton cooked?" enquired the fat gentleman. "Cease your profane levity, gentlemen, the ways of Providence are multifold, and it ill becometh mortal man to scrutinize them."

The conversation now took a different turn; the new army regulations were canvassed, and the man of war waxed eloquent on the subject. "By G—d," said he in reply to some observations respecting the labours of the late peninsular campaigns—"though I have not been abroad, I have seen service at home, and know some little about things. Why, gentlemen, I have been ten years in the militia; and was up every morning by sun-rise during the late disturbances at Manchester. Damme, gentlemen, there was bloody work with a vengeance: none of your woman-fists, but good hand and hand fighting. On the day of the meeting we were beat up at four o'clock, and ordered to flank a pig-stye that commanded the place of the riot. Well, as I was saying, we carried the pig-stye by assault, by the adjutant's turning it into a blockade—When, lo! and behold, the d—d old sow ran out between my legs, and upset me in a twinkling. Well then, after we had stationed our troops, on came Hunt and his gang to Peterloo, as they call the place. The drums beat—rabble shouted—trumpets sounded, and we all felt as valiant as Hercules. Now you, sir," pointing to the fat gentleman, "we'ill suppose that you're Hunt."—"Me Hunt, sir; I am no Hunt I assure you, I am plain Jack Closefist, linen-draper and money-lender, 14, Cannon-street, East-Cheap; where I deal for ready money only. And if any of you gentlemen should want a neat parcel of goods—fine Irish linens—India silks—bombazins or cotton-stockings, I shall be happy to accommodate you on the cheapest terms poss."—"I know that you're not Hunt, sir," said the officer nettled at the

* Vide Memoirs of William Huntingdon.

linen-draper's interruption, "but we'ill suppose it just for form's sake. Well then, you being Hunt, on I come towards you sword in hand, looking at the same time most cursedly fierce, with 'damme, you dog, surrender, or by the living jingo I'll annihilate you.' Well, Hunt surrenders, and I take him in triumph to the magistrates."—"I suppose, of course, you were well rewarded for your exploit," said the linen-draper.—"Why, no, gentlemen—they talk indeed a great deal about the gratitude of ministers but I know to the contrary, they never reward true bravery such as some folks —you take me—possess."—"It was a valiant deed certainly," said the evangelist, "but why do you not petition the wisdom of parliament."—"Its no use," replied the militia-man, "ungrateful England has no idea of rewarding its friends, but I can tell it what's what—the French will be paying us a visit some of these odd days, and I'll be shot if I'll stir a peg."

While thus engaged in conversation, the coachman suddenly stopped, and informed us that there were some suspicious looking horsemen galloping behind us. The night was still dark—the situation lonely—the passengers unarmed. Meanwhile the clattering of horses' hoofs distinctly gained on us, and a faint whistle was heard. "Good Lord, deliver us!" whined the methodist. "I shall turn this journey to bad account I fear," said the fat gentleman, "oh! gracious, I wish I was safe in the little back parlour of 14, Cannon-street, Eastcheap; can't you assist us, valiant sir," he continued, addressing the officer. But the courage of that warlike flanker of pig-styes, like Bob Acres' valour was oozing out at his finger's ends, and he seemed to be the most scared of the party. "I reserve my courage for the field not for highwaymen," he exclaimed, endeavouring to speak big.—"And for pig-styes too, I presume sir," I replied, disgusted at such a shameful bravado. The horsemen had by this time approached, passed us, and proved after all to be nothing more than some honest country farmers who were on their return from Reading cheese-fair. Thus ended our first and last chapter of accidents.

Day-light was breaking as we came within sight of Chip-

penham, where our coachman was again changed, and where I resumed my old box-seat in hopes from the appearance of our new Jehu, to enjoy a little unrestricted chit-chat. The effeminacy of Bath, however, had infected both his manners and his person, for of all the coachmen I ever yet encountered, (and I have met with many in my time) he bore away the palm for determined dandyism. He was a thin genteel figure, with crisp feminine features and intolerable expression of conceit. His dress was a narrow white hat—mulberry frock-coat —black kid-gloves—tight Wellington-boots—overalls and pantaloons. He mounted the box in the most languishing attitude possible, as if it was really a condescension to ascend.

His gabble like his manners was the essence of affectation. He took care to inform me that he was well educated, but that certain noble friends had advised him to turn his abilities to coaching, as his elegant box-attitudes were unrivalled. With these words he leant conceitedly towards the off-side, to give me an opportunity of admiring his figure. "Vastly fine day, 'pon honour," he continued, "pump-room crowded, no doubt—hey, what say you? Ever at Bath? Finest place pos." I assured him that I was never there, at which he shrugged his shoulders with apparent astonishment. "Make a long stay, no doubt," he added, "happy to show you the lions —theatres—assemblies—crescents,—pump-room, any thing in short in my little way—happy to do, split me. By the bye! wonder what's the play to-night—Oh," applying a perfumed handkerchief to his nose, "Don Juan, so it is egad —must go—that's pos. *Verdrai e carino* (humming the tune) sweet singer that Mozart. Dead, I believe, is he not?"

In this way he went on ringing, like some gay valet-de-chambre (which I fancy he originally was) the changes through all the second-hand fashionable slang of the day. After a short pause—"By the bye, like snuff? Do a little in that way myself—try my new Petersham mixture, think you'll like it vastly!" and without waiting further reply, he pulled out an elegant gold chased snuff-box, which he took care that I should thoroughly admire before he ventured to return it to its hiding-place.

The singular dandyism of this coachman so far amused

me, that I was unconscious of our progress until he pointed out to me the villa-crowned hills and graceful crescents of Bath, all glittering like fairy palaces in the morning sunshine. As we approached nearer to the city, its superb edifices, luxuriant woods, and richly cultivated slopes, burst with the effect of enchantment on my eye. The morning too was favourable to the landscape; an unclouded sun lit up the numerous crescents, perched like eyeries in the air, and bathed in golden radiance the summits of the adjoining eminences.

On reaching the inn I bade adieu to my fellow-passengers, and while the bells struck up a merry peal, (in joy for aught I know of my safe arrival) and the breakfast apparatus of tea, coffee, &c. were going hastily forward, I sate myself down to concoct this article for the delight and edification of my worthy friend, Thomas M'Lean, bookseller and publisher, 26, Haymarket, London.

To the Editor of the SPORTING REPOSITORY.

SIR,

I HAVE for some years been a reader, and an occasional contributor, under different signatures, to the "Sporting Magazine," a work to which I am still warmly attached, but the first number of your Repository having recently been put into my hand by a Brother Sportsman, I was struck with admiration at the graphic embellishments; but your last number excels either of the others. "*Tandem Driving*," is an excellent design, and exquisitely well finished. It displays such a fund of humour, and diversity of subjects, that it will always bear looking at with delight. With the "Greyhounds" I am enraptured, as well as with the "Running Horses." To each of these I purpose appropriating a very handsome gilt frame, for the gratification of myself and such sporting friends as may hereafter favor me with a call.

Though I do not intend to give up my old Magazine, I am resolved to give all the assistance I can towards the SPORT-

ING REPOSITORY, and will occasionally snatch, from my other pursuits, a few minutes for the amusement and entertainment of your readers. For the last 15 years I have gleaned together every anecdote and incident on Sporting subjects worthy of preservation, and have classified them under different heads, similar to your Repository: the one I now transmit is that of a *memorable Sportsman*, and it will serve to fill up a niche, and exhibit another demonstrative proof that the delightful exercises of the turf are productive of both *health* and *long life*.

Yours, &c.

A WILTSHIRE SPORTSMAN.

March 25, 1822.

A MEMORABLE SPORTSMAN.

WHOEVER has read the history of Henry Hastings, must pronounce him a Sportsman of no ordinary stamp.—In the times of James and Charles I. he was head-keeper of the New Forest, in Hampshire, and resided in his lodge there during a part of every hunting season; but his principal residence was at Woodlands, in Dorsetshire, where he had a capital mansion. Mr. Hastings was low of stature, but strong and active; of a ruddy complexion, with flaxen hair. His clothes were always of green cloth. His house was of the old fashion; in the midst of a large park, well stocked with deer, rabbits, and fish-ponds. He had a long narrow bowling-green in it, and used to play with round sand-bowls. Here, too, he had a banquetting-room built, like a stand, in a large tree. He kept all sorts of hounds, that ran buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger; and had hawks of all kinds, both long and short winged. His great hall was commonly strewed with marrow-bones; and full of hawk-perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers. The upper end of it was hung with fox-skins of this and the last year's killing. Here and there a pole-cat was intermixed; and hunters' poles in great abundance. The parlour was a

large room, completely furnished in the same style. On a broad hearth, paved with brick, lay some of the choicest terriers, hounds, and spaniels. One or two of the great chairs had litters of cats in them, which were not to be disturbed. Of these, three or four always attended him at dinner; and a little white wand lay by his trencher, to defend it, if they were too troublesome. In the windows, which were very large, lay his arrows, cross-bows, and other accoutrements. The corners of the room were filled with his best hunting and hawking poles. His oyster-table stood at the lower end of the room, which was in constant use twice a day, all the year round; for he never failed to eat oysters, both at dinner and supper; with which the neighbouring town of Pool supplied him. At the upper end of the room stood a small table with a double desk; one side of which held a church Bible; the other, the Book of Martyrs. On different tables in the room lay hawks' hoods, bells, old hats, with their crowns thrust in, full of pheasants' eggs; tables; dice; cards; and store of tobacco-pipes. At the other end of this room was a door, which opened into a closet, where stood bottles of strong beer, and wine; which never came out but in single glasses, which was the rule of the house: for he never exceeded himself, nor permitted others to exceed. Answering to this closet, was a door into an old chapel, which had been long disused for devotion; but in the pulpit, as the safest place, was always to be found a cold chine of beef, a venison pasty, a gammon of bacon, or a great apple-pie, with thick crust, well-baked. His table cost him not much, though it was good to eat at. His sports supplied all but beef and mutton; except on Fridays, when he had the best of fish. He never wanted a London pudding; and he always sang it in with '*My heart lies therein-a.*' He drank a glass or two of wine at meals; put syrup of gilly-flowers into his sack; and had always a tun-glass of small-beer standing by him, which he often stirred about with rosemary. He lived to be an hundred; and never lost his eye-sight, nor used spectacles. He got on horseback without help; and rode to the death of the stag, till he was past fourscore.

ON THE

PLEASURE OF DOING WHAT WE OUGHT NOT TO DO;

OR THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ECCENTRIC SPORTSMAN.

Man, vain man,
Dress'd in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.

SHAKSPEARE.

THERE appears to be a strange contradiction in human nature which accompanies it from the cradle to the grave, as if to thwart the kindliest feelings of the soul, and crush each ripening germ of happiness. Instead of making the most of life, and putting out time like money to the best usury, we carefully pluck each scanty flower that blooms in the pathway of existence, and render the journey as barren as we can. And yet it is not the difficulties, or the dangers attending it, that can thus convert the world into a desert, it is the thousand minute troubles, the petty vexations which we daily experience in domestic life, in the bosom of friends, relations, or acquaintance, that swell the sum total of wretchedness, and render us, even in earliest youth, most willing to lay ourselves down and die. Of these petty troubles the inconsistency of our own dispositions is the worst. It converts sunshine into gloom,—the milk of human kindnes into the gall of bitterness; and, when too frequently indulged, settles into a confirmed habit that can never afterwards be eradicated.

I am one of these unfortunates; the very acme of contradiction. Hunting—shooting—or fishing, it is all the same; even pleasure in my hands becomes the apt ministrant of a curse. From earliest childhood I was possessed with the dæmon of perverseness. My father kindly undertook to expel the unclean spirit, and conjured him through the medium of a birch rod. But Satan was rebellious,—he was, in consequence, driven from his strong holds and compelled to take up his abode, as Dr. Pitcairn would say, "on the summits of my digits." The end of his visitation may be surmised. I lost the top joint of my finger, for scraping acquaintance with

a truant hatchet, and never saw a marble at school, or a cheese-cake in the larder, but the foul fiend seized it as his perquisite.

By the time that I was fit for the University, my disposition had become the *ne plus ultra* of contradiction. I wrote satires on my tutor because the bursar informed me that expulsion would be the consequence, and got drunk with brandy because I heard that it was an unwholesome beverage. I, one day, took it into my thick head to turn methodist, having been advised, by all means, to avoid the sect; but turned back again, because a friend approved my apostacy.

I once joined the original Hunting Club at the University, because I was informed that it was a useless expence, and sported bets upon the turf in opposition to my father's injunction. I was always a good shot; but as it was the custom to wait until the 1st of September for the enjoyment, I commenced in August; was fined and genteelly disciplined. With some difficulty I was made a member of the Jockey-Club, but having one evening abused the fraternity, I was dragged to the pump and moistened to my heart's delight. A friend once invited me to a grouse-shooting party among the Highlands. On joining the circle we all posted off to the moors, when in the neighbourhood of a hedge I observed something white in a recumbent position. I was moving off, but on my friend requesting me not to shoot, least peradventure I should do mischief, I fired, and down dropped an old woman hotly peppered *a posteriori*. So much for my sporting achievements and perversities.

In due time my father wished me to marry, that a progeny of young contradictions might multiply and be fruitful upon earth. The way he set about it was curious. He began by abusing marriage and the woman to whom he wished me allied. As he anticipated I went to her in the evening, fell on my knees, and made a formal declaration of love. She accepted my proposal, a child was born in the spirit and likeness of its blessed father, and I and the world were spited.

The same contradictory temperament that rendered me an indifferent son made me an excellent husband. My friends said that I should never be a good spouse, so I resolved to

astonish them by a display of domestic virtues.—My rib is since dead—after my own fashion I suppose, because I wished her to live. She died of a dropsy, because I had predicted a cholic. This disappointment annoyed me—my intellect was offended at its mistake, and in the heat of a pardonable anger, I threw into the fire an epitaph which I had indicted in her laud.

I am now what the world is pleased to baptize "a rum one." I am advanced in the vale of years—have laid aside my gun—my fishing-rod—my hounds—and my hunters—and still continue as perverse as the devil. The spirit of contradiction is settled into a firm methodical habit, and I am never contented but when doing what I ought not to do. I feel a pleasure in thwarting the wishes of my friends; in requesting their advice and then following my own. All men ride their hobbies,—some go galloping to church on the spiritual wings of the elect,—some are never pleased but when drunk,—others but when sober,—some think that all happiness is centered in a double-barrelled gun,—others in a bet upon horse-races,—but my favourite hobby is to do every thing through the medium of contradiction.

The other day I threw away a pair of breeches because the taylor assured me they were the best fit he ever made. There was an old coat which he in particular abused, and it has in consequence become my favourite dress. Nothing satisfies me if gained in the usual way. I dine when I am advised to sup; and sing songs, by the dozens, because they say that my lungs are affected. Even Sunday produces no respite, for I put on my worst cloaths because usance has prescribed the best. On fast-days I am filled even to a plethora, and on festivals, ordained by the church, I starve on stale fish. Thus, even on the minutiæ of religion, I have opinions peculiar to myself. To the associated couple, Saint Simon and Saint Jude, who go partners as it were in a holiday, I allot two distinct festivals, and Paul, who figures by himself, I fasten to the ribs of Barnabas.

How this perversity commenced, or how it will terminate, I know not. In expectation of approaching death I have already made my will, in which I have bequeathed my nume-

rous Treatises on Field-Sports to the Vatican library at Rome, my estates to Eben-Ben-Fum, King of Crim Tartary, and requested to be buried on the borders of the Thracian Bosphorus. As the etiquette of funerals prescribes the use of a shroud, I have determined to be buried in a pair of velvet breeches, with silk stockings and pumps. My executors may oppose my wishes if they please,—in which case I have allowed them a decent pension.

RIGDUM FUNNIDOS.

THE COMPLAINT,

OF A MOST RESPECTABLE OLD LADY, WELL KNOWN AT BILLINGSGATE, AND IN BROAD-STREET, ST. GILES'S.

To the Editor of the Sporting Repository.

SIR,

WHEN I was a *tiny one*, gin was *call'd* gin,
And to swallow it too was deem'd almost a sin;
Besides, people then, though 'tis queer you may think,
When inclin'd for a drop, they'd say, "come, will you *drink:*"
But, Lord help us, now *drinking's* quite out of date,
And "come, will you *lush*," is the go at *the Gate;*
And I've oft heard it christen'd among the *back slums*,
"Come, *my cove*, wont you take just *a wash at your gums;*"
Sluice your iv'ries you'll hear, north, east, west, and south,
And "come wont you give us *a shove in the mouth.*"

Then the name of *the creature*,—'tis gin now no more—
Geneva's departed, and *Dutch-drops* a bore;
And the *gab* of my *red rag* it now almost stops,
That no longer 'tis called *Lady Cooper's best drops;*
Old Tom too is gone, with the property tax,
And you don't often hear the *young fags* call it *max;*
But instead,—for these *flash lads* are always a-brewing—
I'm bless'd if they dont often call it *blue ruin;*
Haberdashery too from their *slang* can't escape,
For the cry is "come, *tip us a yard of strong tape*,"

But more than all these,—oh! 'tis awful and fright'ning—
They call it,—the *thundering dogs—flash of lightning!*

You may think, sir, that this is a *rum* sort of story,
To put into your Sporting Re-pos-i-tory;
If you do I can't help it,—I'm off with my *pal*,
To see after *flat* fish,—

Your Servant,

BROWN SAL.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPORTING REPOSITORY, INCLOSING "THE GAMESTER,"

A Manuscript found at Newmarket.

The following wild and singular narrative fell into my hands in rather an extraordinary manner. As I am a sportsman, and devoted to the turf, I make a point of attending every season at Newmarket. It was I think in the spring of last year, that a stranger of prepossessing appearance, and one who evidently shunned company, put up at the same inn where I was staying. His manners were highly mysterious, and occasioned much speculation among the gossips of the neighbourhood, which was still further increased, when one morning the report of a pistol was heard, and the stranger was discovered stretched dead at his chamber-door, with the inclosed manuscript by his side, on which was scrawled, in almost illegible characters, "To be published after my death. —E. Savillon."

This is all I ever heard of him; a Coroner's Inquest, however, was assembled, a verdict of insanity returned; and the corpse committed to the earth. With respect to the manuscript, having no title to it, I am somewhat dubious upon the propriety of its publication. That it is genuine I have no doubt; for a friend of mine, who resides at Carmarthen, had heard of the Savillons, who were French refugees, and has seen in the church-yard of Llandilo a tombstone erected to the memory of Pierre Savillon, who died at the age of sixty-four;

I am sorry that I cannot remember the year, as it was mentioned to me in the letter from my friend.

What business the unhappy suicide had with Newmarket, or what brought him there, I am at a loss to conceive; but imagine it must have been some inducement connected with gambling or the turf, of which he speaks so warmly in his memoirs.

Should he have any friend living, to him I will apologize for the liberty I have taken in laying these pages before the public: and I have no doubt my excuse will be accepted, as the publication is at the express desire of the deceased.

I have little doubt that some one or other of his relatives may meet with it, and to exonerate you, and lay the fault to the right person, I shall beg leave to sign both my name and address, and am,

Sir, your well-wisher,

MAURICE EVANS.

24, *Sidney-street, Cambridge.*

THE GAMESTER.

A MANUSCRIPT FOUND AT NEWMARKET.

MY name is Edward Savillon. I was born in the village of Llandilo-Vaulir, a romantic spot situated in the heart of South Wales. My family was of good extraction and independent fortune, and I—the murderer—was their sole child. At the early age of seventeen, with passions fostered by indulgence, extravagence confirmed by habit, I entered myself a commoner of Trinity College, Cambridge. Life with all its pleasures was before me. I saw only the roses not the thorns of its path, and resolved to pluck them while yet they bloomed.

As it was not my intention to try for college honours, I had full leisure to enjoy the festivities of an University. My

father supplied me with ample means, and assemblies, theatres, billiards, and the turf, engrossed every hour of the day. Among the number of my acquaintance (dare I call them friends) was a young man by name Dashwell. He was a professed libertine, a man of honour with men, a seducer with women. Under his auspices I engaged on the Newmarket turf, and enlisted myself among the muster-roll at the betting-post. When I first drove my tilbury along the Beacon course the Riddlesworth had commenced. Many horses started for these celebrated sweepstakes, but Fanny was the favorite of the day. Five to one was sported on the chances of her success. "Come, Savillon," said Dashwell, "you will take a bet, my boy."—"Yes," I replied, "I will try the current odds," and foolishly offered five to one upon the favourite. The horses meantime came galloping along; already they had cleared the brow of the hill; the sun shone full on their gay colours, and the foremost, Fanny, was discernable. All sound was hushed in expectation, because they approached nearer—nearer still, the favourite was beside the winning-post, when she bolted—Octavian passed, and I lost five hundred pounds.

What was I to do? Application to my father was fruitless. I had but lately received a remittance, accompanied with complaints of my extravagance. Immediate payment was necessary, but appeared impossible. "You are unfortunate, Savillon," said a gay collegian, to whom I imparted my distress, with a request for a loan, "but I will endeavour to accommodate you with two hundred pounds, and we will both try our luck at ——, in London." I accepted his offer with alacrity, and after calling on Dashwell to say that I would in a few days be ready with his money, I departed with my companion for the metropolis. It was dusk when we reached Piccadilly so we ordered a beef-steak at Hatchett's, finished a bottle of wine, and posted off for —, in St. James's-street.

The room was well filled when we entered; every convenience for gambling.—Rouge et Noir—Hazard—E. O.—seductively arranged upon the different tables. The wine I had drank flushed me with expectation—I staked my two

hundred pound, neck or nothing, at Rouge et Noir, and before the evening was concluded, came off the triumphant winner of six hundred pounds. My ecstacy at sight of my retrieved finances was indescribable. I repayed my loans to my companion, who had been equally fortunate, finished the night with a magnificent supper, and returned the next morning to Cambridge, exulting in the ability to redeem my honour with Dashwell.

A few months rolled on, varied by the alternate joys and cares of a gambler's life; for Dashwell, like some malign influence, had fastened on my feelings and there was no shaking him off. We accompanied each other to Newmarket—to the Chesterton billiard-rooms—to the Huntingdon assemblies, and saw life in its most refined, dissipated, and degraded forms.

Term was now over, the long vacation commenced. My father wrote to request that I would pass the summer at Llandilo-Vauhr, but Dashwell heard the proposal, and advised me to reject it for the superior pleasures of a London life. Accordingly we came to town and took lodgings in Bury-street, St. James's. We daily attended the most fashionable gaming-houses, but by proceeding with caution, contrived neither to lose nor to win.

In process of time my relations died, and I succeeded to the family estate. It was then clear of mortgages, would to God it had continued so! But my evil genius hurried me with my friend to that hot-bed of profligacy, Paris, where I managed to get desperately in debt. Day after day, week after week, I applied to my steward for money, until all possibility of further remittances entirely ceased.

Among other intelligent companions, I met one evening with an English officer of dragoons. He was a man of the strictest integrity, but addicted to the infatuation of gaming. Still he never suffered it to trespass beyond his means, which enabled him, by reason of their abundance, to indulge in every species of luxury or dissipation.

To him, on a fatal night, I mortgaged the whole of my property, and after some further intimacy, returned with him to his country-seat in Worcestershire, where he studiously

endeavoured to wean me from my infatuation, and generously promised, on condition of amendment, to return me my estate.

Among other society that he allured to Daunton-Moors, to beguile my listlessness of mind, was his sister Amelia, a beatiful creature of sixteen, and the heiress of a small demesne in the neighbourhood of Box-hill. The pen lingers in my hand while I retrace this part of my narrative. It is like the breath of spring blowing over a leafless desert, but it has gone—and sheds sweetness in my path no more.

I was for some time in company with the sister of my friend before I felt the full force of her attractions. We walked, we read, we conversed together, and still I was ignorant of the nature of the spell that detained me at Daunton-Moors. But one evening when I hinted to B—— my intention of departing on another continental excursion, I saw a tear glistening in the blue eye of his sister. I felt confused, I knew not why, and after some incoherent expressions, quitted the room. It was evening; the moon was up and instinctively I rambled to the little summer-house, where I had last parted with Amelia. The light tones of a harp echoed from the spot: it was a plaintive air, and she knew that I loved it. I could no longer mistake the nature of my feelings. I saw before me the only woman I had ever loved; the only one who had ever acknowledged partiality for me. Could I resist the opportunity? No! Let it suffice then to say, that in a short time she became my wife, and for once I believed that I was happy.

We continued at Daunton-Moors until the marriage-ceremony was concluded, and then returned to Llandilo-Vauhr, which my friend had by this time restored. For the first few months I felt contented with my situation: but, as the novelty ceased, the irksomeness of monotony ensued, and I soon began to imagine that I was not formed for domestic felicity. My disposition naturally gloomy, required perpetual stimulus to prevent its preying on itself. My debaucheries too had irreparably injured my constitution, and as daily experience proves, the excesses of our youth are drafts payable in old age, about thirty years after date.

We had now been some years united, and but one son was the fruit of our inauspicious marriage. He was, like myself, a wild headstrong boy, of high spirit and ungovernable passions, but tenderly attached to his mother. To her, as the poor uncomplaining victim of brutality, he was exemplary in his conduct, but to me he was coldly respectful. Often when Amelia motioned from my sight has quitted the room in tears, he has cut me to the heart with a look. Unable at last to submit any longer to my tyranny, he one day bade farewell to his almost distracted mother, and quitted her roof for ever. On hearing of his desertion I was maddened with alternate shame and rage. Amelia too, my fond affectionate Amelia, though she said nothing, upbraided me with the mournful eloquence of her looks, and the deep tranquillity of her sorrow.

It was about this time that my generous friend, the brother of my wife, died, leaving me eight hundred pounds as a legacy. This gave me an opportunity of revisiting London; and accordingly, having bade farewell to Amelia, I posted to the metropolis. Temptation was my decisive ruin, I met Dashwell (with whom for years I had ceased to correspond,) at ———, in St. James's-street, and strengthened my former predilection for gambling. I was not yet old enough to resist the influence of example, for though a married man, in the meridian of life, I had all the headstrong vivacity of youth.

A few weeks after my return to the metropolis, a match was made up between Cribb and Molineux; and Dashwell persuaded me to accompany him to the fight. We went. Bets to an enormous amount depended on the issue, and unfortunately I was one of the staunchest supporters of the black. I need not mention the result of the conflict, it is well known in the annals of the "Fancy," but let me add, that by this unlucky experiment I mortgaged my wife's estate at Box-hill. Desperation lent its wildest energy to my mind; and in the sanguine hope of retrieving my losses—I doubled, trebled, and lost the stakes, at the gambling-table to Dashwell. To redeem my good-name I returned with him to Llandilo, that the sale of my estate might answer his demands, but after he had stayed with me a few days, he

insisted on remitting the debt, and under the pretence of excessive friendship refused to accept of my proposal. Unprincipled libertine! the beauty of Amelia had inflamed his passions, and by kindness to the husband he resolved to attempt the seduction of the wife.

He succeeded but too well in his intentions. My unhappy temper gave him every facility, and after incredible difficulties, enabled him to wean his victim from her duty. Fool that I was. I imagined her an angel when she was but a woman!

Never—never can I forget the first hours of her desertion. It was a gloomy night in November, and I had just returned from grouse-shooting on the moors. I went into the parlour; it was empty, but Amelia, I imagined, was in bed. Ten, eleven, twelve o'clock struck, and still she came not. I rang the bell for my servant. "Is your mistress returned yet?" "No, Sir, but the old cottager at the gate says, that she was seen to enter a post-chaise with a gentlemen in black." "Liar," I replied, "it is not—it cannot be the case—she will surely return." A knock at the door interrupted me. I sprung forward—it opened—and the maid-servant entered the apartment. In the height of disappointment, I raved with passion—my mouth churned the foam of madness: I was carried senseless to my room.

In this manner days elapsed and still no intelligence of Amelia or her paramour. I remained about a week at Llandilo-Vauhr, and after dispatching emissaries in every direction, and visiting the metropolis in person, set off on a hurried journey to the continent.

On reaching Florence, among other exhibitions of that noble city, I stopped to see the receptacle for maniacs. I know not why it is, but I felt a Satanic pleasure in gloating over the sufferings of my fellow-creatures. I was wretched myself, and hated the sight of happiness in others. As I entered the cells an object of deepest distress presented itself in the person of a young man of prepossessing appearance. I enquired his history, and was informed that he was a surgeon in Edinburgh, who had lately lost his mother. He was dissecting one day at the hospital, according to the usual

practice of the medical students, when a resurrection-man brought in a corpse. It was his turn to anatomize the body, and as he drew away the coverlid for the purpose, he beheld the wasted features of his mother. His brain throbbed to madness at the sight—his senses fled for ever. Change of air was recommended—he was carried to Barreges, finally to Florence, where his disorder was pronounced incurable, and he was consigned to the custody of the keeper. His shrieks were the most terrific I ever heard. They breathed the very dialect of despair, and to silence them the keeper was compelled to have recourse to his whip.

As I write these words his figure is still before me, and never can it be forgotten. He was tall, thin, with a face shrouded with melancholy, except when the blood-shot eye was lighted up with the savage paroxysms of insanity. Such was now the case. His wounds had inflamed him; and he stood among the other maniacs, like Satan in the midst of the archangels. "There is blood on the earth," he yelled out, "but it flows from the veins of the dead. It is the blood of a mother pierced by the hand of a son. See," he continued, baring his right arm towards us, "how the black tide spurts from the corpse. It moves—the dull heavy eye moves—and seems to implore compassion. Mother! you are supplicating a dæmon—probe deep the lancet, there is blood enough to prove the murder. Tis well! the stream flows deep, the victim writhes in agony! Hah! hah! She shrieks—she dies—she is denouncing her child at the judgement-seat. Hark, sirs, did it not thunder then? Yes! It proclaims that the appeal is registered." With these words he rushed towards us and knelt at our feet for pity. His appearance was intensely fearful—and is one of the few incidents that the human mind shudders at remembering.

On quitting Florence, I set out for London; and with the eager impetuosity of a novice hurried into every debauchery. I frequented the theatres, the gaming-tables, the brothels, and saw vice in its most refined and degraded fashion. Still I was the slave of remembrance, alike incapable of enjoying happiness myself or of bestowing it to others.

As I was returning one night from the theatre, a female, clothed in rags and squalid with famine, advanced to supplicate assistance. I gazed at her with loathing, and by the light of the lamp that burnt dimly in the street, discovered the features of Amelia. Her seducer, it seems, had deserted her and departed for the West Indies, where he died of the yellow-fever. The wretched supplicant recognized me at a glance, and affected me so fully by her situation, that I caused her to be conveyed to my lodgings and treated with every attention. I visited her the next day: She was diseased: incurably diseased! Gracious God! do I live to write these damning words?—the wife of my bosom—the mother of my child—the sister of my friend—was dying of a detestable infection.

The kind attention of a physician recovered her in part from her disorder, but never from the silent melancholy that fed upon her heart-strings. I removed her to Aberystwith, that the air might renovate her constitution; but my exertions were vain; my forgiveness, she said, would alone cure her, which, with some hesitation, was granted. She was now evidently dying, and would remain for days in the seclusion of her chamber, absorbed in thought, or prostrate in silent adoration. In the strictest sense of the word she was a penitent, and had she lived, might ultimately have regained my confidence; but this was not to be, and her dissolution was hastened by the following catastrophe.

It was her frequent custom to ramble about the beach at Aberystwith, an excursion in which I sometimes accompanied her. We were wandering one evening upon the seashore, when a figure, muffled in a night-cloak, stole silently towards us. The moon shone bright, and enabled us to watch the progress of his steps. He advanced with a faultering pace in the direction we were taking, and drawing a pistol from its hiding-place, discharged it at my wife. I rushed towards the robber, seized his remaining weapon and lodged the contents in his heart. He fell with a deep groan,—the mask dropped from his face,—and disclosed the countenance of my son. Amelia knew him again, and was seized with a delirious fever. For myself, I know not what I did,—

I remembered only that my injustice had driven my child to disobedience,—ultimately to robbery,—and that—I—I was the murderer.

Month after month thus rolled on,—varied only by the deeper gradations of wretchedness, and found us once again at Llandilo-Vaulir. We buried our child in the ancestral vault, and paid a daily visit to his grave. His mother was fast following, but so imperceptible was her decay, and so linked with sweetness was the decline that lured her to the tomb, that she appeared to sink into the embraces of death like an infant hushed to repose on the bosom of its parent.

A short time previous to her dissolution, her bodily strength increased, but the faculties of her mind were impaired. Symptoms of a melancholy madness appeared, through which a few transient gleams of reason would break forth; like the sun struggling through the clouds of winter. By the grave of her only child, she would utter incoherent rhapsodies, and answer as if in conference with his spirit. The thoughts of her desolation would then flash across her soul, and she would take relief in tears. Brute though I was, I could not witness such affliction unmoved. I could not hear her in the hour of derangement call upon me as if I was still happy, and she was innocent; and remind me of our better days of wedlock. Poor Amelia! She was gradually decaying, and even now the mere shadow of what she once was; wandering, with a noiseless step about the house, like a ghost that haunts the scene of departed enjoyment.

At the extremity of our garden-plot was a jessamine bower, that, in happier times, had been her favourite summer residence. Her books and her music were still there, and the picture of her son adorned the wainscot. Instinctively she bent her steps towards it, and played on the long neglected instrument a few plaintive airs of infancy. I met her one morning when thus employed: She was gazing wistfully on the portrait of her child, and breathing a song that had once rocked him to slumber in his cradle. I addressed her with the tenderest affection, I endeavoured to wean her from the object, but she resisted my attempt and burst into a wild shout of delirium. God of heaven! what were my feelings

at the instant? She laughed—but it was a laugh in which the head and the heart were alike unconcerned;—a laugh that sounded the dirge of dead reason. Petrified with horror I advanced, but she disengaged herself, and with an air of determined wildness rushed into her chamber. I followed, anticipating the most fatal consequences. I knocked,—I entreated,—I thundered for admittance. "Amelia," I exclaimed, "dear Amelia, it is Edward who calls." Still no answer was returned; but methought I heard the door of the closet, in which my razors were usually kept, close with a gentle sound. I peeped through a slight aperture in the wainscot, and saw the weapon already glittering in the hands of Amelia. My respiration came thick and heavy,—I was wound up to an intensity of desperation, and burst into the apartment. It was too late—a loud shriek was heard and the wretched one sunk, bathed in blood, upon the floor. She was alive when I entered, but the purple-tide was ebbing fast away. Her senses for an instant returned, and as she beckoned me to her side a smile of resignation played round her wan countenance. As I approached, her eye grew heavy,—it fixed,—it closed,—Amelia was a corpse.

The sight of death, even in a stranger, is awful; but when associated with the friends whom in life we have loved, becomes insupportable. Fancy then recalls every unkind word,—every unfriendly action;—we remember their virtues;—we dwell on their various acts of benevolence, and painfully confess, when too late, that they are, indeed, gone for ever. I felt this bitter truth,—every harsh expression I had used to Amelia now heaped coals of fire upon my head. I saw the eye, that had once beamed love, glazed with the dull film of corruption, and felt that I was myself to blame. In a state of phrenzy I rushed into the open air. The sun was bright in heaven,—the birds carolled on the spray,—the leaves looked green upon the trees,—but, like Satan in the garden of Eden, I cursed them in the bitterness of my heart.

On the fourth day from the death of my poor wife I heard a noise proceeding from the room where she slumbered,—I listened—it was the chink of the Undertaker's hammer as he soldered down the coffin that concealed her for ever from

my view. The day appointed for her funeral was a melancholy one, and excited the sympathy of the whole neighbourhood. She was followed to her long-home by those whom in life she had befriended, and who, in the excess of grateful affection, paid this last tribute of respect to her memory.

Happy Amelia! thy sorrows are at last ended,—thy repose eternal,—while, plunged in intensest thought, I know no respite to despair. My better feelings are gone; and, like the reptile that wears away ages in the rock, I am cased in the adamantine fence of apathy. The moon comes up in her glory,—the stars shine and fade again,—ocean heaves aloft his billows,—all nature tunes her music to the soul,—but the harmony echoes through the universe unheard alone by me. At night-fall I cling to the remembrance of my wife: Fancy is then again at work with her fiends of hell to lash me into madness. Softened at times by the memory of the past, I walk where Amelia once walked,—weep as she has once wept,—and when the thunder God treads in his fury along the trembling floor of heaven, fancy I hear the Omnipotent Judge pronouncing a sentence of damnation on the murderer.

It was but last night that the spirit of my wife appeared, and motioned me to follow. Awe-struck I obeyed,—and away we sped through the wide viewless atmosphere. Millions of souls were near us,—millions of realms around,—but all was dark shapelessness. The moon was dead, the sun entombed in the world's grave. On a sudden we stood as if fixed to adamant, while above us shone a faint light through a dun atmosphere of clouds. The chaunting of Hosannahs arose, and a voice from the lampless empyreum pealed in thunder towards me. It raked up the sins of the past,—it called for retribution on the murderer. I was denounced,—the Almighty-eye was on me,—and beside me stood the spirit of Amelia clothed in light, and crying to the bar of heaven for vengeance. The world methought then rushed to judgment, and sin awaited its wages. Then came by the Roman who murdered his mother, and hung in incestuous wantonness over the corpse. The Indian Satrap who condemned his own father to the scaffold. They heard

their sentence; for them the mercy-seat was opened;—on me it was closed for ever. I was hurled through illimitable space,—my crimes made to themselves voices; clothed themselves as it were in the garb of fiends, and shouted my damnation in my ear.

My vision,—my tale is ended,—I am widowed and childless upon earth. Like Logan, the American chieftain, my blood runs not in the veins of any living being; and there is none left to mourn for me. My crimes preclude hope,—I cannot—I durst not believe;—the puny culprit may repent, but the murderer must still linger on, hopeless and unbelieving. The limp willow bends to each blast, but the stubborn oak stands unmoved amid the storms. Like the oak I too must shortly decay, and be an eternal dweller in the narrow-house.

TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW.

(*From the British Martial.*)

As fiddlers and archers who cunningly know
The way to procure themselves merit,
Will always provide them two strings to their bow,
And manage their business with spirit;

So likewise the provident maiden should do,
Who would make the best use of her beauty,
If her mark she would hit, or her lesson play through,
Two lovers must still be on duty.

Thus arm'd against chance, and secure of supply,
Thus far our revenge we may carry,
One spark for our sport—we may jilt and set by—
And t'other, poor soul, we may marry.

ANSWER.

Accept, prudent maiden, whoever you are,
Our thanks for this honest confession;
We'll try (and 'twill surely be nothing but fair)
To borrow a hint from your lesson.

And should we pursue it; don't give yourselves airs,
Or say that from justice we wander;
For cooks always serve, as the proverb declares,
One sauce for the goose and the gander.

And as to your beaux—tho' the swain whom your choice
Condemns still a Cœlebs to tarry,
May call in his neighbours, and bid them rejoice:—
Lord help the poor soul whom you marry.

B.

REMARKS ON AGRICULTURE, &c.

(Concluded from p. 198.)

Let us examine how far the particular interest of the farmer is affected by taxation.—A reduction on leather and malt, is the principal by which the farmer is led to believe that he will be benefited. Supposing so much of the tax on leather to be taken off as 50 per cent., and the price of leather to fall in consequence one-fourth, the principal benefit would be to the labourer in the price of his shoes, for the prime-cost of harness and the repairs of it, looking to the duration of a set of harness, would be affected to an extent which cannot be productive of any sensible benefit to the farmer. Supposing on a farm of 300 acres, a set of harness for six horses to cost 28*l.* and to last 14 years, and the repairs to amount to 7*l.* annually, the amount of capital sunk in 14 years, will be in purchase and repairs 126*l.* without interest. Let the rent be 500*l.* per annum, the capital sunk in 14 years is 7000*l.* Supposing by the diminution of the tax 50 per cent. the prime-cost of harness and repairs reduced one-fourth, then 31*l.* 10s. will be saved to the farmer in 14 years, or about 1-225th part of the capital paid in rent in that time. To the labourer also the advantage will be but trifling, as the price of a pair of shoes to the labourer is 16s. which last a twelvemonth, one-fourth of which is 4s. about three farthings a week.

With respect to the malt-tax, I would suppose it to be at what it was in 1792. The price of malt was then 47s., of barley 29s. 6d. per quarter, (the highest price in each case.) Subjoined is the expence of cultivating 15 acres of barley, in the years 1792 and 1822.

1792—Ploughing, 12s. per day - -	£9	0 0	
Seed, 6 quarters a 29s. 6d. per quarter - - - - - - - -	8	17 0	
Harrowing and sowing - - -	1	8 0	
Labour 3*l.* 15s.—mowing 2*l.* 5s.	6	0 0	
Thrashing 75 quarters a 1s. 10d.	6	17 6	
			32 2 6
The rent - - -			15 0 0
Poor Rates - -			1 10 0
			£48 12 6

Sold 75 quarters a 29s. 6d.	£110	12 6
Deduct - - - - - - -	48	12 6
	£62	0 0 Profit

In 1822 the price of best Barley is about 26s. 6d. per quarter,—of Malt 58s. Expence of cultivating 15 acres of Barley in 1822—

Ploughing - - - - - -	£11	5 0	
Seed, 6 quarters a 26s. 6d. pr. q.	7	19 0	
Sowing and harrowing -	1	14 0	
Labour 5*l.* 5s.—mowing 2*l.* 5s.	7	10 0	
Thrashing 75 quarters a 2s. 3d. per quarter - - - - - -	8	8 3	
			36 16 3
The rent - -			25 0 0
Poor Rates -			5 0 0
			£66 16 3

Sold 75 quarters a 26s. 6d.	£99	7 6
Deduct for expences - -	66	16 3
	£32	11 3 Profit.

Supposing malt and barley at the prices of 1792—labour, rent, and rates, as in 1822, the profit on 15 acres will be according to the foregoing scale 42*l.* 18s. 3d.

Supposing labour as in 1792, rent 25 per cent. more, and rates double of those paid in 1792, and prices to be as in 1822, then the profit will be 46*l.* 6s.—If we suppose labour and prices to be as in 1792, malt at 47s. barley 29s. 6d.; rents

one-fourth more, and poor's-rates double, then the profit will be 56*l.* 15s.

It is, I conceive, too late at this period to consider what relief may be afforded to the agriculturist by an alteration of the Corn Laws—whatever changes may be adopted in the present system, the distresses of the day must be met by a more general remedy, for the depreciation of the value of produce is not confined to corn, but extends equally to hay, stock, wood, &c.—Neither can we account for the present depreciation in the prices of corn by attributing that depreciation to a vast importation—for since the middle of 1818, the average has been below 80, and therefore no foreign corn imported since that period has been brought to market—that offered in the market since that time must have been previously imported—now previous to 1814, at a time when importation was carried to the greatest extent, the average of annual importation never exceeded 479,086 quarters of wheat, or about 1-26th of the annual consumption, reckoned 12,400,000.—Supposing, therefore, the quantity of foreign corn in store in 1818, to have been when the ports closed 1-13th part or four weeks consumption, which is supposing an extreme case, and that the quantity annually grown since that time in England, to have been of itself equal to the demand, then there will always have been an excess of supply over the demand of 1-13th part—and supposing the demand sufficient to maintain wheat of our growth at 80s. When all foreign corn is excluded from the market, the quantity necessary to reduce the price to 56s. must have been equivalent to 3-10ths of the consumption, or about 15 weeks' consumption, which is more than seven times the amount of the highest average of annual importation.

With respect to the question of tythe, it is one which I conceive ought to be considered rather with reference to the whole policy of the system under which it is now paid, than as applicable to the Agricultural distress of any particular period, for the payment of tythe is founded on immemorial custom. It is a certain proportion of the gross produce of the soil taken from the cultivator, the amount of which is regulated on a fixed principle, which regards the quantity

of the produce, not its value; and, therefore, the composition paid for it will always be regulated by the prices of the day, and the expences at which the produce of which it is a part, can be raised.

I have chosen this period (of 1792) as one of general reference, since it is that from which the great increase in rents, in poor's-rates, and general expences, may be justly dated: and it is one to which the economists of the day would reduce the public expenditure; and shall close my observations by asserting, that no retrenchment of public expenditure can benefit the agriculturist, unless accompanied by a corresponding one in the sums he pays for rent, poor's-rates, and labour, and in the general extravagance of the times.

March 2, 1822.

To the Editor of the Sporting Repository.

SIR,

PERMIT me to present to the notice of your Sporting readers, a translation of some elegant stanzas from "The French early Poets." But few men know better how to appreciate its excellency than Sportsmen. Their situation and habits of life have rendered them familiar with all the objects described therein. APRIL never appeared in a better garb, nor were greater honours ever conferred upon it.—Being appropriate for the present month, I shall be happy to see it inserted in your interesting and valuable work.

Your's, &c. &c.

J. F. G.

April 8, 1822.

APRIL,

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF REMY BELLEAU.

APRIL, sweet month, the daintiest of all,
Fair thee befal:
April, fond hope of fruits that lie
In buds of swathing cotton wrapt,
There closely lapt,
Nursing their tender infancy

April, that dost thy yellow, green, and blue,
All round thee strew,
When, as thou go'st, the grassy floor
Is with a million flowers depeint,
Whose colours quaint
Have diaper'd the meadows o'er.

April, at whose glad coming Zephyrs rise
With whisper'd sighs,
Then on their light wing brush away,
And hang amid the woodlands fresh
Their aery mesh
To tangle Flora on her way.

April, it is thy hand that doth unlock,
From plain and rock,
Odours and hues, a balmy store,
That breathing lie on Nature's breast,
So richly blest,
That earth or heaven can ask no more.

April, thy blooms, amid the tresses laid
Of my sweet maid,
Adown her neck and bosom flow;
And in a wild profusion there,
Her shining hair
With them hath blent a golden glow.

April, the dimple smiles, the playful grace,
That in the face
Of Cytherea haunt, are thine;
And thine the breath, that from their skies
The deities
Inhale, an offering at thy shrine.

'Tis thou that dost with summons blythe and soft,
High up aloft,
From banishment these heralds bring,
These swallows, that along the air
Scud swift, and bear
Glad tidings of the merry spring.

April, the hawthorn and the eglantine,
Purple woodbine,
Streaked pink, and lily-cup, and rose,
And thyme, and marjoram, are spreading,
Where thou art treading,
And their sweet eyes for thee unclose.

The little nightingale sits singing aye
On leafy spray,
And in her fitful strain doth run
A thousand and a thousand changes,
With voice that ranges
Through every sweet division.

April, it is when thou dost come again,
That love is fain
With gentlest breath the fires to wake,
That cover'd up and slumbering lay,
Through many a day,
When winter's chill our veins did slake.

Sweet month, thou seest at this jocund prime
Of the spring-time,
The hives pour out their lusty young,
And hear'st the yellow bees that ply,
With laden thigh,
Murmuring the flowery wilds among.

May shall with pomp his wavy wealth unfold,
His fruits of gold,
His fertilizing dews, that swell
In manna on each spike and stem,
And like a gem,
Red honey in the waxen cell.

Who will may praise him; but my voice shall be,
Sweet month, for thee;
Thou that to her dost owe thy name,
Who saw the sea-wave's foamy tide
Swell and divide,
Whence forth to life and light she came.

To the Editor of the Sporting Repository.

Sir,

The great danger to which the sportsman of Bombay exposes himself in hunting the lion, is, perhaps, unknown to the generality of your readers. Self-preservation, in the first instance, impelled the inhabitants of those parts to the chase; and dangerous as the pursuit is, it has latterly been considered by the gentlemen there as a fashionable amusement. The

most fatal hunt of this sort took place some few years back, at Kaira, near Bombay;—when no less than five persons (three men, a woman and child) became victims to the fury of these animals. If you think it will be acceptable to the readers of the Sporting Repository, I shall consider the trouble of transcribing it fully compensated.

London,
March 25, 1822.

Yours, &c.

ANONYMOUS.

A BOMBAY LION-HUNT.

THE sporting gentlemen of this station were informed that three lions had been discovered in a small jungle, two miles from Beereije. Immediate preparations were made to assemble a large party, and to proceed to chase them from thence. Intermediately, accounts were received that the size and ferocity of the animals had struck a panic into the adjacent villages; that six of the natives, who had unwarily approached their haunts, had been torn and mangled, and left to expire in the greatest agonies; and, that it was no longer safe for the inhabitants to proceed to the usual occupations of husbandry, or to turn out their cattle to pasture, as several of them had been hunted down and killed. These accounts only stimulated the British Nimrods; and a party of 16 gentlemen having assembled on the 24th, proceeded to the scene of action, accompanied by a body of armed peons from the Adaulet and Revenue departments. The guides took them to the precise spot where the three lions were reposing in state. The party advanced, with due caution, to within a few paces of the jungle, without disturbing the residents. A momentary pause, big with expectation, succeeded. At that instant, three dogs, which had joined the hunt, unconscious of danger, approached the very threshold of the presence, and were received with such a sepulchral groan, as, for a moment, 'made the bravest hold his breath.' One of the dogs was killed, the other two fled and were seen no more. Presently, a lioness was indistinctly observed at the mouth of the den: a few arrows were discharged with a view to irritate her, and induce her to make an attack on her assailants; but this did

not succeed, as she broke cover in an opposite direction, with two cubs about two thirds grown. The party pursued the fugitives on foot as fast as the nature of the ground, newly ploughed, would admit; when suddenly one of the men, who had been stationed in the trees, called out to the gentlemen to be on their guard. This arrested their progress. They turned on one side to some heights, when they descried an enormous lion, which was approaching them through an open field at an easy canter, and lashing his tail in a style of indescribable grandeur. The foremost of the party presented their pieces and fired, just as the animal had cleared, at one bound, a chasm which was between them of twelve feet broad. He was, apparently, wounded in the shoulder, but nevertheless sprung on Mr. M., whose arm he lacerated dreadfully; and feeling, at the same time, a peon's lance, he relinquished his first hold, seized the poor man by the throat, and strangled him before the party dared fire, lest they should kill his victim. He was now at bay, but sheltered in such a manner as rendered it difficult to bring him down; when, suddenly, the man on the look-out gave another alarm, and the party almost immediately perceived a lioness, which had broken cover, approaching their rear. The same instant their ears were assailed by the shrieks and yells of men, women, and children, occasioned by the animal crossing the road in the midst of the coolies that were carrying tiffin to the villages. A woman and a child were, almost immediately, sacrificed to her fury. The woman was literally torn to pieces. This proved not the last calamity of this memorable hunt. The gentlemen, with the peons, left their former enemy to attack the lioness, who threatened the village. The party, from the rapid manner in which the beast was followed, were not able to keep very compact; and, most unfortunately, four of the collector's peons advanced upon the place where the lioness had laid down. She immediately sprung upon the nearest, and brought him to the ground, and crushed his skull, and tore his face, so that not a feature was discernible, and the skin literally hung in the wind. A companion, who advanced to his assistance, she seized by the thigh: the man, in the agony of pain, caught the beast by the throat, when she quitted his thigh,

and fastened on his arm and breast. At this moment, the gentlemen advanced within fifteen paces, and as she was still standing over her unfortunate victim, lodged twenty balls in her body. She retreated to the hedge, where some more shots terminated her existence. She had abundance of milk, which, from the novelty, most of the party tasted. Both of the peons died in a few hours. Mr. M. recovered, though his life was for some time despaired of.

ARMS FOUND;

OR THE DOUBLE MISTAKE.

An Heraldic Story.

A SOLDIER, who had been in battle,
And heard its bustle and its rattle,
Came back at length to England's shore,
For *arms* he now *no longer bore:*
A little pun, alas! is this;
Kind reader, take it not amiss,
If I should say—though something loth—
In battle he had lost them both!
He got his pension—walk'd about—
And felt his health extremely stout;
But still he found in life few charms;
Indeed, who could without his arms.

One day, in rambling through the town,
Now gazing up, now gazing down,
He saw, in letters "bright and fair,"
And truly much they made him stare,
"ARMS FOUND," above a window, gay
With seals, and other such display;
Who would not, in this man's condition,
Rush in, and for *his arms* petition?

"I want *my arms found,* Sir," he said
To one, who, with a powder'd head,
Stood ready such commands to take:
He bow'd, and begg'd his thanks to make,
Handed a chair, and thus began
His speech to the astonish'd man.

" Of arms, good Sir, the sorts I'll mention;
First of *Dominion*, then *Pretention*,
Concession, and *Community*,
Then *Patronage*, and *Family*,
Alliance, and *Succession* next,
And one sort more,—but be not vext—
If yours prove such,—you're not alone—
Assumptive is the last sort known.
Then, Sir, 'tis fit that we should know
About your *house*, pray start not so,
For much of *houses*, Sir, is reckon'd,
Pray is your house the *first* or *second?*
Then, that we may be true recorders,
All should be known about your *Orders;*
And, as with feelings we're no sporters,
'Tis right that you should have *Supporters*,
Emblazon'd gay as any grotto;
And then, Sir, there's the Latin *Motto;*
Then as to *Crest*,—for Crests will strike—
Perhaps a *Helmet*, or a *Pike*,
A *Sabre*, or a *Bloody-hand*,
Such things as these look vastly grand.

Pray were *your arms* your father's, mother's,
Uncle's, first cousin's, or what others?
All this, Sir, must be fully known,
Before *your arms* can well be shown;
Then, for a *Lozenge*, or a *Shield*,
And so display them on a *Field;*
Or, or"——" Stop, stop, you prating elf,"
The Soldier cried, beside himself,
With sheer confusion and vexation,
" You well might puzzle half the nation;
With *Lozenges* I don't agree,
Tobacco is the thing for me;
As for a *Shield* I've heard indeed,
The Roman chaps such things might need,
But British lads should always doubt 'em,
In short, we do quite well without 'em:
As for your *first and second house;*
I care not, Sir, a single souse;
Living, as I do, much by dodging,
I'm well contented with a lodging;
My residence I'll now explain,
'Tis Nag's Head Court, in Drury Lane:
Supporters, Crests, and *Mottoes* grand,
I really do not understand;

But as for *Orders*, I've had more
Than most,—but orders are a bore—
Order'd I've been, or I'm a sinner,
To march, when going just to dinner;
And, when in sleep I've lost all pain,
I've oft been order'd up again:
Helmets and *Pikes* I know full well;
And oft have made the *Sabre* tell;
To *Bloody-hands* I've been no stranger,
I've sought them in the front of danger;
Mine they no more, alas! can be,
Unless you *find my arms* for me:
As to my father and my mother,
Uncle or aunt, or any other,
My arms as theirs could ne'er be known,
Indeed, *my arms* were all my own:
Then for the *Field* you kindly mention,
You need not follow your intention,
My arms want nothing of the sort,
They have *a field* most dearly bought,
For they repose with not a few,
Within *the field of Waterloo!*"

"Farewell, my friend," th' engraver said,
Your country still must find you bread;
And through your life, sober or mellow,
You'll always be *an armless fellow.*"

To the Editor of the Sporting Repository.

SIR,

THE new work of Mrs. Opie's, just published, entitled "Madeline," passes so just and merited a compliment upon Sportsmen in the following extract, that I beg you to give it a place in your Repository.

Falconer, the husband of Madeline, was the son of an earl, and compelled to keep his marriage a secret for two years; after these restraints were removed, he introduces her, for the first time, to a public dinner, given principally to some celebrated Sportsmen of his neighbourhood. The particulars are well described by this celebrated authoress.

I am, Sir, your most obedient Servant,

G. LAMB.

April 6, 1822.

MADELINE.

"The dinner went off to our heart's content. When the gentlemen of the hunt, who were all invited to dinner, were assembled, Mr. Falconer told them that he had an unexpected addition to the party to introduce to them, namely, his wife: a lady to whom he had the happiness of being married nearly two years; but that particular reasons had obliged him to keep his marriage secret, and that he was happy to take this public opportunity of declaring his marriage, and presenting me to his friends. He then led me in, attended by the wife and daughter of the rector of the parish, to whom he had told our story, and shown proofs of both our marriages; and whose presence was necessary to sanction my appearance among so many gentlemen. It was long since I had felt so unembarrassed, so full of self-possession, as I did on entering this room. The consciousness that every stain was now removed from my reputation, and that the mystery and concealment which I had hated were annihilated for ever, crimsoned over my pale cheek with something of its former bloom, lighted up my eyes with a brilliancy now unusual to them, and made my husband once more behold me with pride and approbation. 'This is better than I hoped for, dearest,' said he, encouraging me still more by one of his kindest smiles; and at that moment methought I could have faced a sovereign on his throne! but I had nothing so formidable to encounter. The gentlemen of the hunt are men of high breeding, and had I even been as timid as usual, their manner would have re-assured me. Even my correspondent of the preceding day behaved with great propriety, and would, if I had given him an opportunity, have looked at me a volume of penitence and apology. Still, as a gentleman I could not consider *him*, because he had told me falsehoods concerning Mr. Falconer's infidelity: for now, no longer blinded by the jealousy and alarm incident to my equivocal situation, I saw things as they really were; and when my husband, on reading the letter which my warm-hearted maid brought, asked me if it was necessary for him to disavow those

accusations, I was able to assure him that I had even forgotten they were ever made.

"I was agreeab y surprised to find that the discourse turned so much le-s than I expected on the hunting of the morning, and I concluded it was out of compliment to us ladies. The conversation was on general subjects, and kept up well by my husband and three or four of the gentlemen. I ventured to bear a part in it occasionally, to convince the company that Mr. Falconer had not married a fool; but I soon recollected that silence would probably give them a higher idea of me than display, and I rarely spoke, except when my husband did me the honour of asking my opinion. My female companions were unobtrusive gentlewomen, and nothing disturbed the harmony and pleasure of the day, till my frame proved too weak for the exertions which my mind and heart had dictated, and I was obliged to leave the room. My husband conducted me, as if he would not omit the slightest opportunity of giving me consequence in the eyes of his friends, by the most respectful attention."

LIFE IN LONDON.

LETTER I.——(CONCLUDED.)

"Oh! the wretch!" exclaimed a female in the crowd.—"What are you doing there?" says another; while a third was rushing through the people as though desirous of seizing hold of me. By this time I was brought to a complete sense of recollection; and whilst my face was undergoing, if possible, all the various shades of the rainbow, I put my shirt in its proper place; and finding some busily employed in raising the woman who had fallen, I thus addressed myself to the surrounding spectators. "Friends—you are doubtless surprized to see me in this situation, [we are, you wretch, exclaimed two or three voices,] but allow me to assure you, a most unfortunate and unpropitious accident is the cause, [pretty accident, says one.] Business of importance having called me here at this early hour, I little expected that my

visit would have been attended with such unpleasant results. My face, which you perceive is still plaistered with mud, was done by the unruly hand of a passing stranger, on my entrance into these doors. The female whom you saw lying at my feet is to me a perfect stranger. Little did I imagine that I should have occasioned such a shock to her feelings, or I never would have attempted, in this place——" [" Let me get hold of him—let me get hold of him,"—cried out two or three females, giving me, at the same time, a most unutterable look.] I now found it impossible to proceed any further—the noise and confusion were so great that I could not hear myself utter a word. The abrupt interruption in my sentence, made the affair appear still more unfavourable; I meant to say—" or I never would have attempted, in this place, to have adjusted my appearance, but would have suffered the mud to have remained on my face for ever, rather than have brought myself into this dilemma." This, however, they did not hear, and in one minute I found myself hoisted upon the shoulders of two or three men, whilst the cries of " Take him to the pump—take him to the pump;" resounded through the whole house. And in this situation were they proceeding to take me down-stairs, when the female who had been the innocent cause came out. Every eye was upon her. She stated the case as briefly as possible to two or three of her own sex, who appeared most violent against me. In the mean while, the boy who had admitted me into the house was relating the circumstance of the mud being thrown in my face, to those nearest to him:— by these statements I became so completely exonerated from blame, that the men immediately put me down, and apologized for the rough manner in which they had handled me; one of whom insisted upon my taking a small glass of brandy in order to recruit my spirits, which he immediately sent for, and which did me a vast deal of good, for I was never before, nor never since, in such a situation; and I fervently hope, Mr. Editor, it may be the last time. The women, who appeared perfectly ashamed of the part they had taken, made the best of their way down-stairs. To my great joy, I found the gentleman whom I went to see had gone, for I was by no means prepared for an interview.

I hastened home with all possible speed, not a little ashamed of my morning's rencontre. In my way I called at the house of the neighbour who had first suggested the plan of my becoming a newspaper writer. He looked at me with astonishment, without uttering a word, and appeared anxious that I should first broach the business. I asked him what he thought of me? Have you been fighting, says he, or what? I related the whole affair in the presence of his wife, and though he appeared to listen with gravity, I could plainly discover that she could scarcely contain herself, and more than once smothered a laugh in my presence. Do you not know, says she, that it is the *first of April?* I bit my lips with vexation, and without uttering a word, walked out of the house, shutting the room-door after me in that sort of way which fully bespoke the sentiments of my mind.

Whilst I was yet undergoing the severest paroxysms of vexation, I walked home to my apartments, which was only a few doors off, and without making the slightest reply to the "good-mornings, sir," as I went up-stairs, I entered my room, where I gave free vent to my ravings, insomuch that I became apprehensive, from some conversation that I overheard near my room-door, that I should soon have a strait-waistcoat sent for me. These apprehensions completely soothed my mind, and called me back to reflection, and by the time that I had washed and cleaned myself, a gentle tap was made at my door. I opened it—it was the friend, or rather enemy, whose house I had just left. He insisted upon my going with him to breakfast. I reluctantly yielded to his solicitation; I found, however, that I had no reason to repent it: his wife apologized for her rudeness, and set before me a good cup of coffee and a roll. He joked me upon my going to make a demand from the editor of the paper before I knew whether my production was inserted, or even approved.

"I am, (says he) at the present time, engaged in the compilation of a very extensive work, for a celebrated bookseller, which will occupy me for more than twelve months, if I do not have assistance. I have named you to my employer for this purpose, and after you have prepared a certain portion of copy, pursuant to my direction, you are to take them to

him for his inspection, and to propose your terms. I need not say that I most gladly accepted of this proposal, and set to work immediately: in four days I completed my task, called upon the bookseller, and waited full an hour before I had the honour of an audience. Four others were waiting beside myself. A bell rung, and two of us, who were there first, were ushered up-stairs. No sooner had we entered, than the gentleman who went up with me began to apologize for some delay that had taken place in the printing of a work. The choler of the bookseller rose, he requested to have the roll of paper which was in his hand, (it appeared a packet of proofs and copies closely tied up) and no sooner had he got it, than he threw it with violence through a pane of glass, and requested the man immediately to go and pick it up, and go about his business, and not to forget, at his peril, to send a glazier to mend the window!

I positively trembled, and began to think my neighbour had designedly involved me in fresh difficulties. I was disappointed. He asked me my business with the most angelic complacency; looked over my MSS. and testified an approbation which my most sanguine expectations could not have anticipated. His terms I found were liberal—and, understanding, he said, that I wanted cash, he put a five-pound-note into my hand.

I found my way home it is true, but scarcely knew whether I stood upon my feet or my head. I introduced my friend to my jolly companions at the Parrot, and we commemorated the day with copious potations of cobler's punch, a favourite drink at that house. Since that period, I have become possessed of 500*l.* through the demise of an uncle in the West Indies, with which, and the occasional helps I receive from the learned fraternity of booksellers, I manage to live tolerably respectable in my little apartment in Grub-street.

Having made you acquainted with the events of my early life, I shall in my next give you the particulars of some ludicrous scenes that took place a few days since in London.

CI-DEVANT SYNTAX.

MORE LIFE.

A FEW days since, three "*Swells*" who *stated their names to be* Hayward, Jamieson, and Knighton, were brought in custody from the "*Roundakin*" before Mr. Evance, at Union Hall, charged with having, in a novel sort of way, performed principal characters in "Life in London;" and of stealing the stock in trade of several of the conservators of nocturnal tranquillity; the case was stated by one of these worthies as follows:—"Please your Honours' Worship, at half-past two this morning *these here three Gemmen was* ringing the bells on my beat, which is in the Surry Road; I tould 'un quietly to *resist*, but they wou'dent; and this is not the worst part on't, for please your worship, they dragged the handles off, upon which your worship, I sprung my rattle, and then they began, your worship, to shew fight, and that 'ere gemman (pointing to Knighton) seized my lanthern and rattle, and swore a wicked word that he had an order for fifty *glims* and *cacklers*, and he would be d——d if his customers should not be *sarved*."

It appeared some other of the worthy guardians coming up, a general fight took place, which ended in Tom, Jerry, and Logic, capturing the following implements of the watchmen's stock in trade, viz. three rattles, two lantherns, and a *small swish*, about five inches in circumference; however, a reinforcement of the "Charleys" arriving, a rally took place, and Messrs. Hayward, Jamieson, and Knighton, were finally overpowered and conveyed to *quod*. On being brought before the magistrate, the charge as entered in the watch-book was read, and it imputed to them the "assaulting of John Keely, Martin Briely, and others, and with force and arms, and against their will, feloniously stealing, taking, and carrying away the before-named rattles, lantherns, &c., against the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King," &c. Upon being called upon to give an answer to so grave a charge, and to account for themselves, Mr. Jamieson described himself to be a merchant's clerk, Mr. Hayward said he was a gentleman, and Mr. Knighton followed the profession of a surgeon. They all declared the first attack had been made upon them, "upon my honour your worship."

The magistrate reprobated in strong terms the conduct they had been guilty of, and said he was not certain whether he should commit upon the felony or the assault;—at this these worthies pricked up their ears, appeared much alarmed, and they were ordered to be put aside.

They were, however, in the course of the day, allowed to apply some "*sovereign*" remedies for the injury done, and after a suitable admonition were discharged.

NED'S DISASTER AT THE EPPING HUNT.

"HUNTING's a horrid bus'ness, 'pon my soul,"
Said Ned, as from a stage-coach he was stepping;
And well he might, for he'd just had a roll
Under a *prad* he hir'd to hunt at Epping.

A roll not butter'd is an aukward thing,
A *King's-Bench roll* is sometimes worse than that is;
But he who from his *trotter* has a fling,
Meets with a *roll* which proves that he a flat is.

So Ned was serv'd when following the stag—
A deep old file as ever led the dogs—
All gay in buckskins he bestrode his nag,
And gay besides in all his upper *togs*.

His *Rosinante* was a very jade;
Go she would not—but yet knew how to kick—
Using his spurs *by chance*, poor Ned was laid
In a deep ditch, where mud was rather thick!

Laugh not, ye lads of *ton*, for all must learn—
You should not laugh, and I will tell you why;
When taken up, though *daub'd* from stem to stern,
Yet it was found that Ned was *in full-cry*.

The country folks were kind, they wash'd his face,
And gave him, what by some is called *a grassing*,
That is, they dragg'd him up and down the place,
Then popp'd him in a Woodford stage, just passing.

They promised too to keep his vicious mare,
Provided that the *Johnny Raws* could catch her;
"Till you can send," said one great *whopstraw* there,
"Or may be, sir, *you'd like to come and fetch her*."

Ned got to town, and spoke my tale's beginning;
Then vow'd he never more would *cross the mare*,
Not if ten thousand he was sure of winning;
Was a good boy, and ne'er did so again!

J. M. LACY.

Field Sports for the Month.

Racing,—At Newmarket Craven Meeting, Malton, Durham, Newmarket First Spring Meeting, Catterick-Bridge, and Middleham.

Hunting,—The stag, buck, and fox,—the latter is not very common.

Angling,—Salmon-pink, carp, perch, dace, roach, greyling, &c.

AGRICULTURAL DIRECTIONS, &c. FOR APRIL.

[*From the Glasse of Vaine Glorie.*]

Sowe barlie this season in land that is strong,
Your garden-hearbes setting delay not too long;
To sowe hempe and flaxe, and other good seede,
As cucummers and melons, this month you had neede.
To hoalsome bathes vse thee,
Sweet hearbes there to chuse thee.

[From the Oldest Almanack known.]

The lambe and kyddes in Lenten tyme,
Which dreadlesse slept of slaughtering knyfe,
To furnish Easter in his prime,
To Butcher's gripes now pawne their lyfe.

ALL FOOL'S DAY.

We must not pass over the month of April without observing a day which is universally noticed throughout the kingdom; and it is well known that this day, until about a century since, was distinguished, in all almanacks, by the appellation of "All Fool's Day." Though modern almanacks have discontinued this notice, the custom which gave rise to it is still in use. In England the joke of the day is to deceive persons, by sending them upon frivolous and nonsensical errands; as to ask for the History of Eve's Mother,

pigeon's milk, stirrup-oil,—to pretend they are wanted when they are not, or, in fact, any way to betray them into some supposed ludicrous situation, so as to enable you to call them an "April fool." In *Poor Robin's* Almanack for 1760, there is a *pleasant*, and what is meant for a *poetical*, description of the modern fooleries on the 1st of April, with the open avowal of being ignorant of the origin of them.

> The first of April some do say,
> Is set apart for all-fool's day;
> But why the people call it so,
> Nor I, nor they themselves do know:
> But on this day are people sent
> On purpose for pure merriment;
> And tho' the day is known before,
> Yet frequently there is great store,
> Of these forgetfuls to be found,
> Who're sent to dance *Moll Dixon's round;*
> And having tried each shop and stall,
> And disappointed at them all,
> At last some tells them of the cheat;
> Then they return from their pursuit,
> And straightway home with shame they run,
> And others laugh at what is done.
> But 'tis a thing to be disputed,
> Which is the greatest *fool* reputed,
> The man that innocently went,
> Or he that him design'dly sent.

In some of our northern counties, Durham, Northumberland, &c. and in Scotland, the practice is pretty generally the same as in the south, though sometimes instead of being denominated an "April fool," the person whose good-nature, or simplicity, puts him momentarily in the power of his facetious neighbour, is called "a Gowk;" and the sending upon nonsensical errands, "Hunting the Gowk," or, in other words, metaphorically, a *fool*, and *hunting the fool;* gowk being a common northern expression for a *Cuckoo*, which is reckoned one of the most silly of the feathered tribe. In France the person made the butt, upon these occasions, is styled, '*Un poisson d'Avril*,' that is, 'an April fish,' or, in other words, by implication, 'an April fool;' '*Poisson d'Avril*' being also applied, by that nation, to the mackarel,

a fish easily caught by deception, singly as well as in great shoals, at this season of the year.

A similar day of foolery is kept among the Hindoos, attended with the like silly species of witticism practised here on the 1st of April.

Whatever may have been the origin of "All Fool's Day," it is certain that, from time immemorial, every one had, on this day, equal liberty to exert his powers of mockery, deception, and every species of waggish drollery:

> April the *First* stands marked by custom's rules,
> A day for being, and for making fools.

Though it is rather to be regretted, as the poet hints, that not any custom or rule

> ——————————— supplies
> A day for making, or for being wise.

OBSERVATIONS PECULIAR TO THE MONTH OF APRIL.

About the beginning of the month, the swallow, (*hirundo urbica*) returns, and the nightingale (*motacilla luscinia*) sings; about the middle, the bittern (*ardea stellaris*) appears, the red start (*motacilla phœnicurus*) returns, and the cuckoo (*cuculus canorus*) sings; towards the end, the black cup (*motacilla atracapella*) sings.

During this month, the apricot hath its flowers in full bloom, and the buds of the apple and pear begin to open; indeed, the progress of vegetation is so general and rapid, that an attention to nature herself will be far more interesting and satisfactory than any description we can possibly give.

Dry weather is still acceptable to the farmer, who is employed in sowing various sorts of grain and seeds of fodder. The grass and springing corn, however, are much benefited by occasional showers. The gardener's occupation, in the *kitchen-garden*, is to finish all the sowing and planting omitted in the last month; and to sow and transplant many successional plants that continue in perfection but for a short time. In the *fruit-garden* and *orchard*, all the intended

planting is completed, and the winter pruning is finished as soon as possible. In the *flower-garden* and *pleasure-ground*, the necessary articles for sowing and planting flowers, shrubs, trees, are completed, and every part put into the neatest order, by digging, hoeing, raking, and sweeping. The exotics are still continued in the *green-house*, and require a large portion of free air, and frequent waterings; the pots of some being fresh earthed, shifted, &c. In the *hot-house* a proper heat is still supported by constant bark-beds, and by fires at night and in the morning; supplies of fresh air being admitted, and the plants occasionally watered.

HORSE-RACING.

QUERIES,

(Concluded from our last, p. 222.)

The only additional information W. S. has the power to communicate is, that John Arnall, when rider to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, was desired to reduce himself as much as possibly he could, to enable him to ride some favourite horse, without his carrying more weight than was agreed upon; in consequence of which, he abstained from animal and even farinaceous food, for eight succeeding days, and the only substitute was now and then a piece of apple; he was not injured by it at the time, and is now in good health;* added to which, Dennis Fitzpatrick, a person at this time continually employed as a rider,† declares that he is less fatigued by riding, and has more strength to contend with a determined horse, in a severe race, when moderately reduced, than when allowed to live as he pleased, although he never weighs more than nine stone, and frequently has reduced himself to seven stone seven pounds. Newmarket, 28th June, 1805.

The subsequent answers were received from another person.

* Afterwards clerk of the course at Newmarket. He died in Aug. 1811.

† D. Fitzpatrick rode *Diamond* over the Beacon-course, against Hambletonian for 3000gs. F. Buckle riding the latter;—a famous race!

H. Alken Del

G Hunt Sc

THE FAVOURITE *between the* HEATS.

London, Published by Thomas McLean, 26, Haymarket. 1822.

JOCKIES.

Q. 1. What is the process used in training them, and reducing their weight?

A. Abstinence; sweating in consequence of additional clothing, and long continued walking.

Q. 2. What effect has it upon their health and strength?

A. Neither the one nor the other are impaired when the above are had recourse to in moderation; but, when carried to excess, both of course must be more or less affected.

Q. 3. What effect has it upon their minds, in regard to courage, quickness, &c.

A. When much reduced, peevish and irritable; but perhaps not less courageous than usual.

Q. 4. How long do these effects continue?

A. Till the cause is removed.

Q. 5. After being reduced, do they quickly get fat again, or do they long continue in the state to which they were brought?

A. Many of them are naturally lean; but Buckle, the great rider, after severe wasting, has gained nine pounds in eighteen hours.

Q. 6. Are jockies, accustomed to be thus treated, healthy and long-lived?

A. Their health does not appear to be injured by wasting, and the continuance of life, on the other hand, does not appear to be affected by it.

The following Replies were received from Mr. Robson, a celebrated Trainer at Newmarket, by Sir John Sinclair, the Proposer.

Q. 1. What are the principal objects to be attended to, in regard to running-horses?

A. The perfections of a race-horse consist in his wind, which is innate in their breed, and degenerates when mixed or crossed with other horses. It is observed, sometimes, the other species of horses go nearly or quite as fast, as the slower kind of race-horse, but they very soon tire for want of wind, whilst the running-horse breed has the peculiar merit, from his wind, of bearing fatigue so much better than any other breed of horses.

Q. 2. Do their perfections depend upon parentage; and whether most upon the male or female?

A. Upon the parentage certainly, and on the female most.

Q. 3. Is it necessary that the mare should have gone her full time to bring a perfect foal?

A. I should think yes.

Q. 4. Is the gradual growth of the foal essential?

A. Certainly. If neglected with corn, they grow lean in their muscles and want formation, and do not grow gradually.

Q. 5. Is there a great difference in regard to natural constitution between horses of the same parentage?

A. Yes.

Q. 6. What kind of form is in general preferred?

A. Good size, with strength and symmetry of form, is essential to the running-horse; but the most essential is active going, with good wind. With regard to form, he should be broad, deep, and have great declivity in his shoulders, his quarters long, his thighs let down very low, the hocks stand far behind and from him, thence downward to the next joint very short, &c. &c.

Q. 7. Do you prefer great or small bones?

A. Great bones, certainly.

Q. 8. Which sex is preferable for speed, and which for strength?

A. There is no preference for speed. The horse has generally the most strength, and bears fatigue better than the other sex.

Q. 9. What is the best age for beginning to train horses for the turf?

A. At two years and a-half old.

Q. 10. Are they first put on grass?

A. They are kept in a state of nature from the time of being foaled, to the time of being broke, in grass-fields; well fed with corn as soon as they will eat it: with hay where grass is scarce.

Q. 11. What is the effect of soft meal?

A. It is cooling, but from its laxative qualities is injurious, when horses are in hurrying work.

Q. 12. When should they be put on hard meat?

A. Always as per answer to 10th question.

Q. 13. What are the effects thereof?

A. Hard meat, with a due proportion of exercise, gives health, agility, and strength to bear fatigue.

Q. 14. Is it necessary to purge them frequently?

A. We purge race-horses two or three times a-year, each course perhaps three doses, preparatory to their getting into training exercise.

Q. 15. Have the purges any tendency to weaken them?

A. We use *mild* physic only, which has no tendency to weaken; on the contrary, it afterwards makes them thrifty and healthful.

Q. 16. What food is reckoned the most nourishing?

A. Oats is the most nourishing provender we give to horses.

Q. 17. How often are they fed?

A. Three times a-day, and as much each time as they can eat with appetite.

Q. 18. What drinks are given them, and how often?

A. I recommend soft water at least twice a-day.

Q. 19. Whether hot or cold?

A. Always cold, excepting during physic or illness.

Q. 20. Is it necessary to keep the skin perfectly clean, and how?

A. Yes, when in the stable; the friction of rubbing with brush and curry-comb, both cleans and braces the skin and muscles.

Q. 21. Is it necessary to make them perspire much?

A. Yes, occasionally; the custom is to sweat once a week or so, by putting a few extra clothes on, to canter gently five or six miles distance, according to their age and other circumstances. Perspiration promotes health and strength, &c.

Q. 22. What exercise is given them?

A. We take them out to exercise twice a day, a mile or so in a gallop they take before water; afterwards a short or long canter, as circumstances and their constitution require.

Q. 23. How is the training completed?

A. By good keep, with a proper proportion of work to attain wind, condition is attained, and enables horses to bear fatigue.

Q. 24. After the training is completed, can the perfections obtained thereby be easily kept up?

A. For two or three months only.

Q. 25. Does the process effect merely a temporary change, or does it last during life?

A. A temporary change only.

Q. 26. Are running-horses as long-lived as others, or do they soon wear out?

A. They live certainly full as long as others, nor do they wear out sooner than other horses; on the contrary, bear fatigue much better than others.

Newmarket, May 5, 1805.

Upon the whole, the best system of *training the race-horse*, as founded upon *reason* and *experience*, seems to be the following:—a month is the least time that can be allowed to draw the horse's body clear, and to refine his wind to that degree of perfection that is attainable by art.

It is first necessary to take an exact view of his body, whether he be low or high in flesh; and it is also necessary to consider whether he be dull and heavy, or brisk and lively, when abroad. If he appear dull and heavy, and there is reason to suppose it is owing to too hard riding, or, as the jockies express it, to some grease that has been dissolved in exercise, and has not been removed by scouring, then the proper remedy is half an ounce of diapente, given in a pint of good sack; this will at once remove the cause, and revive the creature's spirits. After this, for the first week of the month, he is to be fed with oats, bread, and split-beans, sometimes the one and sometimes the other, as he likes best, and always leaving some in the locker, that he may feed at leisure, whilst left alone. At feeding-time, whatever is left of this must be removed and fresh given; by these means the creature will soon become high-spirited, wanton, and full of play. Every day he must be rode out an airing, and every other day it will be proper to increase his exercise, but not so as to make him perspire too much. The beans and oats should be put into a bag, and beaten till the hulls are all off, and then winnowed clean: and the bread, instead of being chipped in the common way, should have the crust cut clean off. If the horse

be in good health and spirits when taken up for its month's preparation, the diapente must be omitted, and the chief business will be to give him good food, and so much exercise as will keep him in wind, without oversweating or tiring him. When he takes larger exercises afterwards, towards the end of the month, it will be proper to have some horses to run against him. This will put him upon his mettle, and the beating them will give him spirits. This, however, is to be cautiously observed, that he has not a bloody-heat (at full speed) given him for ten days or a fortnight before the race, and that the last heat that is given him the day before the race must be in his clothes; this will make him run with much more vigour, when stripped for the race, and feeling the cold wind on every part.

In the second week, the horse should have the same food and more exercise. In the last fortnight he must have dried oats, that have been hulled by beating. After this they are to be wetted in a quantity of whites of eggs beaten up, and then laid out in the sun to dry; and when as dry as before, the horse is to have them. This sort of food is very light of digestion, and very good for the creature's wind. The beans in this time should be given more sparingly, and the bread should be made of three parts wheat, and one part beans. If he should become costive under this course, he must then have some ale and whites of eggs beaten together; this will cool him and keep his body moist.

In the last week the mash is to be omitted, and barley-water given him in its place every day till the day before the race; he should have his fill of hay at first, and then given more sparingly, that he may have time to digest it; and on the morning of the race-day, he must have a toast or two of white bread soaked in sack, and the same just before he is let out to the field. This is an excellent method, because the two extremes of fullness and fasting are at this time to be equally avoided; the one hurting his wind, and the other occasioning faintness that may make him lose. After he has had his food, the litter is to be shook up, and the stable kept quiet, that he may be disturbed by nothing, till he is taken out to run.

JACK HANDICAP.

STALLIONS TO COVER IN 1822.

ABJER, at Newmarket, at 15gs:—by Truffle; his dam, Briseis (dam of Discord, The Student, Corinne, Blue Stockings, Marcellus, &c.) by Beningbrough; grandam, Lady Jane (Sister to Hermione), by Sir Peter; great grandam, Paulina, by Florizel, &c.—5 yrs old.

AGRICOLA, at Holme House, near Piersebridge, at 5gs. (blood mares that have won 100*l.* or whose produce have 100*l.* or three 50*l.* gratis):—by Sir Harry Dimsdale, his dam by Dragon; grandam, Queen Mab, by Eclipse.—6 yrs old.

ALBION, at Middlethorpe, near York, twenty-five mares, by subscription, at 1g. and a-half:—by Thunderer, dam by Woldsman.—2 yrs old.

AMADIS, at Mr. Knapton's, Huntington, near York, at 10gs. and a half:—by Don Quixote; his dam, Fanny, by Sir Peter; grandam, by Diomed; great grandam, Desdemona, by Marske.—15 yrs old.

ANDREW, at Newmarket, and round the neighbourhood of the Essex Hunt, at 2gs. and 5s.:—by Orvile; his dam, Morel (Sister to Truffle); grandam, Hornby-Lass, by Buzzard—Puzzle, by Match'em.—6 yrs old.

ARCHIBALD, at Nafferton, near Driffield, at 5gs. and 5s.:—by Stamford; his dam, Blue Stockings, by John Bull; grandam, by Pipator.—6 yrs old.

ARDROSSAN, at Fairburn, near Ferrybridge, Yorkshire, at 10gs. and 1g.:—by John Bull; his dam, Miss Whip, by Volunteer; grandam, Wimbleton, by Evergreen.—13 yrs old.

ASHTON, at Michael Grove, near Arundel, Sussex, until the 14th of July, at 8gs. and a-half:—by Walton; his dam, Miss Haworth, by Spadille; grandam, by Clayhall Marske.—16 yrs old.

BLACKLOCK, at Beverley, Yorkshire, at 8gs. and a-half:—by Whitelock, dam by Coriander.—8 yrs old.

BLUCHER, at Eaton Stud-house, near Chester, at 10 sovereigns and 1 sovereign:—by Waxy, out of Pantina, by Buzzard.—11 yrs old.

BUSTARD, at the Swan-Inn, Enville, near Stourbridge, at 5gs. and a-half (winners of two 50*l.* purses, or not less than 100*l.* in match, or sweepstakes, gratis):—by Castrel; out of Miss Hap, by Shuttle—9 yrs old.

CANNON-BALL, at Mr. Fryatt's, Melton-Mowbray, Leicestershire, at 10gs. and a-half:—by Sancho, out of Grimaldi's dam.—12 yrs old.

CAPTAIN CANDID, at Burghley, near Stamford, at 5gs:—by Cerberus, out of Mandane, by Pot-8-o's.—9 yrs old.

CASTREL, at Ludford, near Ludlow, by subscription, ten mares at 12gs. in addition to those of his owner, which will not exceed five:—by Buzzard, dam by Alexander.—20 yrs old.

CATTON, at Helperby, near Boroughbridge, at 10gs. and 1g.:—by Golumpus, out of Lucy Gray, by Timothy.—13 yrs old.

CERVANTES, at Wentworth Lodge, near Rotherham, at 10gs. and 1g.:—by Don Quixote, out of Evelina (dam of Orville, &c.), by Highflyer.—16 yrs old.

Comus, at Six-Mile-Bottom, near Newmarket, at 12gs. and 1g.:—by Sorcerer, out of Houghton-Lass, by Sir Peter.—13 yrs old.

Constitution, at Welling, near Dartford, Kent, at 3gs. and 5s.:—by Prince Regent; his dam, Miss Comical, by Gouty.

Consul, at Lambton Park, Durham, at 5gs.:—by Camillus; his dam (Cambyses' and Antelope's dam), by Shuttle.—6 yrs old.

Crecy, at Talton House, half way between Shipton-on-Stour and Stratford-on-Avon:—by Walton, out of Cressida (Prince Paul's and Antar's dam), by Whiskey.—9 yrs old.

Dinmont, at the same place as Cervantes, at 5gs. and 1g.:—by Orville, out of Mary, by Sir Peter.—10 yrs old.

Duplicate, at Warwick, at 5gs. and 5s. (mares having won two 50*l.* purses, or bred a winner thereof, or 100*l.* gratis):—by W.'s Ditto; his dam by Beningbrough; grandam by Delpini.—8 yrs old.

Ebor, at the Rand Grange, near Bedale, at 10gs. and 1g.:—by Orville, out of Constantia, by Walnut.—8 yrs old.

Filho da Puta, at Farnsfield, near Southwell, Notts, at 15gs.:—by Haphazard, out of Mrs. Barnet, by Waxy.—10 yrs old.

Fitzjames, at the Castle Inn, Wolverhampton, at 10gs.:—by Delpini; his dam, Rosalind, by Phænomenon.—15 yrs old.

Fitz-Teazle, at Angum, near Bridlington, at 5gs. and 5s.:—by Sir Peter, out of Lord Clermont's Hornpipe.—15 yrs old.

Flyer (the), at Stocken-hall, between Grantham and Stamford:—by Vandyke Junior, out of Azalia, by Beningbrough.—8 yrs old.

Grey Middleham, at Oran-Farm, Catterick, Yorkshire:—by Walton; dam by Delpini; grandam by Florizel.—5 yrs old.

Grey Walton, at Duddingstone, near Edinburgh, at 5gs. and a-half:—by Walton, out of Lisette, by Hambletonian.—5 yrs old.

Hedley, at Horse-Heath, near Linton, Cambridgeshire, at 10gs. and 1g.:—own Brother to Golumpus.—19 yrs old.

Idris, at the same place as Proselyte, at 2gs. and 5s.:—by Lord Grosvenor's Alexander, out of a Herod mare.—24 yrs old.

Interpreter, at the same place as Ashton, twenty mares (besides those of Mr. Walker), at 10gs. and a-half:—by Soothsayer, out of Blowing, by Buzzard.—6 yrs old.

Juggler (the), at Tickhill Castle Farm, near Bawtry:—by Comus; dam by Pipator; grandam by Delpini.—7 yrs old.

Juniper, at East-Hardwicke, near Ferrybridge, at 5gs.:—by Old Whiskey, out of Jenny Spinner, by Dragon.—17 yrs old.

Magistrate, at Ledstone-Hall Farm, near Ferrybridge, at 10gs. and 1g.:—by Camillus, out of Lady Rachel, by Stamford.—8 yrs old.

Malcolm Grey Arabian, at the Royal Stud, Hampton-Court, thorough-bred mares gratis.

Manfred, at Henham-Hall, near Wangford, Suffolk, at 11gs.:—by Election, out of Miss Wasp, by Waxy.—8 yrs old.

Merlin, at Riddlesworth, near Thetford, Norfolk, at 10gs. and a-half:

—by Castrel, dam by Delpini, out of Tipple-Cyder, by King Fergus.—7 yrs old.

Milo, at Knowsley, near Prescot, Lancashire, at 5gs. and a-half:—by Sir Peter, out of Wren, by Woodpecker.—20 yrs old.

Minos, at Whitewall-Corner, near Malton, at 5gs. and a-half:—Brother to Magistrate.—6 yrs old.

Mozart, at Cold-Kirby, at 5gs. and 5s.:—by Governor, out of Laurel-Leaf, by Stamford.—7 yrs old.

Octavian, at the same place as Grey Middleham, at 12gs. and a-half:—by Stripling, dam by Oberon.

Orville, at Six-miles Cottage, near Newmarket, at 15gs. and a-half:—by Beningbrough, out of Evelina.—23 yrs old.

Partisan, at Euston-Hall, near Thetford, at 15gs. and a-half:—by Walton, out of Parasol, by Pot-8-o's.—11 yrs old.

Paulowitz, at Bone-Hill Farm, Tamworth, Staffordshire, at 5gs.:—by Sir Paul, out of Orville's dam.—9 yrs old.

Perchance, at Braminam, Yorkshire, at 5gs.:—by Haphazard, out of Miss Holt, by Buzzard.—11 yrs old.

Petronius, at Rusheyford, Durham, at 5gs. and a-half:—by Sir Peter, out of Louisa, by Javelin.—17 yrs old.

Phantom, at Newmarket, at 12gs. and 1g.:—by Walton, out of Julia (Sister to Eleanor), by Whiskey.—14 yrs old.

Pope, at Clearwell-Court, Colford, Gloucestershire, at 10gs. and a-half:—by Shuttle, dam by Oberon, out of the Engraver's dam.—15 yrs old.

Pope, at Newmarket, at 10gs. and 1g.:—by Waxy, out of Prunella, by Highflyer.—16 yrs old.

President, at Scakleton, near Malton, Yorkshire, at 5gs.:—by Sancho, out of Miss Teazle Hornpipe, by Sir Peter.—12 yrs old.

Prime-Minister, at Easter Moncrieffe, near Perth, North Britain, at 10gs. and a-half:—by Sancho, out of Miss Hornpipe Teazle, by Sir Peter.—12 yrs old.

Proselyte, at Asgarby, near Sleaford, at 3gs. and 7s.:—by Sorcerer, out of Pope Joan, by Waxy, dam Prunella, by Highflyer.—6 yrs old.

Quiz, at the same place and price as Manfred:—by Buzzard, out of Miss West, by Match'em.—24 yrs old.

Rainbow, at the Royal Stud, Hampton-Court, at 10gs. and 1g.:—by Walton, out of Iris, by Brush.—14 yrs old.

Rasping, at Croydon, Surrey, at 5gs. and a-half:—by Brown Bread, dam by Pegasus, out of Sancho's dam.—9 yrs old.

Renovator, at King's-Lynn, Norfolk, at 10gs. and a-half:—by Trumpator, dam by Coriander, out of Lily, by Highflyer.—8 yrs old.

Rinaldo, at the same place and price as Milo:—by Milo, out of a Sister to Orlando, by Whiskey.—12 yrs old.

Rubens, at Barton-Court, near Newbury, Berks:—Brother to Selim and Castrel.—17 yrs old.

Sauce-Box, at Witley, near the Hundred-House, Worcestershire:—Brother to St. Patrick, by Walton, dam by Dick Andrews.—6 yrs old.

Scud, at the same place as Merlin, at 30gs.:—by Beningbrough, out of Eliza, by Highflyer.—18 yrs old.

Selim, at Oxcroft, near Newmarket, at 10gs. and 1g.:—by Buzzard, dam by Alexander.—20 yrs old.

Sir Gilbert, at the same place as Blucher and Sovereign, at 5*l.* and 1*l.*—by Young Alexander, out of Olive-Branch, by Sir Peter.—7 yrs old.

Sir Harry, at Munderfield-House, near Bromyard, Herefordshire, at 5gs.:—by W.'s Ditto; dam by Alexander; grandam by Dungannon. —5 yrs old.

Sir Oliver, at Altringham, Cheshire, at 10gs. and 1g.:—by Sir Peter, out of Fanny, by Diomed.—22 yrs old.

Skim, at West-Rudham, near Houghton, Norfolk:—by Gohanna, out of Grey-Skim, by Woodpecker.—9 yrs old.

Smolensko, at Bildeston, Suffolk, at 20gs. and 1g.:—by Sorcerer, out of Wowski, by Mentor.—12 yrs old.

Soothsayer, at the same place as Consul, at 10gs.:—by Sorcerer, out of Golden Locks, by Delpini.—14 yrs old.

Sovereign, at the same place and price as Blucher:—by Rubens, out of Bluster's dam.—9 yrs old.

Spectre, at Presteign, Radnorshire, at 10gs. and a-half:—by Phantom, out of Fillikins, by Gouty.—7 yrs old.

Stainbrough, at Fairburn, near Berrybridge, at 5gs. and 5s.:—by Dick Andrews—Hornpipe, by Trumpator.—8 yrs old.

Student (the), at the King's-Farm, Epping-Forest, at 4gs. and a-half: —by Dick Andrews, out of Abjer's dam.—8 yrs old.

Teasedale, at Welbeck, Notts, at 2gs. and a-half:—by Mr. Teazle, out of Storace, by Tandem.—15 yrs old.

Tiresias, at Norton, near Ollerton, Notts, forty mares, at 10gs. and a-half:—by Soothsayer out of Pledge, by Waxy.—6 yrs old.

Tramp, at Dringhouses, near York, at 10gs. and a-half:—by D. Andrews; dam by Gohanna, out of Fraxinella.—12 yrs old.

Tramper, at the same place as Blacklock, at 5gs. and 5s.:—by Tramp, out of Rosamond, by Buzzard.—5 yrs old.

Treasurer, at Escrick, at 5gs. and 5s.:—by Stamford; his dam (Sister to Silver) by Mercury.—17 yrs old.

Trumpator, at the same place and price as Renovator:—by Trumpator; dam by Conductor; grandam by Herod.

Viscount, at Monrieth, North Britain, at 12gs.:—by Stamford, dam by Bourdeaux.—13 yrs old.

Walton, at Boroughbridge, Yorkshire, at 15gs. and 1g.:—by Sir Peter, dam by Dungannon.—23 yrs old.

Waterloo, at the same place and price as Rainbow:—by Walton, out of Penelope, by Trumpator.—8 yrs old.

Woful, at Newmarket, at 15gs. and 15s.:—by Waxy, out of Waterloo's dam.—13 yrs old.

WELBECK, at Mr. Kirby's stables, York, at 5gs. and a-half:—by Soothsayer, out of Pledge, by Waxy.—7 yrs old.

WHISKER, at Brompton-upon-Swale, at 15gs. and 1g.:—Brother to Woful, by Waxy.—10 yrs old.

WHITWORTH, at Kelso, North Britain, at 6gs. and a-half:—by Agonistes; dam by Jupiter; grandam by Highflyer.—17 yrs old.

X Y Z, at Felton-Park, near Morpeth, at 10gs. and a-half:—by Haphazard, dam by Spadille.—14 yrs old.

ZENO, at Ferry-Hill, Rusheyford, Durham, at 5gs. and a-half:—by Camillus, dam (Sister to Langton) by Precipitate.—9 yrs old.

YOUNG FIREAWAY

Was got by that well-known horse Old Fireaway, the property of Mr. R. West, of Gaywood, Norfolk, which horse was allowed to be the fastest trotter in the kingdom. His dam was a full-sized sporting mare, bred by Mr. R. Burgess, of Well-Fen, Norfolk, and highly esteemed round that neighbourhood as an extraordinary good mare, and a fast trotter: she was got by Mr. Fuller's noted bay horse, Sky-Scraper.

Young Fireaway *challenged all England*, and beat a celebrated black mare, the property of Mr. Slade, on Sunbury Common, 400gs. besides bye-matches. Challenged all England again in 1819, and *no takers.*

Fireaway is a roan chesnut, rising nine years old, nearly sixteen hands high, equal to twenty stone, and, for getting stock for the road or carriage, or giving bone with thorough-bred mares, is unequalled.

NEWMARKET CRAVEN-MEETING, 1822.

MONDAY, *April* 8.—The Craven Stakes, a Subscription of 10gs. each, for all ages; two-yr-olds, 5st. 10lb.; three-yr-olds, 8st.; four-yr-olds, 8st. 9lb.; five-yr-olds, 9st. 11lb.; six-yr-olds, 9st. 5lb.; and aged, 9st. 7lb. A. F.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. by Partisan, 3 yrs - - - 1
Mr. Greville's b. h. Banker, 5 yrs - - - 2
Mr. Wyndham's b. c. Robin Hood, 4 yrs - - - 3
Mr. Cooper's b. c. Loory, brother to Parrot, 3 yrs
D. of Rutland's ch. c. by Octavian, 3 yrs
Mr. Fraser's b. h. Champignon, 5 yrs
Mr. Fox's b. c. Merino, by Soothsayer, out of a Calomel mare, 2 yrs
Mr. Fox's b. c. Paint-brush, 4 yrs
Gen. Grosvenor's ch. f. Betty, 2 yrs
Mr. Dilly names ch. f. Mæotis, 3 yrs
Mr. Rogers's b. c. by Marmion, out of Stingtail, 2 yrs
Mr. Pettit's b. c. Antigallican, 4 yrs
Lord Grosvenor's b. f. Michaelmas, 3 yrs

Mr. Hunter's ch. c. by Ardrossan, out of Remembrance, 3 yrs
Lord Exeter's b. f. Tipsey, 3 yrs
Lord Foley names b. f. the Cauldron, 2 yrs
Mr. Udny names Rosicrucian, 3 yrs
Mr. Jones's br. c. by Sorcerer, 4 yrs

The Judge placed but 3.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. 8st. 4lb. D. M. untried stallions, or untried mares, allowed 3lb.

Mr. Rush's b. c. by Selim, out of Lady Jane, - - - - 1
Lord G. Cavendish's c. by Middlethorpe, out of Barossa - - 2
Mr. L. Fox's b. c. (dead) by Partisan - - - - - - pd
Mr. Wortley's b. c. by Cervantes, out of Cannon-ball's dam, - pd
Mr. Cussan's c. by Selim, out of his Stamford mare - - - pd
Lord Lowther's c. by Marmion, dam by Hambletonian - - pd

The First Class of the Eighth Riddlesworth Stakes of 200gs each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 7lb. Ab. M. Those got by untried stallions, or out of untried mares, to be allowed 3lb. if both 5lb.

Lord Egremont's by Frolic, dam by Orville, 8st. 2lb. - - - 1
Lord Grosvenor's br. Midsummer, by Thunderbolt, 8st. 7lb. - 2
Mr. Crockford's by Haphazard, 8st. 7lb. - - - - - 3
Mr. Blake's by Haphazard, out of Pea-blossom - - - pd
Sir J. Shelley's by Comus, dam by Walton - - - - - pd
Mr. Andrew's (dead) by Orville, out of Morel - - - - pd
Mr. Rush's ch. (dead) by Haphazard, out of Ringtail, - - pd
Mr. Andrew's by Orville, out of Canidia - - - - - pd
Mr. Crockford's by Haphazard, dam by Paynator - - - pd
Duke of Rutland's by Rubens, out of Rosabella - - - pd

Sweepstakes of 25gs each, for 2-yr-old colts and fillies which have not started and are not engaged in the Derby, Oaks, or Riddlesworth; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lbs. T. Y. C. Three pounds allowed to the produce of untried mares.

Mr. Williamson's bl. f. by Pericles, dam by Selim - - - 1
Duke of Rutland's bl. f. by Smolensko, dam by Y. Whiskey - 2
Mr. Thornhill's Poozy - - - - - - - - - 3
Mr. Villiers's bl. f. by Don Cossack, dam by Sorcerer - - 4

Duke of Grafton's brother to Brutus, rec. 125gs from Mr. Bouverie's c. by Blucher, 8st. 4lb. each, R. M. 300gs, 200ft.

Tuesday, *April* 9.—Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 4lb. Ab. M.

Duke of Grafton's b. Posthuma, by Orville, out of Medora - - 1
Mr. Rush's ch. Rosalind, by Rubens, out of Reserve - - - 2

Mr. Goddard's by Marmion, out of Nymphina - - - - 3
Mr. Fraser's b. Zaire, by Selim, dam by Hedley - - - pd

6 to 4 on Rosalind.—Won very easy by Posthuma.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for the produce of untried mares, covered in 1818; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb. R. M. Those got by untried stallions to be allowed 3lb.

Duke of Portland's gr. f. Vaultress, by Walton, dam by Election, - 1
Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Soothsayer, out of Miniature - - - 2
Duke of Leeds's gr. c. by Comus, dam by Evander, out of Marcia pd

No betting.—Won easy.

The Second Class of the Eighth Riddlesworth Stakes of 200gs each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 7lb. Ab. M. Those got by untried stallions, or out of untried mares, to be allowed 3lb. if both, 5lb.

Duke of Grafton's b. Posthuma, by Orville, out of Medora, 8st. 4lb. 1
——————— Varnish, by Rubens, out of Vestal, 8st. 4lb. - 2
Sir J. Byng's by Cervantes, out of Mary, 8st. 7lb. - - - 3
Lord Egremont's by Frolic, dam by Selim, 8st. 2lb. - - - 4
Mr. Payne's Zorilda, by Selim, out of Zoraida - - - - pd
Duke of Grafton's Whizgig, by Rubens, out of Penelope - - pd
——————— (dead) by Haphazard, out of Pope Joan - - pd
——————— by Rubens, out of Parasol - - - - pd
Lord Foley's (dead) by Soothsayer, out of Blowing - - - pd
Mr. Vansittart's by Walton, out of Selima - - - - - pd
Lord Jersey's by Haphazard, out of Web - - - - - pd
Mr. Thornhill's ch. (dead) by Rubens, out of Goosander - - pd
Lord Stradbroke's ch. Arbis, by Quiz, out of Persepolis - - pd
Duke of Rutland's by Rubens, out of Pennytrumpet - - pd

5 to 4 against Cervantes, 3 to 1 against Posthuma, and 3 to 1 against Varnish.—Won easy.

The Oatlands Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft. D. I.

Mr. Fox's North Wester, 3 yrs, 7st. 12lb. - - - - - - 1
Lord Stradbroke's Incantator, 3 yrs 7st. 9lb. - - - - - 2
Mr. Ramsbottom's Shrekhorn, 5 yrs 8st. 9lb. - - - - - 3
Mr. Rous's Euphrates, 5 yrs 9st. 11lb.
Lord Exeter's c. by Ardrossan, 4 yrs 8st. 9lb.
Lord Bridgewater's Mr. Lowe, 4 yrs 8st. 4lb.
Duke of Grafton's Reginald, 3 yrs 7st. 11lb.
Mr. Lambton's Richard, 3 yrs 7st. 2lbs.
Mr. Stevens's Valentine, by Poulton, 3 yrs 6st. 12lb.
Mr. Bloss's Madona, by Raphael, out of Paulina, 3 yrs 6st. 10lbs. - pd

Mr. Hunter's Rasselas, 3 yrs 7st. - - - - - - pd
Mr. Prendergast's Kildare, 3 yrs 7st. 4lbs. - - - - - pd
Mr. Wyndham's Little John, 5 yrs 9st. 1lb. - - - - pd
Mr. Greville's Banker, 5 yrs 9st. 4lb. - - - - - - pd

The Judge placed but 3.

7 to 2 against Reginald, 7 to 1 against Euphrates, and 5 to 2, and 3 to 2 against North Wester.—Won very easy.

The following having declared forfeit by the time prescribed, are to pay only 10gs each to the owner of the second horse.

Mr. L. Charlton's St. Patrick, by Sir Walter, 4 yrs 8st. 9lb.
Mr. Lambton's Fortuna, 3 yrs 8st.
Mr. Wyndham's Centaur, 3 yrs 7st. 10lb.
Mr. Ramsbottom's Sir Huldibrand, 3 yrs 7st. 9lb.

WEDNESDAY, *April* 10.—Handicap Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for horses of all ages, D. M.

Mr. James's Antigallican, 4 yrs 8st. 10lb. - - - - - 1
Lord G. H. Cavendish's Bachanal, 3 yrs 8st. - - - - 2
Mr. Wyndham's Midas, 2 yrs 5st. 12lb. - - - - - 3

3 to 1 against Midas.

Subscription Plate of Fifty Pounds, for 2 yr olds, 7st.; 3-yr-olds, 8st. 7lb.; and 4-yr-olds, 9st. T. Y. C.

Mr. Williamson's bl. f. by Pericles, 2 yrs - - - - - 1
Mr. Rous's b. c. Antigallican, 4 yrs - - - - - 2
Mr. Udny's ch. f. Pantoufle, 3 yrs - - - - - - 3

10 to 1 against Mr. Williamson's bl. f., 4 to 1 against Antigallican, and 10 to 1 against Pantoufle.

HUNTING, COURSING, &c.

HUNTING SONG.

THE morn is fine, the fox is found,
And rapid flies away from cover,
Gaily pursued by every hound,
Led by that gallant dog, old Rover;
And now is heard the cheerful horn,
Wide o'er the wood-crown'd hills resounding;
Whilst, as if on the breezes borne,
Forward is every hunter bounding:
Hark, forward is the glorious cry,
My boys, the fox shall surely die.

Far from his haunts sly reynard flies,
Without a single turn or double,
Then that experiment he tries,
But might have saved himself the trouble;
The pack, for such a trick too keen,
Follow him close,—they will not dally—
And now upon the hill he's seen,
And now he scuds across the valley;
Hark, forward is the glorious cry,
My boys, the fox shall surely die.

Panting is ev'ry dog and horse,
But to the fox they still keep nearing;
Again they urge their ardent course,
While ev'ry tongue is loudly cheering:
Reynard is done!—his breath is fled—
And see, old Rover has him fast;
The brush is won!—he hangs his head,
Grins, snarls, and bites, and breathes his last!—
Hark, forward *was* the glorious cry,
I told you, boys, the fox should die!

Royal Hunt.—On Friday, March 29, a fine deer was turned out at Langley Broom, for the day's diversion; the day was very fine, and the turning-out was attended by a numerous field of sportsmen. The deer, at first, took towards Iver, taking to the left, through the inclosures, between Stoke and Stoney, where he crossed the Bath road, near Salt Hill, and then ran with great speed down to the right of Denny, towards the Thames, and crossed the water near Down Place. The sportsmen went by Maidenhead-bridge and Bray, and renewed the chase in the woods situate by St. Leonard's Hill and Winkfield Plain, at which place the deer passed near the residences of Lord Harcourt and Squire Dawson, taking to the left, towards Cranbourn, where he got into Windsor Great Park, which he crossed, and came over Winkfield Green, down Cooper's Hill, to the left of Egham, when he crossed the Thames, near Staines, through the fields and meadows, to the left of Coinbrook. This fine deer was taken, after a long chase, within half a mile of the place from which he started in the morning. Many of the Windsor sportsmen gave up the chace, near Winkfield Plain, and returned to Windsor, not expecting the deer would cross the Thames a second time. The ground is in excellent state at this time for hunting, as it is so dry.

On Friday, March 8, the Croxton hounds met at Haley-Wood; immediately upon drawing the wood, a fine old fox broke cover in a most gallant style, and made for Potton-wood; going into the cover, the hounds were close upon his brush, and he made very little stoppage there,

but broke again for East Hatley and Gilrags; from Gilrags he turned to the left, crossed the north road, through Lord Hardwicke's Park at Wimpole, to Kingston-wood, where the hounds ran into him, after a very hard run of one hour and fifty-five minutes. The extent of country run over could not be less than nineteen miles. Owing to the heavy rains, and the slippery state of the ground, in such a severe chase there could not but be many falls, only two, however, of consequence. Mr. Abbott, in taking a hedge and ditch out of Hadley church-yard, his horse came down with him, and fell upon him; he was taken into the village, bled, and put to bed immediately, but we are happy to hear that he received no other injury than several severe contusions. Dr. Geldart, in attempting to clear the palings out of Lord Hardwicke's park, unfortunately his chesnut-horse (Legislator) slipped, as he was taking off, by which means, not rising sufficiently high, his hind quarters caught in the rails, and the Doctor was precipitated into the road, pitching with his head into a deep rut. His face was dreadfully lacerated, and he was taken up insensible, and conveyed to Arrington, where he was bled immediately, and every assistance rendered him. We are happy to hear that he is recovering, and, under all circumstances, as well as can be expected.

The Aston Confederate Harriers met at Halston-Gates, on Friday, Feb. 22, and unkennelled a fox, which went away gallantly, and was killed close to Sir Richard Puleston's kennel, after a most severe run of one hour and fifteen minutes. Mr. Lloyd, of Aston, and Mr. Mytton, of Halston, were the only gentlemen, out of a numerous field, who kept to the hounds at the latter part of the chase.

Lord Darlington's Pack had a long run lately: they threw off at Graystone Rush, near Burtree Gate, and soon found a fox, which pursued his course till he reached Newfield-Crag, where finding the land no longer tenable, he determined to try the water, and swam to the opposite bank. The river not being fordable at the place, the dogs were called off, after a run of one hour and forty-five minutes. Reynard, on reaching the shore, sat himself down and shook his feathers, as if in defiance of hounds and sportsmen. He was never five minutes out of sight during this long run.

In the same week, Mr. Conyers' (Essex) staunch, steady, and fleet hounds, with a large field of sportsmen, met at Canfield Hart, but did not find; then drew on to Garnetts, and found a game fox, at half-past twelve, which immediately broke in fine style, and went away to Chaple Wood; and after making a-head, again broke for Old Park, then to Mums-Hedge, and away through Langley's Park and Gardens, then on to Sparrowhaws and Broomfield-Hall, and from thence to Bush-Wood, where he was pulled down by a single hound, and the who-hoop given, and two of the sportsmen jumped from their horses, with a view to take

his brush, when, by an extraordinary effort, he made his escape before the body of the hounds; and, unfortunately for the hounds, a fresh fox got up, and was run hard in cover for half-an-hour, when he broke away gallantly to Broomfield Hall Wood, and on towards Fitzjohn's-Farm, then away to Waltham-street, over the road to Chatham Hall Spring, and from thence skirted Sheepcote and the Hyde-Woods, and then down to Adams' Mill, and over the river. The hounds, then on good terms with him in the meadows, ran from scent to view, and killed him in their usual sporting-like style, by the river's side, near Felsted-Mill.

Royal Hunt.—On the 1st ult. his Majesty's stag-hounds turned out a fine deer at Ashford; the day being fine the sportsmen were numerous. The deer at first took towards Chertsey, making to the left through the inclosure, and then ran with great swiftness towards Walton-bridge, where he crossed the Thames to the right of Weybridge, and took across the country towards Guildford, taking to the right back by Cobham. In the course of the chace the sportsmen and hounds had lost the deer for some time, but found it again and renewed the chace. The deer then took along the Bagshot by the Golden Farmer's Hill, where he was soon taken. This remarkably fine deer ran nearly six hours, which caused the deaths of some of the sportsmen's horses, the chace being so long and the sportsmen riding one against another, to prove who had the best horses.

Steeple-Race.—On Wednesday, March 13, a Steeple Race took place at Kirklinton, Carlisle, between Mr. Joseph Ferguson, of Carlisle, and Captain Knox, of the Queen's Bays. They started from Kirklinton church, accompanied by the umpires, and after about an hour's ride across four miles of country, and the river Lyne, with "hair-breadth 'scape," arrived at Arthuret church, the place of destination, Mr. Ferguson winning the race with ease. Mr. Smythe, one of the umpires, was thrown during the run, but his horse proceeded onward and arrived at the church before the loser. Many others were thrown during the run, but without any injury befalling them.

Mr. Meynell's hounds had last month one of the severest runs ever remembered. Two foxes were drawn, and broke away in different directions, and the pack divided; one fox was lost, and the other went to ground; a third was started, and led the dogs a most gallant run of two hours and ten minutes over a heavy country, most of the time without a check, and a view for the last ten minutes. Only a small part of the field was up at the death.

The kennel-door of the East Sussex fox-hounds, at Ringmer, is now adorned with nineteen brace of foxes' heads killed this season.

His Majesty's Stag-Hounds, on Friday, the 15th ult. turned out a famous deer at Stoke-Common. He went nobly away to Hedgerley, Beaconsfield, pointing for Penn, and Wycomb-Heath; then turning to the right over the inclosures to Coleshill; thence to Amersham, and over Mr. Drake's Park, nearly to Little Missenden, over the river and high road, straight to Hyde-Heath, nearly to Wendover, where he headed short again to the right, and over the vast open country to Wiggington-Common, leaving Tring to the left, thence to North-Church, where he crossed the rivers and the Grand Junction Canal to Berkhamstead-Common, where he was viewed for the first time since he was turned out; he then went most gallantly away over the immense open country, near to Little Gaddesden, leaving Ashridge Park, the seat of Earl Bridgewater, to the left: he then made a-head short to the right, and over the inclosures to Picket's-End, where he was taken, after a run of four hours and a-half, which perhaps may be equalled, but never can be excelled. There were at the turning-out upwards of seventy horsemen, but at the taking of the deer only twelve. It is supposed, that he ran upwards of fifty miles. The hounds, huntsman, and whipper-in were obliged to sleep at the Swan inn, Rickmansworth, as they found it quite impossible to reach home that night, being nearly forty miles distance.

Steeple-Chace.—On Monday, April 1, the inhabitants of Haverfordwest were highly gratified by a novel sport in this part of the kingdom, a steeple chace of eight miles for 100 guineas. At half-past twelve o'clock, the Carmarthen road, for four miles, was thronged with horsemen, and every *prad* was in high requisition, and the Scotchwell boasted of all the belles belonging to the town and its neighbourhood. At ten minutes past one, the combatants, Mr. Morgan James, on his famous horse *Sir Peter*, by *Spoliator*, and Mr. W. B. Williams, on his well-known horse *Bergami*, by *Vividus*, mounted in high glee, both eager for the fray. *Sir Peter* took the lead for five miles, when all his gold came off his gingerbread, and he was well planted in a field near a brook, which completely floored him, and he stood contemplating its beauties, much longer than his master bargained for, who at this critical moment prudently gave up the chase, that *Sir Peter* should not give up the ghost. Mr. Williams, unconscious of his victory, kept sailing away with *Bergami* in grand style, and completed the distance in 31 minutes and a half, with perfect ease to himself and horse. On his arrival at the Scotchwell House, he was greeted by his friends, and partook of an elegant collation, consisting of all the delicacies of the season, liberally provided by the worthy host. The day proved delightful, and all parties returned highly gratified with this novel scene.

On Easter Monday, the grand Royal Hunt took place, which was, as usual, very numerously attended by all ranks and descriptions of persons. The Royal huntsmen, sportsmen, and hounds, proceeded through the

town of Windsor, and crossed from Windsor to Eton in the ferry-boat, the bridge having lately been pulled down for an iron-bridge to be erected in its stead. They proceeded to Farnham-common, where there were several hundred sportsmen waiting their arrival. At half-past ten o'clock a remarkably fine deer was turned out for the day's diversion.

Curious Fox Chase.—On the morning of March 29, it being reported that a fox had been seen in the neighbourhood of Landrake, several gentlemen farmers of that parish proceeded to the spot with Mr. Nettle's hounds. After a long search, the loud *Tally ho!* put all on the *qui vive*. The eager sportsmen instantly set off with the dogs, in full cry, and succeeded in coming up with their victim after half-an-hour's chase. Mr. S. was the Nimrod of the day, and being foremost, seized the brush, which he bore off in triumph! The other horsemen were soon up, and to their great astonishment, discovered the animal, gasping at the point of death, to be only a brown cur or half-terrier dog!! The burst of laughter that followed may be easily conceived.—*Plymouth Chron. April* 8.

A Good Day's Sport.—The Roxby hounds met on Wednesday, (a bye-day) at Roseberry, and found a dog-fox, which they killed in high style, after running about three miles: at the moment they were breaking up this fox, they were hallooed by another, which, after a run of ten miles, without a check, was killed; but the pleasure of this chase was somewhat destroyed to the sportsmen when they found it to be a bitch fox, with no less than eight young ones in her, a number seldom, if ever, heard of. They found again, and after a severe run of six miles, killed in gallant style their third fox—horses, hounds, and sportsmen, alike ready to retire to rest. It was the best scenting day these hounds have had this season.

Steeple-Chase.—Prior to the 1st instant it was industriously circulated at Rochester, that Mr. Comfort's celebrated pack of fox-hounds would, at six o'clock on that morning, draw the Elms-cover in the neighbourhood of Upnor, and the consequence was that a very considerable number of the sportsmen in the county, including several officers of the Coldstream guards, met at the specified time; after waiting an hour or more, and no hounds making their appearance, it was suggested by one of the party, that it was the *first of April*, and they immediately supposed they had been hoaxed. However, not choosing to separate without some sport, a sweepstake was made by ten of the party, of five guineas each, for a steeple-chase to Chalk, a distance of about six miles, as the crow flies. It was won in the most gallant style by C. W. Harvey, Esq. who rode his favourite horse Ranter, and did the distance in about seventeen minutes. This gentleman was offered, and refused on the field, 300gs. for his horse. The race was admirably contested by H. Thacker, Esq. on his well-known hunter Skim. Captain Woolet, of the 71st, was thrown, but, we are happy to say, was not seriously hurt.

At Farley-Hunt Coursing-meeting, March 18th, Mr. Banstead's br. d. Vulture won the silver-cup, and Capt. Butcher's Bolingbroke the collar.

Since our last, a match for ten guineas was decided on the Ivinghoe hills, between a white greyhound bitch, belonging to Mr. Meacher, of Ivinghoe, Bucks, and a red bitch, the property of Mr. Scott, of Northall. The stakes were won by the latter, which beat the other in the separate heats.

STALLION GREYHOUNDS FOR 1822,

At Three Guineas each.

Jasper, own brother to the late celebrated greyhound Champion, got by Tippoo, out of Teazle, the dam of Captain Wyatt's famous bitch Jannette. Tippoo was got by Mr. Mundy's famous dog Wonder, out of Major Topham's Susan, own sister to the celebrated dog Snowdrop, by Snowball. Jasper is the sire of Mr. Brown's Beverley and Mr. Capel's Jingle, and several other very speedy runners, and was himself one of the fastest greyhounds that ever ran at Swaffham and Newmarket.—Gentlemen sending bitches to Jasper will have the goodness to address letters, post-paid, to Captain Lidderdale, Hungerford, Berks.

Platoff, got by Mr. Corsellis's Contest, out of the late Rynon Jones' famous bitch Jet. Platoff is the sire of Mr. Goodlake's Greyling, that won the Puppy cup at the last Ashdown Park November Meeting; and a match for 20gs. at the same place, in February; and a match of 5gs. against a very speedy bitch of Mr. Peerman's, which she beat cleverly. He likewise is the sire of Mr. Capel's Javelin, and several other good runners. Address to Robert Green, Southrop-House, near Fairford, Gloucestershire.

TROTTING AND TANDEM-MATCHES.

The two great trotting-matches for 100 guineas aside, made on the 12th ult. took place yesterday morning in Chorson-Park or Inclosures in Essex, over a two miles piece of ground. The first match was between Major Hawbrey's brown mare and Mr. Phillips's Arabian, 10 miles, to carry 9st. each. The two miles were done by each as follows:—

	m.	s.
Mr. Hawbrey's 1st two	6	40
2d - -	6	42
3d - -	6	41
4th -	6	43
5th -	6	50
	33	36

	m.	s.
Mr. Phillips's 1st two	6	41
2d - -	6	39
3d - -	6	37
4th -	7	10
5th -	6	41
	33	48

The match was lost by Mr. Phillips's horse breaking into a gallop.

The other match, for a like sum of 100 guineas, was made to do the same ground in less time than the winner, by Mr. Wilkinson, to ride his own horse, 11st. He did his two miles as follows:—

	m.	s.		m.	s.
1st - -	6	32	4th - -	7	14
2d - -	6	30	5th - -	6	29
3d - -	6	34			

This won the match in 33 minutes and 9 seconds, although the horse broke into a gallop in the 8th mile.

The great Trotting-Matches.—The second great match between the same horses, the slate-coloured American horse, and Mr. Dyson's Wonder, took place March 11, at two o'clock, over the same ground as the preceding one, on Sunbury-Common. The match was for Mr. Fielding and Mr. Dyson to ride their own horses. Mr. D. took the lead, and was 50 yards a-head at the end of the first mile, and the American horse never had a chance at any one period, and was beat with the greatest ease by about 200 yards. Neither horse broke through the match, and the ground, three miles, was done in 8 minutes and 43 seconds, which is 13 seconds quicker than the last match. What makes this performance unparalleled, is not only the speed, but the extraordinary weights which were carried. The riders were both weighed, to determine a bet at Kingston after the match, when Mr. Fielder weighed 13 stone 12 pounds and Mr. Dyson 15 stone 4 pounds without saddles. By this it appears that the winner gave the American horse 20 pounds, which clearly proves the superiority of the breed of our own country, as the slate-coloured horse has been considered for years the best in America. If, after the decision of the referee on the first match, any disputes could have possibly arisen as to the payment of bets upon it, they must have been entirely cleared by Mr. Fielder expressing himself perfectly satisfied, and paying a bet of 200*l.* to 100*l.* on the double event.

Trotting-Matches.—A horse belonging to Mr. Dyson having done 30 miles in eleven minutes under three hours on Monday, the 25th ult. carrying 15 stone, and the said horse having been accidentally picked up in Smithfield at a mere nominal price a few days ago, a Mr. Brown undertook to produce a horse lately purchased for 7*l.*, to trot 40 miles in four hours, and carry 15 stone; the lankey emblem of blood and bone, above 17 hands, was mounted by an old jockey yesterday morning to do the match, over a 10 miles piece of ground on the Hockerill road, for 100 guineas. The horse did the first ten miles in 54 minutes, 10 seconds; the second, in 56 minutes, 50 seconds; the third, in one hour and three minutes; and the fourth, in one hour, three minutes, and 40 seconds, winning the match by two minutes, and 20 seconds. The horse never once broke from the trot, and the rider was the most fatigued.

TANDEM-MATCH.—Mr. R. Houlston's match for fifty guineas, to drive a tandem fifteen miles in one hour, and to trot the first seven miles, took place a few days since over a four mile flat on the Bromley road. The horses did the first four miles in 18 minutes and 22 seconds, and the other three in 14 minutes 8 seconds, leaving 27 minutes for the eight miles gallop. The horses did the eighth mile in 3 minutes 10 seconds, the next four in 15 minutes 12 seconds, and the remaining three miles in 10 minutes and 50 seconds, winning the match by 18 seconds. It was a fine performance, and the pacing of the horses at the gallop was a fine treat.—Betting was 5 to 4 on time.

Much betting has taken place respecting the renewal of Captain Halford's late match for 200 guineas, for his horse to carry 10½ stone, and trot seventeen miles within an hour, which was lost by thirteen seconds on Monday.

April 1, the three greatest attempts perhaps ever recorded of trotting, and on which thousands were pending, came on. The first match was that of Mr. Willan's horse, which beat the slate-coloured American, backed to trot three miles in nine minutes, for 100 guineas. It was reported that the horse was lame, and up to the evening before the start 6 to 4 was the betting on time at the Sun Tavern, and more than 2 to 1 was bet before starting, as the horse shewed a little lame in going from Hampton to Sunbury-Common, where the match took place. Mr. Dyson's man, Jack, rode the horse, and when at speed the lameness was not apparent, but the horse was more than three minutes doing the first mile, and there was no increase of speed during the match. The horse broke into a gallop near the George Inn, when about 100 yards from home, and the pressure of horsemen was so great at his heels that his jockey turned him with difficulty, and the match was lost by 40 seconds.

Captain Halford's match to trot eight miles and a half in half-an-hour, and to carry 11 stone, with a horse *bona fide* his property, for 100 guineas; and a second match for a like sum, to trot a horse 17 miles in an hour, also his property, took place on the same day (April 1), over a two miles piece of ground at Merston Vale, Surry. The match was done as follows:—

	min.	sec.
First two miles	7	7
Second ditto	7	3
Third ditto	7	4
Fourth ditto	7	8
The half mile	1	35
	29	57

A manœuvre not dreamt of was here practised. A jockey of 10 stone immediately mounted the same horse, and proceeded on the second match to the astonishment of all present. The horse had evidently been kept in as the figures under will show.

	min.	sec.
This mile and a half, making, in all, 10 miles, done in	6	10
The Sixth 2 miles	6	54
Seventh do.	6	53
Eighth do.	6	47
The last mile	3	29
	30	13

TROTTING MATCH AGAINST TIME.—Mr. M——, a gentleman well known on the turf, and Mr. C——, a sporting character of equal respectability, betted at Powell's, Sunderland Arms, Sackville-street, on Friday, April 5, 100 guineas to 50 guineas, that he, Mr. C. could not ride 90 miles in nine successive hours; to trot, in the usual way, with three horses or mares; to be decided in one month from the 5th of April inst.; to start from the fourth mile-stone, and do the distance between that and the eleventh-mile-stone on the Romford-road.—Betting 5 to 4 in favour of Mr. C., who is nearly 15 stone weight.

RENEWAL OF CAPTAIN HALFORD'S MATCH.

THIS match for the Captain's horse to trot seventeen miles for 200gs. was renewed on Thursday, April 4th, and the failure on the Monday before gave it additional interest. The horse upon that occasion completed the task, with ease, within half-an-hour; but on being pushed to do the seventeen miles within an hour the match was lost by 13 seconds, and it led to the present one, the backers of time thinking too much had been taken out of the horse to complete the 17 miles so soon after. The ground over which the horse trotted was two miles of the same as he performed on Monday, on the Bury road. He carried 11st. in the former half-hour race, and 10st. in the hour race, and in this instance he carried 10½st., and did each two miles as follows:—

First two miles	6	minutes	18	seconds.
2d ditto	7	do.	10	do.
3d ditto	6	do.	20	do.
4th ditto	6	do.	50	do.
5th ditto	6	do.	52	do.
6th ditto	7	do.	34	do.
7th ditto	6	do.	54	do.
8th ditto	6	do.	58	do.
The 17th mile	3	do.	40	do.
	58		36	

GROUSE SHOOTING

Betting was even at starting, and 6 to 4 on time after the horse broke into a gallop in the 4th mile and had to turn. He also broke in the 11th mile, but he won the race easy at last. This is not equal to the speed of the Phenomenon or the Manchester mare, but it surpasses any performance of an hour of the present day.

SHOOTING.

(*With an Engraving.*)

GROUSE SHOOTING.

As we have hitherto been silent on the subject of Grouse Shooting, it will be expected, in presenting this elegant engraving, to illustrate it with some remarks. The Highlands of Scotland abound in Grouse; they are also found on the Welch mountains, and in Ireland; in the north of England, in Lancashire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire, and other contiguous places, especially among the moors and mountains of Yorkshire, where these birds are found in sufficient numbers to afford excellent diversion. They are also to be seen in places contiguous to Sunderland, Stockton, and Darlington. For several weeks prior to the 12th of August, (the period when it commences) dog-carts may be frequently seen on the road to the north, laden with that sagacious animal that so essentially contributes to the taking of the game. About the 10th or 11th the roads are crowded with Sportsmen and their attendants.

An English atmosphere is generally much more favourable to this diversion than an Highland one, as from the innumerable locks, and the immediate vicinity of the ocean, the mountains are so concealed in the vapours arising from them, as at all times to render a day's sport extremely precarious. A very little wet soon causes a grouse to become wild and unassailable, and the chance of pursuing him to any advantage is very uncertain, until, perhaps, in the middle of the day, when the sun may establish a temporary influence. His habits are exceedingly regular, always taking his food and water at particular times, the latter at noon; he will then retire to the sunny-side of some bank, and beneath the cover of the high furze, bask in all the delight of imagined security. In this situation, a good shot will frequently annihilate the whole brood.

Two brace of steady dogs are, indisputably, best calculated for Grouse-Shooting, and they will work as long as any gentleman ought to continue. The plan which Sportsmen adopt, is to shoot with one brace of pointers till the time of dinner, and then take a brace of fresh ones for a couple of hours in the afternoon, working the four alternately morning and evening; this method suits very well with such a system, but there are few who feel inclined to renew their endeavours after a cool and comfortable repast.

Grouse-shooting may, with propriety, be placed at the head of the list of what the French would significantly call *la chasse au fusil.*

PIGEON SHOOTING.

Two crack shots, who were backed to kill seventeen birds from twenty-one, had a match for twenty guineas, on the 22d of March, in a meadow adjoining Hampton Common, when at each shot the gun was backed at 4 to 1 to kill. The performers were Messrs. Anderson and Thwaites. Mr. Anderson, who was considered an 18 man, bagged only 12! while his adversary killed but nine.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Mr. West, the celebrated runner, started on Wednesday morning, 27th ult. to go on foot from London to Salisbury, and return by the Bath road, after touching at Warminster, in three successive days. The route is 212 miles, making near 71 miles per day. This pedestrian is one of the great Powell stamp, whose walk is five miles an hour, but he occasionally indulges in some lounges at the rate of nine miles an hour. He had performed 80 miles at ten o'clock on Wednesday night, when he went to rest. He started at two o'clock on Thursday morning, and at six in the evening he had done 52 miles, and was going on well, making for a friend's house on the London side Hungerford. Time was the favourite yesterday.—He arrived in good time, and in excellent spirits, on the Saturday morning following.

James Pigmore, the Suffolk pedestrian, who ran fifty miles in eight hours, on the 22d. of January, undertook a few days since the arduous task of running 72 miles within twelve hours. He started at half-past

six o'clock, and at eight had run 13 miles; at twelve minutes after nine o'clock, 20 miles; at eleven, 30 miles; at 15 minutes before two, he finished 50 miles, and dined; at 15 minutes before four, 60 miles; at 2 minutes before six, 72 miles; taking 3,744 turns, and finishing his task of 72 miles in 11 hours 28 minutes, including time for refreshment.

A COUNTRYMAN of the name of Clarkson undertook for 10 guineas to run ten miles on the Bury-road within an hour. He did the first two miles in 10 minutes, 12 seconds, and half the distance in 27 minutes 50 seconds. He went on at a winning rate, and did the whole distance in one minute and 20 seconds within the given time, with apparent ease

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A NOVEL pedestrian match took place on the Peckham-road, a gentleman of the name of Bartleman, having undertaken to go backwards twelve miles, in two hours. The pedestrian did the first mile in seven minutes, and four miles in 32 minutes. He did within two hundred yards of seven miles in the hour, and halted about two minutes. He won the match, having two minutes only to spare, with much trouble, as he frequently fell from giddiness, in the last two miles, and felt the effects seriously after it was over. Betting was 2 to 1 on time.

A PEDESTRIAN, named W. Pill, undertook to perform the task of walking forty miles in eight hours, at Brecon, on Thursday, April 4th, which he easily accomplished in 7 hours and 40 minutes.

PUGILISM.

THREE fights took place on Wednesday, March 13, in Bullock's Meadows, on the Stanmore-road, when some real ruffianing took place. The first was a match between Belton, a brick-maker, a disciple of Paddington Jones, and Bill Weaver, the Hertfordshire navigator, a man of great power, who had served out all the clods before him.—W. Burn and Astell seconded Belton, and R. Jones and Ford picked up the navigator. It was a terrible destructive fight of 4 rounds, which lasted 35 minutes.

ROUND 1.—Belton drew first blood from the scratch, by a left-handed muzzler on the nose, which set the claret flowing. Weaver made a heavy right-handed lunge, but it missed, and a close followed, in which struggle mischief was done. The combatants separated and gathered wind after several blows were exchanged. Belton received a heavy fall.

Round 2.—Both bleeding and piping, when Weaver was hit in the mouth, and a prominent tooth was displaced, which the loser took from his mouth and threw down. A slashing round followed, and the navigator was neatly doubled up by a blow on the mark, and he fell like a house, but scrambled up again without assistance.

Round 3.—The two rounds previous had lasted 23 minutes, and the men were hit to a stand-still, but each showed much native courage. Bellows-mending was the order at first, when another daring round took place, and day-light was nearly exploded. Weaver placed a good body blow, for which his nose was split in a counter with the left hand, which did his ogles no good.

Round 4.—This finished the battle after a rallying-round.—Weaver hit at random from dimness in sight, and he was grassed by another blow on the mark, which won Belton the battle and stakes of twenty guineas.

The second battle was fought for five guineas and a purse of two, between two good, although unscienced men, of the names of Brien and Harvey. Thirteen rounds were fought in twenty minutes, and in each of them there was a knock down, or a heavy throw. Harvey had the best of the first part of the battle from quickness, but strength out-did him, and Brien won cleverly at last.

The third was a laughable fight for a subscription sovereign, between a little Jew and a Plough-boy, whose grimaces, covered with crimson hue, caused much merriment; he was topped thrice at a time in the head, whilst preparing a mowing hit, and he at times felt as if to know if any part of his face had bolted, and then wiped his stained hands upon his inexpressibles. Little Moses won easy.

There has been a fight also since our last, between two Bakers, M'Lean and Miller, for 40 sovereigns, affording the amateurs considerable interest. Miller was seconded by Carter and Belasco; and M'Lean by Randall and Josh. Hudson. Miller soon got the lead and kept it. M'Lean was severely *punished* about the *nob*, and defeated in 20 minutes; while Miller had scarcely a mark of consequence upon his face.—It was a good fight.

March 5, a battle for 20gs took place between Sharp and Burke, five miles from Woolwich. The former, a stiff Kentish-man, who, for some years, has milled away every thing of eleven stone in the

vicinity of Woolwich; and the latter, a taller, stouter, and heavier man by a stone and a-half. It was what cotemporary fancy-writers call—"a pretty comfortable mill, and well worth while of any amateurs attendance." Randall and Josh. Hudson went into the ring with Sharp: Lister and the Deptford-currier picked up Burke. After a contest of 55 minutes, and 49 rounds of hard fighting, Sharp was declared the victor.

A GAY battle took place on Tuesday (April 6th) on Hunter's estate, through the Kilburn-fields, between Valentine, the pie-youth, and Grant, a Scotch lad, of sturdy make. The parties had been upon the *narl*, and a belly-full was rather a stimulus than the purse. Crouch seconded the pie-youth, and Oliver picked up the Scotchman.

ROUNDS.

1. Grant shewed some good natural fighting. Valentine ruffianed it with his antagonist, and some heavy hits were exchanged, when both fell in a close.

2. Valentine, finding that with his adversary the ruffianing fighting would not suit, began some ring tactics; and gave Grant a well-measured left-handed facer, which met him on the nose, and set him snorting.

3. Valentine kept the lead; but the Scotch Youth, undismayed, shewed some manly qualities, in spite of another muzzler, which also floored him.

The four next rounds were fought with much lion-heartedness on both sides.

8. Bellows-mending was the order of this round, and no mischief took place.

9. Both unmuzzled again, and hit each other to a stand-still.

Four other rounds were fought, but both had hit themselves out of time, and could not meet, and the battle was drawn.—Both men behaved like heroes of the first order; we have, therefore, thought them not unworthy of notice under this head.

POETRY OF THE FANCY.—No. 2.

The Boxing Match—how it ended,
And all about it.

A PHILOSOPHER, like Mr. Malthus for instance, in one of his evening rambles, seeth two quicks quarrelling about a game of Bob-Cherry, and after separating the little combatants, and admonishing them never to fight again, telleth them the following story.

Come hither, young ones, wipe your smutty faces
And ere you box each other's ears again,
Leave off awhile your puerile grimaces,
And listen calmly to an old man's strain—
Come! sit ye down each in your proper places,
And I will tell (bless me 'twill surely rain)
A tale well suited your young minds to catch,
Of a tough couple at a boxing-match.

Matthew Elias Obadiah Hughes,
Once had a quarrel with his friend Sam Snack—
As I was told about a pair of shoes,
(Damn it, this rain comes pelting at my back)
And so from words the two began to use
Left-handed blows 'till eyes of both were black,
And nasal bridges, pontes asinorum
Were broken by the fist-cuffs that passed o'er 'em.

They milled for twenty minutes, Matthew hit
Snack in the ribs, but at the eighteenth round,
It seems the biter at the last was bit
For Samuel's blow made Matthew's skull resound,
And down he roll'd like a Newmarket tit—
I can't say that I saw him on the ground,
But Matthew's second told me all about it—
'Tis a true story I cannot doubt it.

They raised him from the ground, but he was dead,
Aye, dead as mutton—well may you both stare,
A horrid flint had hit him on the head
And laid him like a lion in his lair.
Sam robbed the expecting gallows—for he fled,
And Matthew Hughes was left ensanguined there,
And there he might have staid 'till judgement-day,
Had not his second carried him away.

Now comes the mournful burthen of my tale—
Matthews fair sister a young village maid,
By fatal chance was wandering down the vale,
And heard a sound come wafted on the glade,
That seemed to breathe the hollow voice of wail—
She listened—the low wind an echo made
And then again died gently, and again
Swelled on the breeze like heav'n's enchanted strain.

Slowly the crowd advanced and bore along
A blood stained corse—the sun was on the face,
And as the poor girl rush'd toward the throng,
With breathless haste, she saw the livid trace

Of death glassed in the eyes—'twas very wrong—
I told them of it—thus to pause and place
The corse before the widowed one, when she
Had loved her blighted flower so tenderly.

She spake no word, but stood in silence there,
Gazing upon the dead with eye of mild
And mute distress—the sister of despair—
Then burst at once into a shout of wild
And savage laughter, then in silent prayer,
Turned her blue eye to Heaven like a child,
That was not of this earth—then breathed a groan,
Of stifled grief, and bid them hasten on.

They bore him to his grave, and she stood by
And saw the dust strewed lightly o'er his head,
And then for the first time her glassy eye
Told that she knew her love indeed was dead;
All wept for her distress, and heaved a sigh
For him who mouldered low—they strewed his bed
With summer flow'rs and bade his spirits rest,
For they would plant a rose upon his breast.*

His sister wandered home, but every night
A voice of death told volumes of the past,
And spoke of him now vanished from her sight,
And o'er each hour a dreary sadness cast:
The midnight gale swept sadly like a sprite,
Rear'd in the realms of darkness, and the blast
Seemed as if whispering in each hollow tone,
"I am the spirit of the man that's gone."

She heard the voice and lingered not behind,
For day by day death like a midnight thief,
Stole some sweet charm, some opening grace of mind,
(Here the two boys took out their handkerchief,
And sobbed intently 'till they broke their wind)
And thus she bowed to earth like the seared leaf
Of autumn, and when next the spring came on,
In pride of virgin beauty, she was gone.

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* To plant a rose or any other flower upon the grave of a friend, is considered in some parts of England, and particularly in South Wales, as the highest tribute of gratitude and affection that can be paid to the deceased.

We missed her much, sweet girl, and often talked
Of her kind heart and all her winning ways,
And loved at eve to walk where she had walked,
When the pale moon pour'd down her cloudless rays.
Much had we dared to hope, but death baulked
Each cherish'd hope, and chilled the note of praise,
And friendship, love in woman's softest tone,
Are all summed up thus briefly—she is gone.

Well! peace be with the dead, and happiness
If such be in the grave with her who sleeps,
So lowly now, and if we aught may guess,
At her changed state the tear that pity weeps,
Shall brighten into joy while we confess,
In sanguine hope, that her pure soul o'erleaps
The bounds of space, and freed from earthly ill,
Soars to yon heaven's blue arch, an angel still.

Here ends the tale of Mister Matthew Hughes,
And the poor girl—the tenant of the tomb,
And of his strife about a pair of shoes,
With Samuel Snack, now sunk in deepest gloom;
Mark well the tale, my boys, and when you use
Your double fists, remember Matthew's doom,
And when inclined to breed a foolish riot,
Think of this awful warning, and be quiet.

ANECDOTES, &c.

CANINE SAGACITY.—Among the instances of sagacity in a dog, we question whether any is more remarkable than the following:—At Martinmas last, a man, who had engaged to take some cattle from the neighbourhood of Biggar to London, borrowed a dog from one of his neighbours to assist him in driving. The dog, some time after, came home; and the owner reasonably concluded that the drover was also returned. In this conjecture, however, he was mistaken; for some days elapsed before he arrived. He then intimated that he had unluckily lost the dog in the bustle of the metropolis. The animal not only found its way for so great a distance, and through so many towns, but must have contrived to get food on the journey. The reader is aware that the dog, like the bee, tracks the course home by recognizing the objects passed in going out.

A PIKE, which measured 42 inches in length, 22½ inches round the body, and weighed 25 pounds 14 ounces, was taken lately by the gamekeeper, whilst dragging a small pond in the park near Alfreton, in Nottinghamshire, the seat of H. C. Morewood, Esq.

MATCH AGAINST TIME.—Mr. Keating, of the Royal Dragoons, having matched a poney, twelve hands high, for 50 guineas, to carry his weight, 13 stone, from Weymouth to Bath, a distance of sixty-four miles, in eight hours, the poney started on Thursday, at eight o'clock precisely, from the King's Statue, Weymouth, and at twenty minutes past ten had reached Sherborne, 26 miles. He continued perfectly fresh until he reached Bruton, when he began to flag a little, and by the time he reached within two miles of Frome was nearly exhausted; he however kept it up until his arrival at the hill going out of the town, when Mr. Keating pulled up, having then two hours to reach Bath in. The poney got to Frome, a distance of 50 miles from Weymouth, in *six* hours, going the ground with apparent ease; but the weight he had to carry, (in the long run) clearly told against him. Betting was *ten to one in favour* of the poney by the time he reached Sherborne.

SINGULAR BATTLE BETWEEN A TERRIER PUP AND A WEASEL.—On Thursday last an engagement took place on the banks of the Monkland Canal, Glasgow, between a terrier pup and a weasel. After varied success they went into the Canal, where the pup was gaining, when the weasel seized him by the snout; to get free appeared impracticable, and the terrier, as if aware of the only way of terminating the struggle, thrust his head under the water and drowned his opponent.

POACHING.—"Some weeks ago," says *The Bury Gazette*, "a man of the name of Crannis was convicted in the sum of 15*l.* for having been found on the lands of Mr. Newton, of Elden, with three pheasants in his pockets, he being a person not qualified to kill game; and for non-payment of the penalty, was committed to the goal here for three months; on his arrival at the prison, he was put into the receiving ward to be examined, as is the usual mode before admitted into the interior of the gaol; he was left there alone nearly half-an-hour; during the time he amused himself by drawing three pheasants upon the walls, with a piece of charcoal, and writing under them the following lines:—

"I am a carpenter by trade, I never was incroaching,
I had no work, no money, which made me go a poaching,
Three hen-pheasants I had got, and homeward I was making,
Two fellows stop'd me on the road, so poor Joe was taken;
Then to the Justice they did bring me, with him I could not prevail,
For my mittimus he did sign, and sent me off to gaol.
The pheasants I should have caught, I have now left for store,
And this summer, if they have luck, they'll breed plenty more,
And as soon as ever the next season do come in,
If I am alive, and not confined, I shall be ready to begin,
And if that I am taken again, the money I will pay,
For I shall never stand for money, while pheasants look so gay.

"JOSEPH CRANNIS, March, 1822."

A COACHMAN'S CONSCIENCE.—A hackney-coachman appeared before the Bench, upon a summons, to answer the complaint of a gentleman from whom he had extorted seven shillings and sixpence for a four-shilling fare! "How could you think of attempting such an impudent extortion?" asked the Magistrate. "Why, your Worship," replied the honest *Coachee*, "I'll tell you how it was; I knows I'm guilty, but I'll tell you how it was, and I hopes you'll take into your consideration, and not be too hard upon me. The ge'mman's sarvant what rode on the box wi' me, said to me, says he, as we were toddling a little ways down Oxford-street, your

Worship—says he to me, says he, 'Coachee,' says he, 'there's a *weddun* (wedding) in *this* job, so you need'n't be afeard of laying it on pretty thick; and then you know you can tip me a *bob* for my own cheek.'" "And pray what is a *bob?*" asked his Worship. "Why a shilling, your Honour, all the world over! just as we say a *tanner*, or a *tizzy*, or a *tilbury* for a sixpence; or a *quid* for a guinea. Well your worship, when he ax'd me to stand a bob, I thought he was a rummish sort of a customer, but howsomever I took the hint, and when I set the ge'mman down I ax'd 7s. 6d. instead of a four shillings. God forgive me! But I thought I could'nt in conscience ax less!"—"And pray," asked the Magistrate, "did you give the servant the shilling you had promised him?"—"No, your Worship, I wou'dn't give him any thing, 'cause I thought he didn't desarve it, after putting me up to diddle his own master in that manner!" The gentleman said, it was certainly true that on the day in question he had been present at a wedding; but he had received an excellent character with the servant, and as he had now lived with him several years, during which time his whole conduct had been unexceptionable, he would not believe him capable of making such an unprincipled proposition. The Magistrate said he had little doubt that it was a mere invention of the coachman's, and even admitting it to be true, it was no palliation of his offence. Honest Coachee was then fined twenty shillings for the pliability of his conscience, and he left the office, observing, "I'll take nation good care how I gets into this ere sort of a scrape again."

Expeditious Travelling.—On Sunday morning (about three weeks since) at one o'clock, a party left the General Post-office, Lombard-street, by the foreign mail, arrived at 10 o'clock at Dover, breakfasted, immediatly went on-board the Steam Packet, and landed in Calais at one o'clock,—dined at two, and returned again to Dover at five, took tea, quitted by the usual mail at nine, and arrived in Lombard-street at six o'clock on Monday morning.

Remarkable Circumstance.—At the latter end of last October, Mr. Huggins, of Huckin Court, lost a sow, which could not be heard of till last Saturday se'nnight, when it was perceived working its way out of a stack of straw, where it appears that this creature had been smothered the whole of the time, having only the straw for its subsistence. It is remembered that at the time the sow was lost, a quantity of straw was removed from the barn and thrown into a heap in the yard, when, it is supposed, the sow was covered over; at this time she weighed ten score, and when found scarcely three.—*Kent Herald, April 4.*

Fairs.—Worcester Spring Fair, on Saturday last, was plentifully supplied with fat cattle, which averaged 4d. to 5d. per lb. Sheep fetched from 4d. to 5d. per lb. Prime were on the advance and obtained better prices.—Stourbridge Horse Fair, last week, was well attended, and the show, as usual, very great. Valuable horses, superior hacks, and machiners, were quickly bought up at high prices; but most of the inferior ones were taken away unsold.—At Ledbury Fair, on Monday, there was a remarkably fine show of cattle; but the sale was very dull, at the usual reduced prices. Good horses sold well, but inferior ones were in little demand. Cheese, best making, averaged 48s. to 50s., and two meal, 35s. to 36s. per cwt.

ADDENDA.—SPORTING.

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING, THURSDAY, *April* 11.

Sweepstakes of 200gs each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 5lb. each. T. Y. C.

Duke of Grafton's ch. Whizgig	1
Lord G. Cavendish's, by Bourbon	2
H. R. H. the Duke of York's, by Whalebone	3

6 to 4 on Whizgig—2 to 1 agst Lord G. Cavendish's.

Sweepstakes of 200gs each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 5lb. D. M.

Duke of Grafton's b. f. Pastille	1
Lord G. Cavendish's, by Bourbon	2

7 to 4 on Pastille.

Sweepstakes of 200gs h. ft. colts, 8st. 8lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb. then rising 3 years old. R. M.

Duke of Rutland's f. by Rubens	0
Mr. Wyndham's c. by Frolic	0
Duke of Grafton's c. by Vandyke Junior	3

Even betting on the Duke of Rutland's f.

After the dead heat the Duke of Rutland's filly walked over, and the Duke of Rutland and Mr. Wyndham agreed to divide the stake.

The Claret Stakes of 200gs each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 2lb. rising 4 years old. D. I.

Mr. Hunter's gr. c. Gustavus	1
Mr. Wilson named c. Carbonaro, by Woful	2
Mr. Udny's Ibla	3
Lord Exeter's b. f. Augusta	4

3 to 1 agst Gustavus—2 to 1 on Augusta.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb. D. M.

Lord Verulam's c. Vapour	rec.

Sweepstakes of 200gs each, h. ft. 8st. 7lb. B. M.

Lord Exeter's b. c. Holbein	rec.

FRIDAY, *April* 12.—Sweepstakes of 200gs each, h. ft. for fillies then rising 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. each. R. M.

Duke of Grafton's ch. Whizgig	1
Duke of Rutland's b. by Rubens	2
Duke of Grafton's Mona	3
Mr. Vansittart's ch. by Walton	4

5 to 2 against Whizgig—2 to 1 agst Duke of Rutland's b.

Subscription Plate of Fifty Pounds, for 2-yr-olds, carrying 6st. 7lb.; 3-yr-olds, 8st. 5lb.; 4-yr-olds, 8st. 13lbs.; 5-yr-olds, 9st. 4lbs.; 6-yr-olds and aged, 9st. 8lb. D. M.

Lord Clarendon's ch. f. Mirandola, 4 yrs	1
Mr. Jones's br. c. Deceiver, 4 yrs	2
Mr. Bouverie's b. c. Tressilian, 3 yrs	3

7 to 1 against Mirandola—3 to 1 agst Tressilian.

The Hampton Court Stud Stakes, of 200gs. each, h. ft. colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb. D. M.

Lord Stradbroke's b. c. The Stag	walked over

Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb. D. M.

Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Whizgig	1
Mr. Rush's c. by Selim	2
General Grosvenor's Marcellus	3

A Gold Cup, value 80gs. by a Subscription of 10gs. each, for horses of all ages. A. F.

Mr. Wyndham's Black-and-all-Black, 3 yrs 8st. 3lb.	1
Mr. Prendergast's Regent, 5 yrs 8st. 12lb.	2
Mr. Greville's Oracle, 4 yrs. 7st. 13lb.	3
Lord Exeter's c. by Ardrossan, 4 yrs 8st. 8lb.	4
Mr. Goddart's f. by Marmion, 2 yrs 5st. 9lb.	5

The Port Stakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb. rising 4yrs old, and not named in the Claret Stakes. T. M. M

Duke of Grafton's b. f. Zeal. (walked over)

Duke of Grafton's Hampden, brother to Brutus, beat Mr. Thornhill's c. by Pericles, 8st. 7lb. each. R. M. 200 gs. h. ft. 5 to 2 on Hampden.

Mr. Prendergast's Regent, received forfeit from Mr. Fox's Cardinal Wolsey, 8st. 7lb. each. D. I. 300 guineas, h. ft.

Mr. Udny's Barmecide, 8st. 9lb. received forfeit from Lord Exeter's Athenian, T. Y. C. 100 guineas, h. ft.

The following interesting matches are made to run this week at Newmarket, between the best horses of their year:—

Lord Exeter's Augusta, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Fox's North Wester, 8st. 7lb. D. M.

Banker, (which horse was sold last week to Mr. Charlton,) is matched agst Euphrates, 8st. 7lb. each. D. I.

Regent is matched agst Plumper, and Barmecide and Plumper are also matched.

BETTINGS.—TATTERSALL's.

1822.

RIDDLESWORTH. MARCH 14.

5 to 4 agst Plover.
3½ to 1 agst Frolic.
4 to 1 agst Canadia.
7 to 1 agst Sir John Shelley's.
11 to 1 agst Crockford's.

DERBY.

6 to 1 agst Sycorax colt.
7 to 1 agst D. of York's Whalebone c.
8 to 1 agst Aquilina.
13 to 1 agst Plover.
14 to 1 agst Antonio.
14 to 1 agst Landscape.
16 to 1 agst Mr. Batson's Mystery.
18 to 1 agst Bess c.
20 to 1 agst any other.

OAKS.

6 to 1 agst Parasol filly.
6½ to 1 agst Cat.
7 to 1 agst Reserve.
8 to 1 agst Meteora.
Nothing said of any other last Betting Day.

DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

10 to 1 agst Marion.
10 to 1 agst Swap.
11 to 1 agst Ajax.
18 to 1 agst Newbyth.
18 to 1 agst Euphrosyne.
18 to 1 agst Sycorax.
20 to 1 agst Dupore.
25 to 1 agst Mr. Gascoyne's c.

NEWMARKET STAKES.

2 to 1 agst Stag.
4 to 1 agst Stamford.

DERBY.—March 18.

6 to 1 agst Sycorax (taken).
6½ to 1 agst Whalebone.
7 to 1 agst Aquilina (taken).
13 to 1 agst Midsummer.
14 to 1 agst brother to Antonio.
15 to 1 agst Cecilia (taken).
15 to 1 agst Landscape.
18 to 1 agst Stamford.
13 to 1 agst c. out of Barossa, (taken)

OAKS.

5½ to 1 agst Pastille.
6 to 1 agst Cat. (taken)
7 to 1 agst Rosalind.

DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

9 to 1 agst Swap.
10 to 1 agst Ajax.
13 to 1 agst Newbyth (taken).
14 to 1 agst Sycorax.
20 to 1 agst Marion.
22 to 1 agst Mandane (taken).
25 to 1 agst Dupore (taken).
25 to 1 agst Theodore (taken).
30 to 1 agst Akarius.
30 to 1 agst Delusion.
30 to 1 agst Mr. T. Sykes's c.

DERBY.—March 25.

6 to 1 agst Muley.
6 to 1 agst Whalebone.
7 to 1 agst Sycorax.
10 to 1 agst brother to Antonio.
14 to 1 agst Midsummer.
15 to 1 agst Landscape.
15 to 1 agst Mystic.
16 to 1 agst Stamford.

OAKS.

5 to 1 agst Pastille.
6 to 1 agst Cat.
7½ to 1 agst Rosalind.
8 to 1 agst Meteora.
9 to 1 agst Tippitywitchet.

ST. LEGER.

10 to 1 agst Swap.
10 to 1 agst Ajax.
14 to 1 agst Newbyth.
20 to 1 agst Mandane and Marion (taken.)

DERBY.—April 1.

6 to 1 agst Muley (taken).
6¼ to 1 agst Whalebone (do.)
6½ to 1 agst Sycorax (do.)
15 to 1 agst brother to Antonio.
15 to 1 agst Mistic.
15 to 1 agst Midsummer.
18 to 1 agst Stamford.

OAKS.

3 to 1 agst Pastille.
6 to 1 agst Cat.
6½ to 1 agst Rosalind.
8 to 1 agst Meteora.
9½ to 1 agst sister to Neva.
10 to 1 agst Tippitywitchet.

RIDDLESWORTH.

2½ to 1 agst Midsummer.
4 to 1 agst Frolic.
4 to 1 agst Canadia.
6 to 1 agst Mockbird.

ST. LEGER.

9 to 1 agst Ajax.
10 to 1 agst Swap.
13 to 1 agst Newbyth.
18 to 1 agst Sycorax.
20 to 1 agst Mandane.
20 to 1 agst Marion.

DERBY.—April 4.

6 to 1 agst Muley.
6 to 1 agst Whalebone.
11 to 1 agst Sycorax.
12 to 1 agst brother to Antonio.
15 to 1 agst Stamford.
16 to 1 agst Mystic.
16 to 1 agst Midsummer.

OAKS.

6 to 1 agst Pastille.
6 to 1 agst Rosalind.
6 to 1 agst sister to Neva.
7 to 1 agst Cat.

RIDDLESWORTH.

6 to 4 agst Midsummer.

ST. LEGER.

9 to 1 agst Ajax.
10 to 1 agst Swap.

MARKETS.

PRICE OF BREAD.—The highest price of the best wheaten bread, throughout the metropolis, is stated, by the principal bakers, to be *Nine-pence Halfpenny* the quartern loaf, of 4lb. 5oz. and a half.

PRICE OF FLOUR.—Flour, Town-made, 45s to 50s; Seconds, 42s to 45s;—Essex and Suffolk, on-board ship, 40s to 45s;—Norfolk and Stockton, 38s to 40s.—Bran, per quarter, 5s to 6s.—Pollard, Fine, per ditto, 20s to 25.

Hay, Straw, and Clover, have experienced but little variation since our last.

SMITHFIELD, APRIL 5.—*To sink offal—per st. of 8lb.*

Beef - - - -	2s. 6d. to 3s. 8d.	Veal - - - - -	3s. 0d. to 5s. 4d.
Mutton - - -	2s. 4d. to 3s. 4d.	Pork - - - - -	2s. 0d. to 4s. 4d.

Lamb 6s. 0d. to 8s. 0d.

Head of Cattle.

Beasts 438; Sheep and Lambs, 8320; Calves, 270; Pigs 40.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE feel obliged by the kind promise of "ANONYMOUS," and will give his communications, if relevant to the plan of our Work, every consideration, as well as a speedy insertion.

We thank "EXAMINER" for his remarks; we were not aware that so much inaccuracy existed as to dates and names of places of several recent Hunts which we have given in our work. In some instances we must throw the blame entirely upon our correspondents; as Gazetteers, in general, take no notice of the small towns and villages which *Examiner* points out as wrong; we have, therefore, been obliged to adhere to the orthography of the parties who have transferred them to us. It is but little satisfaction to say that contemporaries have fallen into the same error—it is an error to which all are alike equally liable.

J. F. G.'s last communication arrived too late for our present Number, but will be inserted in our next.

A GOOD SHOT'S remarks are not good enough for our work.—He forgot to pay the postage of his letter.

The article, said to be communicated through the medium of a friend, by our Stockton correspondent, has not come to hand.

"FUN AND FROLIC" 'is *flash* but *low*;' too low, we fear, for the readers of the SPORTING REPOSITORY.

We wish to see the whole of the "HELVETIC NARRATIVE" by G. before we can promise its insertion.

"Common Sayings," will probably appear in our next; as also the communication of a YOUNG SPORTSMAN, a FOX-HUNTER, and a WELL-WISHER.

Some articles, promised in our last, we have been reluctantly obliged to postpone till our next for want of room.

ERRATUM.

Page 313 of this Number, last word but one, for 'take *them* to' read 'take *it* to.'

THE

Sporting Repository.

VOL. I.] MAY 15, 1822. [No. V.

COACHIANA.—No. V.

To teach the young idea how to—DRIVE.

Thompson.

——————————so we'll live,
And chat, and sing, and tell old tales and laugh
At gilded butterflies; and hear poor rogues
Talk of court-news, and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins, who's in—who's out.

Shakspeare.

TALES ON THE ROAD.

TO a single man, who has no profession but what tends to promote his amusement, there is scarcely any pleasure equal to travelling. For myself, the happiest moments I spend are in a stage-coach, or by the snug parlour fire-side of some second-rate inn, when the expedition of the day is terminated. At present my excursions are confined to England, where, under the independent incognito of a passenger, I glean a tolerable knowledge together with an amusing fund of anecdote. This, though little, I shall from time to time communicate, for I consider the churl who doggedly withholds his mite of information, as little better than a dark lantern. So much by way of introduction: now to the opening of my scanty budget.

I started a few months since from the Saracen's-head, Snow-hill, on a trip to Portsmouth. The day was fine, and I had every rational expectation of enjoyment. On reaching the New White Horse-cellar, the coachman took up two passengers, who from their mode of address and fluent shrewdness of observation, appeared to be retainers of the law. Unlike the generality of Englishmen, they chatted with agreeable readiness, pointed out, as we journied along, the most remarkable features in the country, and commented upon local topics with instructive and amusing vivacity. I soon entered into warm companionship with them, and by the time that our Jehu pulled up at Egham, had handed over my card of address, together with certain tender hints, about "Lodge in London—quite a bachelor—glad to see—pot luck—quite in a plain way;" which being interpreted, means, "gentlemen, I shall be happy to see you on my return to London."

No sooner said than done, the invitation was accepted, and my two new acquaintances proved to be barristers at law; one practising in the Court of King's-bench, the other at Lincoln's-inn. Mr. Gladstone, which was the name of the eldest, was a thorough man of the world, and possessed a dry humour and causticity of remark that formed a delicious stimulus to his conversation. His companion, whose name was Montalbert, was more elegant in mind and manner, but less acquainted with the world. This, however, was the fault of inexperience; our junior counsel had seen apparently but five and twenty summers, and had but lately made his debût at the bar of Lincoln's-inn. Both were now going to plead a cause at Portsmouth, and both were anxious to escape from the drudgery of business to the entertainment of sociable chit-chat.

The earlier stages of our road lay partly through Windsor Forest, and Mr. Montalbert, who was educated at Eton, amused us with many characteristic pleasantries of the late king. There were numberless floating anecdotes told of his hunting and sporting achievements, which have unfortunately escaped me. But there is one story that I shall not so easily forget. When we came within a few miles of the castle,

"Do you see," said Mr. Montalbert, "that vast umbrageous mass of wood to the left in the distance of the terrace?" "Yes," was our reply. "That," continued he, "is, if I mistake not, Ditton Park; it skirts, however, the little village of Datchett, and, in my school-days, was the scene of a ridiculous and well-known occurrence, which, with your permission, I will relate." Of course we accepted the proposal, and I here give the anecdote, not exactly in the conversational style in which it was detailed, but amplified to suit the purposes of publication. In doing this, however, I have carefully retained facts, and as my alteration is confined to diction, it may not perhaps be deemed inadmissible among the pages of *Coachiana*.

THE LANDLORD OF THE WINDSOR CASTLE.

At a trifling distance from Windsor stands the village of Datchett, situated on the banks of the Thames, and crossed by a long arched-bridge of recent erection. In its immediate neighbourhood are the dark groves of Ditton, and far to the right, in the distance, towers the venerable spire of Eton-college, from the midst of an amphitheatre of wood. The picturesque appearance of the landscape is enhanced by a small tavern, erected on the Windsor side of the bridge, to equip funnies and sailing-boats, for the gratification of the surrounding gentry.

Many years since the rage for these aquatic excursions had reached their zenith, and the landlord of the Windsor Castle had, in consequence, attained the full plenitude of power. He was a wight of no mean authority, being not only the "Lord of the Castle," but the clerk of the parish. His real name was Patrick O'Doyle, but an inveterate fondness for heraldry had procured him the nick-name of the genealogist. If a stranger ever made his appearance in the village, the lynx eye of our sturdy Boniface immediately scrutinized his heraldic appendages, and every iota connected with his descent and birth-right. The coachmen too, he knew them all, father, mother, great-aunts and great-uncles, even unto the third and fourth generation. Accordingly they never

failed to stop at his inn, when a jolly glass of heavy wet gave bibulous token that the genealogy of his beer-barrels was older than his own. God bless the mark! I have neither time nor ability to discuss the formidable residuum of his merits; "so let me to my story as before."

It came to pass then, that, one evening, the Eton and Windsor coach, licensed to carry six-inside and twelve out, set down the authorized number at the door of the "Castle." They were cocknies from thy classical neighbourhood, oh! East-cheap, who, freed from the toils of the counter, were going up the river to Eton, with the sensible intention, as the landlord termed it, of supping at his domicile on their return. It was a sad evening for such an excursion. Large masses of clouds were seen floating loosely along the grey horizon, and anon clubbing together, as if in full divan on the subject of brewing a storm: and those good-for-nothing jades, the moor-hens, appeared to take a spiteful satisfaction in screaming its announcement. The more rational part of the community endeavoured to persuade their companions to postpone the treat, but as our landlord was of opinion that the weather would clear up, a division took place, and the demurrers were left in a fearful minority.

From the moment of their departure all was confusion at the Castle. Boots was dispatched on a victualling embassy to Windsor, waiters, chambermaids, scullions, all had their apportioned duties, nor was the fat cook exempted. Night, meanwhile, drew on—the sun had long since set behind a wild canopy of clouds, and the shadows of the neighbouring woods deepened along the surface of the Thames. At this instant, the faint shouts of the returning party were heard, and in a few minutes the boats were moored, and all was ready for their accommodation.

Fain would I descant on the abundance of fish, flesh, and fowl that graced the supper-room. Fain would I laud the incomparable virtues of spruce-beer, and do justice to the well sorted marriage of a beef-steak with oyster-sauce. But themes like these are as much beyond the compass of my intellect as my pocket. Suffice it to say, that when supper was concluded, the spirits of the company had reached an

enviable state of exhilaration. The landlord too was called in to contribute his share to the mirth and punch of the evening, and dubbed *nem. con.* vice-president of the cocknies. When the glass had circulated with tolerable freedom, the news of the neighbourhood was canvassed, and one person happened unfortunately to mention the arrival of Lord L—— in the village. The two eyes of our genealogist flashed oblique fire at the intelligence. Here was an opportunity of displaying his lore—could it be passed over? Undoubtedly not. "Lord L——, gentlemen," he exclaimed, crossing his legs with unusual importance, "Do you know who Lord L—— is?"—"No," said one of the party; "I believe," added another, "that he is the member for Windsor." "Lord L——," continued Boniface, "is the son of his Grace the Duke of B——, who was the son of Douglas, surnamed of Hamilton, third son of Robert of Dalkeith, who aided and abetted the glorious Revolution of sixty-eight, and is lineally descended from John of Gaunt, in virtue of which relationship, he bears four quarterings on his arms; as thus, the first a boar passant argent, between three roses argent, the arms of the houses of York and Lancaster; the second, a lion rampant, to show"—"We will not trouble you further," said one of the party. "We are convinced of your knowledge," hiccupped another. "Why, yes, gentlemen," resumed the genealogist, "I have some little reason to boast, thank God! though I say it as shouldn't say it."

After some such further egotism, the conversation became general, and a fresh bowl of punch was ordered, the landlord expressly declaring, that there was not a head-ache in a hogshead of it. Almost every topic had by this time been discussed, and it now only remained to wind up the evening's entertainment by a few ghost-stories. The night was well suited to such subjects. It was dark and stormy, just the season, in short, that a goblin would select to visit his old acquaintance. It is in times like these when the spirits take their tone of action from the hour that the mind is most alive to superstition.

Every one had some pertinent tale of horror to recount. One citizen had met in Billingsgate with the spectre of a

defunct oyster-wench, who carried her head in a fish-basket; another on rambling at night through Gracechurch-street, had been accosted by the phantom of a well-known coachman, with "any gentleman for Camberwell;"—another had been scared on Hounslow-heath, by the sudden apparition of a post-boy, bearing two coats—"of arms," said the genealogist, "as thus, the first, a lion rampant sable, armed and languid gules between three fleurs-de-luce azure; the second——"—"No such thing, Mr. Landlord," said the orator, nettled at his interruption, "but two coats of good linsey woolsey, made, manufactured, and retailed by Messrs. Tims and Sons, Cateaton-street, Cheapside."

"That's nothing to what I have seen, gentlemen," resumed Boniface, "I was coming home late one night through Ditton Park, which, as perhaps you know, belongs to Lord L——, son of his Grace the Duke of B——, who was the son of——" —"For God's sake proceed," exclaimed the anxious party, drawing themselves still closer to each other. The genealogist continued, "The night was pitchy dark, and on reaching the last style that leads to the great gates, I fancied I heard a trampling of horses' hoofs behind me. I looked round and there sure enough was a hobgoblin, galloping along on a coal-black charger. I hurried on, and when we reached the park-gates, the horseman leaped over the iron railings, cleared the bridge in the twinkling of a bed-post, and vanished over a six-barred gate, with the reins in one hand and his tail in the other." The landlord ceased, and even a pedestrian phantom would have been enough to terrify a less superstitious set than our nervous cocknies, how much more then must their feelings have been discomposed by the idea of a galloping goblin, spurred and booted, with his tail for a horsewhip.

"But have you no idea," said one of the most horror-struck, who this ghost was? "Why yes, gentlemen," replied the publican, "the tradition of our village, (the punch is almost out,) relates, that many many years ago, a foreigner in disguise came to reside at Datchett, and the first thing he did was to fall in love with the niece of Lord L——, and the next to fall into the park-pond, for despair of the aforesaid

damsel. Since which time, as my grandmother has often told me, (shall I order in a fresh bowl, gentlemen?) his ghost has been seen to jump out of the water at midnight, gallop to the spot where he first saw the maid, and where he puts on his boots for a ride, and then hurry back to bed at the crowing of the cock."

The wind still blustered without, but as the spirits of the party who had engaged beds at Windsor were by this time well fortified with cordials, a general resolution was advanced to sally forth. This proposal was carried unanimously, and our genealogist gratified by the length and prompt payment of his bill, volunteered his services in escorting them part of the way. Their route lay near Ditton Park, which, lit by the indistinct glimmerings of the moon, seemed frowning in shadowy grandeur. After crossing a bridge that is thrown over an artificial river the party separated, and the landlord prepared to return.

At each step he re-traced, his courage began to fail him, while he thought of the galloping goblin, and passed by the spot where he usually put on his boots. At this instant a loud thunder-clap shook the very heavens, and the publican made sure that it was a signal for the sprite to mount. The blast howled along the lawn, and as ever and anon, the moon pushed forth from amidst the dark mass of clouds, the undulating pines and gaunt shadowy elm-trees looked like a row of ghosts standing rank and file upon the road.

The great gates of the park now appeared in view, but our luckless wight had scarcely ventured a few paces towards them, when distant shouts arrested his attention. The sound lengthened as it advanced, and the quick echo of approaching footsteps was distinctly heard. "Heavens and earth! who or what can it be," thought our landlord? His conjectures then wandered over every probable personage, and at last settled in the consoling assurance, that the sound was produced by the chattering of the ghost's jack-boots, who was come to maul him, for the wilful exposure of his pranks. Horrid idea! For a set-to with man his fists and punch had prepared him, but a turn-up with a spectre to whom twelve stone weight was no object, was a job more

unexpected than welcome. He paused to listen; the cold sweat streamed down his face. "Our father," he began, "defend us from all temptations, and from galloping goblins," he would have added, but fear overcame religion, and he fell senseless on the ground, floored by horror and two bowls of punch.

It is now high time to relieve the reader of his curiosity. The fact is, that on the evening of this adventure, a dinner had been given at Ditton Park, by the sons of its owner, who were lively members of the University. As usual the party was kept up 'till a late hour, when the gownsmen, flushed with wine, sallied out for "a spree." As they hastened on, laughing and roaring Bacchanalian pæans, one of them happened to stumble over something that resembled a human form. He called immediately to another, and the carcase of the genealogist was forthwith conveyed into the hall, when it was discovered, from the strong odour that exhaled from his mouth, that the patient was dead drunk.

A curious whim at this instant entered into the prolific imagination of the cantabs. As the London waggon was about to start from an ale-house hard by, it was resolved that our poor Boniface should be packed up in the huge family-plate chest, with holes bored for ventilation, and this direction nailed to the box, "Hatchett's, Old White-horse Cellar; to be left 'till called for." The joke, assisted by the facetious servility of the domestics, was put into immediate execution, and the waggon started for the metropolis.

On waking from his trance, the genealogist turned round as well as his domicile would permit, and took a survey of the premises he inhabited. His disordered fancy, which had not yet recovered the effects of the punch, naturally connected his present situation with the goblin foreigner, and aided by the harsh grating of the waggon-wheels, informed him that he was sure enough in the infernal regions. Visions of past iniquities then flitted across his soul. Overcharged customers, wine which, forgetful of the seventh commandment, had committed adultery with water, diluted brandy, and punch innocent of spirits. While thus palsied with affright, it luckily occurred to him, that his lungs had often been

admired by the visitors at the Castle, and he instantly resolved to ascertain whether such admiration was well founded.—

"George," said the driver, who was an Irishman, to his assistant, "by St. Patrick I believe that the waggon is bewitched this morning."—"Why so?"—"Why! by Jasus, I have heard such a noise from that huge chest in the corner, that I'm afeard Saint Vitus himself is hidden among the boxes."

At this instant the trial of the genealogist's lungs arrested their attention. "There," said the panic-struck waggoner, "by the powers, man, he's at it again, tuning up for a country-dance, and all my master's boxes will hop off in an Irish jig or a whirlwind. Who are you," he continued: "the galloping goblin," returned the publican, whose ideas could dwell on nothing else. "Didn't I tell you so, George," replied the waggoner, "by the holy poker then its St. Vitus himself, and we shall have all the Dutch cheeses flying away on a broomstick."

After some such further symptoms of terror, the driver proceeded to break open the chest, and the genealogist raised himself from his imprisonment. He was at all times a singular figure, and never more so than on the present occasion. His little fat cheeks were crimsoned with punch and passion; his wig, independent of shape and grace, hung down upon his occiput; and his raiment, parted in divers places, scarcely sufficed as a coverlid to his nudity.

When the apprehensions of the trio had abated, enquiry relative to the incarceration of him of the Castle followed in due course. To this no satisfactory reply could be made. The landlord was still possessed with the idea of his having been nefariously kidnapped by the galloping goblin, for in what other manner could he account for his extraordinary imprisonment? With renewed horror, therefore, he gave the story of the ghost—of their former encounter—of the mention of him at the inn—and the subsequent retaliation of the phantom. Much virtuous feeling was elicited on this occasion, and all three were instantly seized with the most confirmed symptoms of piety.

It was now day-break; the gloom had vanished from the

sky, and the fresh dew glistened on the bright blades of meadow grass. The sweetness of the morning communicated its tranquillizing influence to the perturbed spirits of the genealogist, and he had just contrived to regain his usual phlegm when the waggon rattled along the stony pavements of Piccadilly. On reaching the White Horse Cellar our publican was dunned for his fare, which he very naturally refused, insisting, at the same time, that the debt was contracted by the galloping goblin, who must himself have booked and directed him to London. "All I can say is then," said the waggoner, "that the ghost is no gentleman to run in debt with a poor man who has a wife and seven children to support. Howsomever, if he won't pay, you must, and so hand me over your five shillings; or, by the poker, I will summons you to Bow-street." After a long contest the money was paid—and the landlord went grumbling away with the intention of returning to Datchett by the earliest conveyance.

As he strolled along the Strand, meditating on his past adventure, he happened, by the quick pressure of the passing crowd, to be hurried into the auction-rooms to the east of Temple Bar. On his first entrance he looked carelessly around, but by degrees his mind resumed its native elasticity, and he began to take considerable interest in the sale. Among other commodities the purchase of some meadow-land in the neighbourhood of Datchett was announced, which a random exclamation of our Boniface procured to be knocked down to him.

While he was endeavouring to expostulate—to declare his perfect innocence of the transactions of an auction-room, and indeed to hustle off the bargain as well as he could, his attention was arrested by the appearance of an elegant stranger, who had but just entered the sale-rooms, and was advancing with eagerness towards him. "Sir," said the gentleman, "I understand that you have bought the meadow on the banks of the Thames."—"I have, sir, so at least they told me, but——"—"If you have no particular desire to retain the field, I should feel obliged by your allowing me to buy it. I have just purchased an estate in the neighbourhood of Dat-

chett which belonged to Lord L——."—"What!" said the genealogist, "Lord L——, who bears four quarterings on his arms, as thus—the first, a boar passant argent between three roses argent—the second, a lion rampant to show——;"—"Why really, sir," continued the stranger with a good-humoured smile, "I have taken no degree in the Herald's College, so I cannot reply to your learning—but, however, to return to our subject, allow me to say a few words more respecting the purchase. I have a great desire to become the owner of this meadow, which lies so convenient to my estate, and if you will accept five hundred pounds in exchange it shall be paid to you immediately." Our genealogist, with all his eccentricities, was a shrewd fellow—he considered that as he came to London at the instigation of the devil so there could be no harm in returning by the same conveyance. The bargain was accordingly struck—the sum deducted for the original purchase—and the landlord went whistling back to Datchett, where, but a few years since, he died full of riches, gout, and iniquity.

We had by this time reached Bagshot, where the coach stopped to change horses, and our jehu completed his day's work. This incident gave rise to a conversation upon the various modes of travelling, and Mr. Gladstone, who had visited almost every quarter of the globe, entertained us with an account of a journey from Simon's Town to Cape Town, the most important English settlement in the Cape of Good Hope.

"I remember," said he, "that, in the year 1814, the ship in which I sailed to Madras was compelled to take in water at Simon's Bay. On this occasion many of the passengers were induced to land and join in a party of pleasure to Cape Town, which was about twenty miles distant from us. We commenced our excursion in a singularly covered-waggon, with seats laid across for the accommodation of the numerous company. Our negro coachmen were worthy of their vehicle, in the front of which they stationed themselves with an air of the most ludicrous importance. One guided the horses, eight in number, while the other flogged them with a long whip which he held in both hands, and which actually touched

the ears of our foremost tit. Neither of our jehus appeared particular in their driving, so away we dashed, full speed over the most rugged roads and the stoniest ridges. At every jolt (for a coach on springs is a phænomenon at the Cape bang went our assembly; one thrusting his head into the projecting jaws of an old woman; one elbowing the short ribs of some corpulent ship's mate, and another dislodging the wig of some battered rake. Land or water it was all the same, our coach was amphibious; it converted itself into a steam-boat with as much celerity as a waggon, so that we positively rattled through an inlet of the sea, where the waves reached to the height of our seats, and great was the display of ankles.

"As we had no less than thirty passengers you may imagine that our situation was more picturesque than enviable. Indeed the thermometer even in the open air stood at seventy-six; what then must it have been in a close-covered waggon? We were annoyed in this manner during the whole journey; until the appearance of the magnificent Table Mountain in front gave hints of a speedy arrival. We reached Cape Town about four o'clock in the evening, more dead than alive; and I never, even at this distance of time, mount a coach-box, or talk slang with a Jehu without remembering the amphibious waggon, the odd-fashioned ribbands, and still more strange accoutrements of the coachmen of Simon's Town."

"A singular mode of journeying, indeed," said Mr. Montalbert. "Were your fellow-travellers sociable?" I enquired. —"Well enough," returned Mr. Gladstone, "in the outset. But a wet blanket, they say, cools love; and a salt-water ducking has the same effect upon enthusiasm. Some of us swore,—some cried,—some laughed,—some complained of dislocated posteriors,—and others, among whom were ladies, gave strong hints of fainting. But to every complaint our negro-coachmen turned a deaf ear. Like our English whips they amused themselves with singing, until one of them felt his dignity so much offended at the sarcasms levelled against his driving, that he threatened to leave us in the middle of the sea 'in usum Delphini,' like Valpy's edition of the Classics."

In the course of such desultory chit-chat we reached Popham-lane, where something in the shape of refreshment was proposed. At this place too we met with a young exquisite, dressed out in the very pink of fashion, and who expressed himself desirous of handling the ribbands. But the coachman, who was a bit of a methodist, talked much about the danger of upsetting, a probability which, as it impeached the talents of our Corinthian, rendered him highly indignant. "Do you think, you Johnny Raw," he exclaimed, at the same time jerking a well-polished boot with his horsewhip, "that I shall capsize your thingummy after having tooled my tits for so many years along the Gogs. Come now, be a good fellow, and give us a touch. By the bye! my boy, will you have a glass of something." To this the coachman assented, with the express stipulation that it should not be looked upon as bribery. "Poo! dam'me!—now don't be a quiz," said our wight of Corinth,

> 'A glass is good,
> And a lass is good,
> And a pipe is good in cold weather:'

that's it, my varment coachee. Ya! up,—tool 'em along."

It was easy to perceive the effect of such rhetoric. After some further preliminaries, in which our knowing old whip threw in a few words about accidents,—reimbursements, &c. —a something, not unlike a pound-note, was thrust transversely into his tenacious palms, a bargain struck, and the ribbands formally handed over to the Corinthian. Notwithstanding his dandyism he was a pleasant young fellow, so we were all satisfied with the change except one sneaking timid-looking tradesman, whom we took up at Popham-lane, and who cast many a side-glance to the ditches on the road, as if anxious, in case of danger, to choose his own lodgings.

"Do you think, Sir," he exclaimed, attempting an air of inquisitive boldness, "that we shall be upset?"—"I hope not," replied Mr. Gladstone.—"For myself I care not," faltered out the other, "but I have eleven innocent babes, and only since I became a husband have I known what fear was." —"Why certainly," said Mr. Gladstone, "eleven innocent

babes, and a spouse to boot, are enough to terrify the devil himself."

"You smile, sir, mayhap you think me naturally timid," resumed the tailor, which he acknowledged himself to be, "but when I was a boy, I was *conspicious* for my bravery. Lord bless us! Why, the very battles I have fought would fill a volume as large and as thick as my debt-book. There was one evening in particular when Bill Sykes and Jem ——" We were by this time let into the character of the tailor, so Mr. Gladstone, with a wink to the rest of the party, interrupted him in the midst of his boasting, with "Heavens and earth! we are all going to be upset—the coach-wheel is off." —"Good Lord! deliver us," said the tailor, his very teeth chattering with fear.—"I believe," added Mr. Gladstone, "that in this case your natural timidity is pretty evident on your own account, as well as on that of your eleven innocent babes." —"Timidity, sir," argued the child of cabbage, in accents struggling between cowardice and affected passion, "you cannot, surely, call my apprehensions timidity; it is nothing more than a vivid imagination, which places in too near a perspective the frightful consequences of an upset. Some men never think, I am all reflection."

"You certainly, sir, have got what Falstaff calls the better part of valour, 'discretion;' and I have no doubt would fight a whole hour 'by Shrewsbury clock,' provided there were no eye-witnesses."—"Modesty retreats from crowds," exclaimed Montalbert.—"Egad! that isn't so bad," said the exquisite, at the same time applying the double-thong to his shaft-horses.—"You are very rude, gentlemen," replied the tailor, "and I shall take measures accordingly."—"*Take measure* of a new suit, I presume you mean, sir," retorted Mr. Gladstone.—"Dam'me now that's as *sharp* as a *needle*," returned the Corinthian.—"Why, gentlemen," added another, "we shall make him as *red-hot* as a *goose* presently."—"His face is as *scarlet* already as a *hunting-coat*," said the coachman.—"Come, gentlemen, let us *cut short the thread* of our arguments," rejoined Mr. Montalbert, "the poor fellow seems sadly distressed."

—"Have you your *shears* about you for that purpose?" resumed Mr. Gladstone.

By this time the sun was setting, and we rattled along the brow of the hill from which the first view of the sea is gained. The eternal ocean lay stretched like a map before us—the Portsdown-hill reared its black summits in the neighbourhood, and far away in distance stretched the blue headlands of the Hampshire coast, guarded by numerous garrisons of which Fort Cumberland appeared the most conspicuous.

"Did you never," said Mr. Montalbert, pointing to its distant battlements, "hear the anecdote connected with this fort."—"You mean about the poor convict and the bloodhounds, I suppose, sir," replied the coachman; "it is well-known at Portsmouth."—"I have never heard it," exclaimed Mr. Gladstone, "so perhaps you will do me the favour to relate the circumstance."—"With much pleasure," added Montalbert, and commenced the story of the

PARRICIDE.

"About thirty years ago a young man, with an aged grandmother and her son, came to reside at a trifling distance from Fort Cumberland. They had once been respectable tradespeople at Portsmouth, but a variety of unforeseen misfortunes had compelled them to seek dependance on the precarious occupation of fishing. For a few months after their arrival, the encouragement they had received from the Fort had restored them to comparative tranquillity, when the violent equinoctial gales dashed their little fishing-smack upon the adjacent rocks. To increase, if possible, their wretchedness, a relentless landlord and unprincipled creditors threatened the old lady and her son with an arrest. The young fisherman could have borne his own sorrows with firmness; but when he saw the silent anguish of his father—when he marked the fading lustre in the eye of his grandmother, her worn looks imploring even one solitary meal, and her countenance pallid with death, his agony assumed the aspect of determined madness. He resolved to become a robber—a murderer—and seized the opportunity, when his father had gone to petition the Fort for relief, to

station himself by the high-road with the intention of wresting money from each traveller. The night was well adapted to the occasion; it was dark and stormy, lit only at intervals by the indistinct glimmerings of a winter moon.

"The young man, mean time, hastened tremblingly onwards, and reached the lonely moor, where criminals were usually executed. As he passed the gibbet, under which their unburied bones were yet bleaching, and heard the sullen swing of the chains, to which a mouldering skeleton was attached, he imagined his own similar situation in case of detection. At this instant the noise of approaching footsteps was heard across the heath—the sounds advanced nearer—and a dark figure, muffled in a night-cloak, stood by the side of the robber. He drew the pistol from its hiding-place, and the stranger moved slowly on; twice he attempted to pull the trigger, and twice it trembled in his grasp. The courage of despair came at length to his assistance—he thought of his dying grandmother—of his own father starving in hopeless wretchedness. He fired—and with a deep suppressed groan the stranger dropped lifeless at his feet! Agitated with contending emotions he bore the corpse to his cottage, and placed it in a chair until he should return with a lantern to dispossess it of its money and wearing-apparel.

"It was now deep midnight—the old lady had long since retired to rest, and all around was still, but the distant roar of ocean, or the sullen rush of the north-wind. After a short interval the murderer returned, bearing a dark-lantern in his hand. He cast a suspicious glance around, locked the door of the apartment, and then attempted to unveil the countenance of his victim. Gently he drew back the cloak that concealed the face—the body rolled, with a heavy crash, to the ground, and disclosed the convulsed features of—— his father!—of that father for whose sake he had thus plunged himself deep in guilt, and whom he had murdered on his return from the Fort. He gazed at the corpse as though he had gazed his whole soul away at the sight; and the fire of the deadliest madness flashed across his brain. He then raised the body from the ground, and with a shriek,

the sound of which is described to have been like nothing earthly, rushed with it into the room of his grandmother. A dim rushlight was burning in the chimney-corner as he entered. He approached the bed, he drew aside the curtains, and roused the trembling woman by his phrenzied exclamations. She started at the sound, and the first objects that presented themselves were the blood-stained figure of her son, gazing on her with eyes fixed in the livid ghastliness of death, and the fearful aspect of her grand-child, shouting aloud with the unearthly yellings of a dæmon!—Death seized her at the instant; she cast but one look of kindness, as if imploring a blessing on the murderer, and then closed her eyes in the eternal slumber of the grave.

"In the meantime the shrieks of the parricide drew the attention of some military, who happened to be passing at the moment. They rushed forward to investigate the cause, and beheld a sight of never-to-be-forgotten horror! The dead-body of the old lady was reposing on the bed, where she had but just before expired, and the maniac had placed the corpse of his father in his arms, and was weeping and laughing over it like an infant. With some difficulty the soldiers were able to secure him; stratagem at length prevailed, and he was removed on-board the convict-ship that was stationed off the coast opposite Fort Cumberland.

"Time rolled on; and, as the hour of his trial approached, the spirits of the poor maniac seemed likely to settle into a calm melancholy. The heavy manacles, that had hitherto been attached to his feet, were now, therefore, removed, and he was permitted to occupy the cabin that looked out upon the sea-shore. Here he would sit for hours watching the vessels as they passed to and fro. At distance was the gibbet, the scene of his guilt, and its probable punishment. A shudder of horror passed over his countenance whenever he beheld it: and passion again took possession of his soul. But his disposition, naturally kind-hearted, appeared softened by misfortune, and even his brother-convicts would feel for so lonely a situation. His health, in the meantime, failed, and it was evident, from the increasing depression of his spirits, that 'his days were numbered in the land.' As the hour

of dissolution arrived, he wished, for the last time, to behold the grave where all that was once dear to him lay buried. With this visionary idea, he seized the fitting opportunity, when his guards had retired for the night, to force open the cabin-window, and swim to the neighbouring shore.

"At the dead-hour of midnight, lights were seen moving in the convict-ship—the alarm-bell was rung—the thunder of cannon echoed across the ocean—and the universal confusion of the guards and seamen announced the escape of the prisoner. A well-manned boat, in which two savage blood-hounds were placed, was instantly rowed to the sea-coast, and the dogs, closely followed by their pursuers, were sent to hunt out the residence of the maniac. They set forward on their chase, but had scarcely arrived at the cottage when a faint shriek was heard. It proceeded from the convict, who had been traced to the home of his father, and was discovered sobbing on the matted couch where he had last slept. The blood-hounds rushed upon their prey, and 'ere a few minutes had elapsed, the corpse of the parricide, torn in a thousand pieces, lay scattered, in that mangled state, upon the ground.

"He was buried," continued Montalbert, "in yonder knoll of earth which, as you may see, skirts Fort Cumberland in distance, and although the winds of many winters have sighed over his remains, he lies as quietly as if all nature was hushed into stillness around him. Superstition has consecrated his burial-place, and when storms brood over the face of the landscape, his spirit is reported to rise from its cold sepulchre, and exult in the sight of destruction."

By the time we had concluded our remarks on this affecting anecdote, the sun had set—but his last lingering rays still illumined the bright expanse of ocean that lay in liquid splendour before us. As we approached nearer to the town, the whole magnificence of the landscape burst full upon our eyes. The countless fleets at Spithead,—Gosport, with its forest of masts, and Portsmouth, with its impregnable fortifications, frowned darkly in the distance. A fine sweep of coast, with the blue headlands of the Isle of Wight, completed the enchantment of the scene.

Our last stage was now terminated. Already we past the Barbican at Portsmouth, rattled along its iron-drawbridge, and heard the evening-gun firing from the garrison. As we came within sight of the harbour, the standard of England was flying from the Royal Sovereign Yacht, and the mast-heads of the ships in attendance were lowered. The king was on-board, and the whole convoy were in busy preparation for the projected excursion to Ireland. At this instant a discharge of twenty-one pieces of ordnance shook the grey bastions of the town. All Portsmouth seemed flocking to the harbour, so when the coach stopped I bade a hasty farewell to my travelling companions; rallied the tailor on his "vivid imagination," engaged a good supper and bed at the Blue Posts, and hurried down with the multitude to catch one transient glimpse and shout one lusty huzza! for his Majesty King George the Fourth.—Thus endeth my day's excursion.

COMMON SAYINGS.

HE IS SOWING HIS WILD OATS.

The mass of mankind, says an anonymous author, are concerned only with common sayings and subjects, which are full of *common sense*, the best sense in the world. It is expected of a young man that he will sow *all* his wild oats when young; but the mischief is, that a man, who begins life with sowing *wild oats*, seldom sows a better kind in middle life and old age.

Many a man has been ruined by an indulgent parent. He has a *sprightly turn*, as it is called; he likes a good frolic; he plays a good game; he is not malicious in his vices; in short, his father says, he is only *sowing his wild oats;* he therefore does not restrain him, or put him to business. The young man makes free with gaming and the bottle; at first, he is moderate in his pleasures; he does not get drunk or break windows. After sowing wild oats a year or two, he loves it better than ever; he gambles deeper; he leaves his quarter of a dollar a corner for a dollar, and a dollar for

a joe. He drinks more, as his head bears it better; he stays later at night. At length, he knows no bounds; he gets drunk; he oversets tables and chairs, and breaks windows and wine-glasses; and this is sport—fun up to the eyes; and if the poor landlord interferes to keep order, he has broken glasses and bowls at his head: he retreats, and in the morning finds his house in a scene of desolation. In short, the young blade has been *sowing his wild oats*. A heavy bill for broken tumblers, glasses, and chairs, follows the frolic; but what then? must a man never have a frolic, a scrape, a riot? What a poor pitiful mouse of a man is he that always keeps sober, and stays at home; or sits simpering and whimpering with ladies! Can a man of business or study be a gentleman, or a clever fellow?

The young buck sows his wild oats till he is master of the business; he does it with a grace; a habit is formed: ah! then let him quit it if he can. O habit! thou stickest to a man like his shadow or a guilty conscience.

But, '*reformed rakes* make the *best husbands*.' It may be so; but such an animal as a *reformed* rake is as rare as camels or lions in America. The sight of one would command as good a price as that of the orang outan. The creature is like *patriotism*,—much talked about and often praised, but seldom seen.

The man who is indulged freely in sowing his wild oats when young, generally sows them all his days. But suppose he does not, where is the advantage of sowing them at all? 'None,' will be the answer: 'but young folks all have follies they must get rid of.' True; but in getting rid of *follies*, look to them well, that they do not acquire *vices*. Habit sticks fast to a man, like his skin; look to that.

HE WOULD HAVE HIS OWN WAY.

And no way is so good as *mine*. The question is not, whether this or that is the *better way*, but whether it is *my way* or *your way*. Orthodoxy is *my doxy*, and heterodoxy is *your doxy*.

If a man is successful in an undertaking, every neighbour

he has cries out, Ah! I thought so; that is *my way*. If unsuccessful, every one says, Ah! I told him so; but he *would* have his *own way*.

Said a very complying husband to his wife, 'Shall I put the winter apples into the east or west cellar?'—'Just which you please,' said the wife; 'you know which is best.' In the winter, the apples froze, and were spoiled: the good lady found it out, and complained to her husband. 'My dear, the apples are all frozen and spoiled: you put them into the wrong cellar: but you *would* have your *own way*.'

'Susy,' says a careful mother to her daughter, who is going to church, 'it is cold; had you not better wear a cloak?' 'Why, ma'am,' says Susy, 'I will do as you please: if you think it best, I will wear one.'—'Well, I don't know, Susy, what to say; people hardly ever catch cold by going to church. You may venture to go without it, Susy.' Susy goes to church; wets her feet; and in two days is quite laid up with a cold. 'I spoke to you about wearing a cloak; but you *would* have your *own way*.'

'Father,' says John, 'shall I go to mowing to-day?' 'Why, John,' says the old gentleman, 'wont it rain? I should be sorry to have the grass cut, if it is going to rain.' But John goes to mowing. Soon after, the clouds are dissipated, and a fine clear day follows. 'Ah! John,' says the father, 'I am glad you went to mowing; for I thought we should have a good day after such a lowery morning.'

'Husband,' said a pious lady, 'let us bring up Joey at college, and make a minister of him. We have but one, and I want him to preach.' The son goes to college: there he learns that some other professions are better calculated to get money than that of clergymen. He leaves college, and studies law. The good lady's hopes are defeated, and in her vexation, she declares she is sorry her son went to college: but, addressing herself to her husband, 'you *would* have your *own way*.'

IF I WERE HE.

Ah! what if you were? Why, I would do so and so. No,

sir; under the same circumstances, you would do just like him, or worse.

'If I were a minister,' says a well-meaning parishioner, 'and had as little to do as most ministers have, I would study my sermons better. I would not come into the pulpit without a sermon, and have to make one as I go along; nor would I preach one of Blair's.

'If I were a lawyer,' says a farmer, 'I should not have the face to ask three dollars for a few words of advice.' But suppose, sir, you had spent five hundred pounds in qualifying yourself to give that advice.

'If I were Mr. Such-a-one, I would not be plagued with law-suits as he is: I am sure he might avoid it.'

'Neighbour Such-a-one has a large farm; he owns a large stock of cattle; but he lives wretchedly in his house. His wife is a drozzle; his tables and chairs are covered with grease. *If I were he*, I would put things into better order, or *I'd know the reason why*.'

Alas! poor man! wait till you have a slut for your housekeeper, and then change your tone.

'If I were a shopkeeper, I would not meanly undersell my neighbour, nor would I give credit. I am sure I should not be guilty of the dirty business of dealing out gills of rum to every low-lived fellow.'

'If I were Such-a-one (says a young man), I would not marry such a lady, for, depend upon it, she will be a Xantippe. *If I were he*, I am sure I could not love her.'

'If I were a married man,' says an old batchelor, 'I would govern my children, or I would know the reason why. There is neighbour Such-a-one, who suffers his children to do all manner of mischief, and if a word of reproof is uttered, the little fellows laugh in their teeth.' Bachelor's children are always well governed!

What a pity, that, since the world is so bad, this Mr. *I*, who is so wise and benevolent, cannot turn into *every body*, and correct every body's vices and follies: then change from every body into *I* again, and correct *I's own* vices and follies!

SONG,

Being *a full, true, and particular account* of a *turn-up* between two *good ones*, for a few *golden kings*, and a *belly-full*.

BY ONE OF THE FANCY.

This here's the fight, Oh! *blow me tight,*
What a brace of *rum ones;*
See they strip, from head to hip,
Roarers now are dumb ones.

Filching Ned, with poll so red,
And Bob the dustman, I knows,
Will *come it prime*, and keep their time,
If 'tis but for *the rhino.*

Go it Neddy, Bob be steady,
That's the time of day, boys;
There's *a floorer*, on Bob's *snorer*,
Right and left they play, boys.

Bob now closes, see, their noses
Claret yield in plenty;
Ned for ever, oh! that's clever!
Who'll lay ten to twenty?

He fights like *Randal*, what a scandal,
Bob shall *dust* his jacket;
How they puff, but Ned's so tough,
His fighting, all must back it.

Ned's a troubler, there's *a doubler*,
Right in Bob's *bread-basket;*
Now a *clinker*, on his *winker*,
Shakes his *knowledge casket.*

Alas, alas! Bob sinks like *Gas*,
That Neddy's such a *teazer;*
Look! there's a blow! down Bob must go;
That last has *smash'd his sneezer!*

Time, time, is call'd, time, time, is bawl'd,
Bob's *list'ners* cannot hear it;
He's lost the *blunt*, and Ned,—*the runt*—
Has won it—who could fear it?

Thus ends the day, and now so gay,
Homeward the *yokels pad it:*
But all *the nobs* they mount their *cobs,*
And into London *prad it!*

CRANNIS, THE POACHER;

AND A FEW THOUGHTS ON THE GAME LAWS.

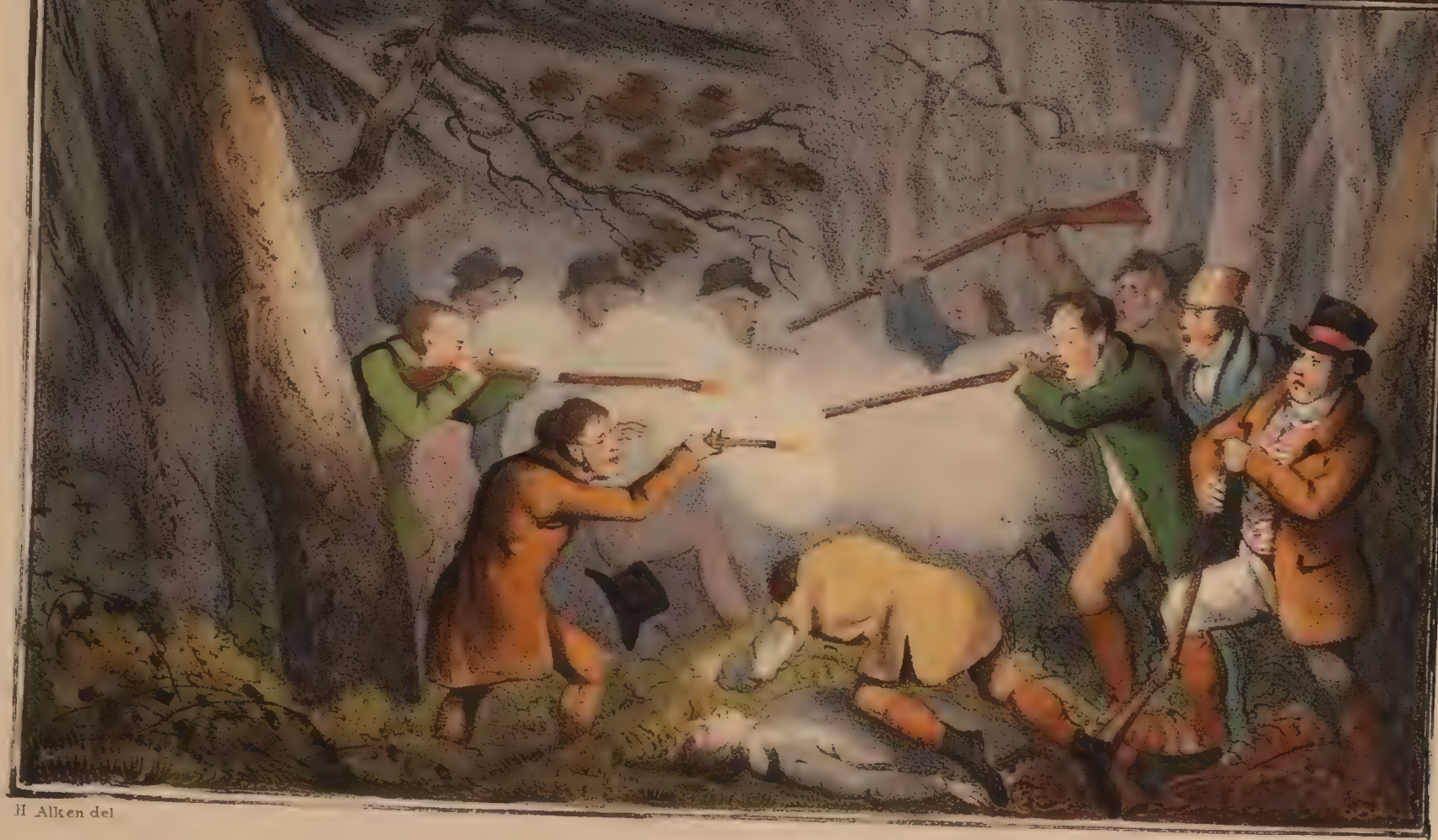
To the Editor of the Sporting Repository.

Sir,

Seeing in your last Number the notice of Crannis, the poacher, from the *Bury Gazette*, I cannot but say I was struck with the fellow's firmness, and thought how much good such conduct might effect in a better cause; his lines too are very curious, considering the circumstances under which they were written. He appears to be *a prime chap* in his way, *nothing but a good one*, an *out-and-outer;* for he tells them pretty plainly, that if not confined next season he will be at their pheasants again. I know Elden well, from passing through it into Norfolk, and it would astonish many a cockney to see the game at a little distance from it towards Barton Mills; the birds run about among the stubble like cocks and hens in a farm-yard, and you will see this as late as November, when birds in most places are very scarce: this Crannis seems to know very well where to prick for them; by the bye, I seem to recollect the name as a Suffolk one, and I think at Icklingham, where Mr. Gwilt's manor is, and that is not a hundred miles from Elden.

Do not think, Mr. Editor, from all my seeming knowledge of this neighbourhood, that I am a *shooter*, for I am not; I am only a *simple* fisherman, and as such know most of the good holes in the Lark, (the Bury and Mildenhall river,) and in the Ouse, (the Thetford and Brandon river,) which I have found out in my sojournings in those parts of Suffolk and Norfolk.

As a fair fisher, I hate water-poaching, and by parity of reasoning, land-poaching also; still I do feel much of pity



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GAMEKEEPERS *and* POACHERS.

[illegible]

for these misguided men, who become regular poachers; every one knows that poaching leads frequently to murder, and at best makes men think lightly of the property of others; yet is there much to be said for them; they are sometimes driven to it by distress, which appears to have been Crannis's case, (at least he styles it so in his verses): surely when such can be depended on as the fact, lenity, better than severe punishment, may lead them back to habits of industry; but, alas! it is (if I may use so light a word on so serious a subject,) the *fashion* to punish men for poaching; and not only for poaching, but for the want of a qualification; and this is often the most galling thing of the two; and when respectable men (some of them much more so than their punishers) are thus treated, can it be wondered at, that being prevented from getting game for their tables in a legal way, they encourage the poacher to supply them?—certainly not. This is a wretched remnant of the feudal system, almost the last remaining; it wants altering, and eventually must be altered; *the tighter the string is strained, the sooner it will break.* Half the merchants of the city of London,—men whose ships cover the ocean, whose names are respected over the whole world,—half of these, I say, *may* be *unqualified* men, with respect to game; may be liable to a fine if a head of it is found in their houses. Is not this ridiculous? Shall not men, who are visited at their civic festivals by the blood-royal of England, and the heads of the nation, be able to place a pheasant, a hare, or a partridge before their illustrious visitors? I know it may be answered, that many of them *are* qualified men; admitted;—I only say they *may not be;* the thing is quite possible, and I doubt not but many instances might be named. I know it may be said, too, that this part of our law is never acted upon in London, or but very rarely;—granted,—but it might be; it is at present an undeniable part of our law, though, in my opinion, a disgraceful one; this, I apprehend, more than any thing else, encourages the poachers, for if these infatuated men only destroyed what their own families could consume, it would never be missed; but it is the *wholesale slaughter* for the London market that is complained of.

In the country, many respectable farmers, who in fact feed the game, and often feed it at a ruinous expence to themselves, are prevented from sporting; here and there, indeed, liberal-minded men, and *wise* men too, as the result proves, allow their tenants to sport, and the consequence invariably is, that they encourage the breeding of game, and prevent the poacher from following his practices; for these men can do it better than *an army* of gamekeepers; and why?—because the poachers are generally farmers' labourers, and the master being prevented from fair sporting, suffers his man to sport unfairly; and where farmers are not allowed to sport, it is incredible the quantity of game they destroy, in embryo as it were, treading on partridge's eggs, &c. &c., but, as I said before, where they are permitted to carry a gun, there is always much game and few poachers.

But it may be said, how will you remedy it? By making game private property,—the property of him who feeds it, and upon whose lands it shall be found, whether those lands are freehold, copyhold, or leasehold; and by making the shooting-certificate a man's qualification. In saying this, I would not have it understood that the moment a man has taken out his certificate he is to be at liberty to trespass where and when he pleases;—no; let him obtain leave, or *hire* leave; and then it may become a matter of profit to a farmer, at the proper season, to allow persons to sport over his grounds; and then, too, he would take care to look after the poacher; and the expence of the certificate, dogs, guns, and all their *et ceteras*, would tend most materially to keep improper persons from sporting. Till something like this is done, we must *groan* on with it as it is: to me, individually, it matters but little, though even I cannot always escape the rudeness of petty office, and the tyranny of the game-laws: I have frequently, in my *patience in a punt* sort of sporting, had such questions as these asked me, and such observations made, by an *under-gamekeeper's-deputy's-assistant*, all "tattered and torn," perhaps. "Who are you, sir? where do you come from? What are you? Must not fish here, sir; shall take your rod away, &c." One fellow, I remember, once talked of "throwing me into the river." I laughed at this

heartily, and so will you when I say that I am about five feet ten inches in height, and weigh about sixteen stone; and look a good deal as if I could *take care of myself;* I perhaps hardly need add, that he did not throw me in: as the old woman said, when some one threatened to kiss her, "I should like to have caught him at it." Away then with this wretched remnant of feudality; away with it "at one fell sweep." *It is not, nor it cannot come to good.*

I am,

Your's, &c.

PISCATOR.

LIFE IN LONDON.

A PEEP INTO THE HOLE-IN-THE-WALL, FLEET-STREET ON CARLING-SUNDAY.

LETTER II.

No. —, Grub Street.
May 1, 1822.

MR. EDITOR,

DESIROUS of losing no time in proceeding to the object of my Letters, viz. to exhibit *actual scenes* and *sketches of public life*, I feel happy in having got safely through my first letter, and that I have so far introduced myself to the notice of your readers, as to have nothing left but to proceed immediately to "Life in London." The company with whom I associate, my situation in life, and the various peculiar opportunities I have of witnessing the passing events of the day, shall be called into action for the use of your sporting readers. Regardless of elegance of diction,—simplicity of narrative, combined with accuracy of delineation, shall form the distinguishing features of my epistles. I do not expect any great reward for my trouble; nor do I desire it; a number of your work regularly left for me at my apartments in Grub-street, with an inclosure now and then of sufficient amount to cover the expense of a glass or two with my old friends at "The Parrot" will be all I want—I ask no more.

To the point—pardon, Mr. Editor, my digression,—this

information should have been communicated in my last letter, but I was fearful it would have swelled it to too great an extent. "Facts, (says Dr. Johnson, and a great many others) are stubborn things." Every word I now transmit is true, by George—I speak the name of my beloved sovereign with reverence. On the 24th day of March last, the Sunday before Palm-sunday, (a day I shall long remember) on passing by the celebrated Hole-in-the-Wall, Fleet-street,—your sporting readers may rely upon my accuracy, I scorn to lie, and, indeed, sportsmen are not easily *gulled* ; I shall, therefore, give nothing but the truth, and the whole truth.—I must again apologize for this little dereliction from the point,—but to business;—on the Sunday before Palm-sunday, I think I said, on passing by the Hole-in-the-Wall, Fleet-street,—and there I left off—thus raising expectations, it would appear, for the purpose of tormenting,———this, however, is not my wish; though I have frequently found the celebrated sentimentalist Sterne, and the great moralist Dr. Johnson, have indulged in this propensity. For my own part, I always find a difficulty in commencing a story, but when I once get into the marrow of it, not even Beelzebub himself would cause me to swerve from it. All men you know, Mr. Editor, have their peculiarities, and I conceive it necessary to make you acquainted with mine, that you might not begin scratching and effacing my letter, imagining that I did not know what I was at, and thereby causing me to receive the hearty damns of the compositor for the illegibility of my MS. I have forgotten where I left off, let me look back; Oh!——

On passing by the celebrated Hole-in-the-Wall, Fleet-street,—(not a bit further yet, I am really ashamed, Mr. Editor, but will positively keep your readers no longer in suspense)—a house which I occasionally frequent, I was struck with astonishment at seeing a crowd of persons standing at the entrance of the passage leading thereto, saluting each other with—"Ah! honey, how do y' do—how's Joan—how's Peggy—and how's awl friends in the north." I stood with astonishment, and resolved to know the cause: and though going to St. Clement's church, to hear the Rev. W. Gurney, an A. M. and several other titles, I resolved to debar

myself of the great profit I might derive from the eloquence of this high ecclesiastic, and joined the cavalcade (God forgive me) in forcing a way up the passage. All appeared *life* and *confusion*. Good God, said I, (loud enough, I am persuaded, to be heard by those around me) is this the sabbath? —I must have mistaken the day! With difficulty I got to the door of the house, and at this juncture a woman opened a door directly opposite,* with a large tub-full of something smoking hot on her head, while some men standing by me, shouted out most vociferously—"Carlings, carlings, honeys. —There they are." They had scarcely uttered this, when, from some accident, down came the tub, and the contents were rolling under my feet. The woman who was carrying it unfortunately made a slip; and a stout lady who was before me, just as I was entering the door, made also a slip, I on the top of her, and I presume from ten to twenty others beside me:—at this very juncture, amidst the screams of females, whilst laying prostrate across this stout, good-looking Northumbrian, a man rushes out of the Hole-in-the-Wall, and before I could get up I found my hat knocked off (a brand new one, I assure you, Mr. Editor); this man, (a north-countryman I believe) putting himself in a fighting attitude, exclaims in his native dialect,—"What are you doing, mun, top o' my wife," and, in making an aim at me, he also slipped his footing, and joined the prostrate multitude sprawling on the ground. My hands were dreadfully burnt by the contents of the tub (for I then did not know what they were), and the poor woman, who accidently let them fall, was shouting out—"O God, I am burning, I am burning:—Help me up.—Help me up." The stout lady was also in as bad a predicament. She was raised up, and immediately fainted away.

I got my hat, it is true, but no one could have believed it to be a new one. I most sincerely wished I had gone on to church. Repentance now was too late, I therefore forced

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* To those persons unacquainted with this house, it may be necessary to observe, that directly opposite to it is a sort of kitchen, where all the culinary business and washing is done in cases of emergency.

my way up-stairs, and, to my surprise, found a large room as full as it would hold, of men, women, and children, enveloped with tobacco-smoke, before each of whom was placed a plate-full of brown fried pease, which they appeared to be eating with much relish; in the midst of whom, standing on one of the benches, I discovered a worthy Hibernian, with a face like the setting sun, (with whom I was on terms of the greatest intimacy) exclaiming, "Here's life:—this puts me in mind of dear Ireland." I did not then make myself known to him, but withdrew back, in order to discover the cause of this most mysterious meeting: I now imagined it to be some Irish ceremony, emanating from Catholic superstition. I perceived he was completely intoxicated;—several persons were calling out *encore*, *encore*:—I asked a person near me the meaning of it, when he informed me that the Irish gentleman then on his legs bowing to the company, had been repeating some *extempore* verses, which he was now called upon to reiterate. He appeared anxious to gratify their wishes, and after pulling up the collar of his shirt, and adjusting his hair, he thus commenced:—

"Thy charms, dear Hibernia, I long will recount,
"My tongue shall e'er speak of thy fame,
"With rapturous joy I'll proclaim the amount
"Of the deeds that belong to thy name.

"Yes! Ireland, dear Ireland's the pride of the world,
"The school of the great and the wise:"——
* * * * * *

[I could not catch the remainder of this stanza for the confusion that prevailed in the room.]

The plaudits were incessant at the close: and he sat down with an air of consequence that I never saw him assume before.

I was now resolved to know the cause of all this.—I approached my Irish friend, when he immediately saluted me by a squeeze of the hand, which I shall recollect to the latest period of my life. I demanded an explanation: but, to my utter astonishment, I found he was as much a stranger to the business as myself. He had gone in, as he was passing by, from curiosity, several hours before, and knew no more than

that it was an annual custom perpetuated by north-country-men, chiefly from Newcastle, Shields, and Sunderland.

He said he would accompany me up-stairs to the second floor;—I went;—the room was as full as it could contain, engaged precisely in the same way;—I went still higher, and found not only the attics full, but the leads of the house crowded to excess, whilst numbers were on the stairs seeking for admittance!

I went down-stairs, almost suffocated, with an intention of trying to obtain a seat in the little parlour where I generally sat when I had occasion to call at the house; with difficulty I reached the door of this room, and as good fortune would have it, a party were just quitting their seats, into one of which I immediately placed myself. (My Irish friend preferred staying up-stairs in the room where he had received so many warm and enthusiastic testimonies of approbation.)—I perceived two or three respectable old gentlemen eating grey pease. I now thought I should stand a fair chance of obtaining correct information as to the origin of this singular custom; and more especially as with one of these gentlemen I was not altogether unacquainted. This person perceiving me, immediately rung the bell, and ordered the waiter to bring me a plate of carlings, which, in the twinkling of an eye, were set before me.—Out of compliment to my friend, I took up my wooden spoon, and began eating;—but, oh! heavens, how shall I describe my feelings after taking about a couple of mouthsful. They were so highly seasoned with cayenne, that I thought I should have gone distracted; and though I had before felt the effects externally, I now felt them internally with a vengeance. I swallowed down my glass of gin and water, and immediately called for some porter, and I can safely say that the effects of the carlings (as they call them) were experienced for several days after.—I almost immediately went home, and in a week after called there again, when I met the same gentleman who had kindly ordered me the pease. Being now perfectly recovered from their effects, I solicited of him an explanation of the cause of the meeting; but all was obscured in mystery; he knew no more than that the ceremony had been observed by his forefathers, without

ever inquiring into its origin. Two or three began to account for it, but there appeared a considerable diversity of opinion as to the foundation of this singular custom, and the best account, after all, was merely problematical. A young man in the company repeated to me a couplet, which had been handed down by oral tradition, from time immemorial, and which he said had oft-times been repeated by his mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother, and which every child was perfectly acquainted with in the north of England. It bears a strong tincture of Catholicism, and is indicative of the ceremonies and festivities which were so prevalent in the darker ages of superstition and ignorance. I got him to pencil it down, and now present it to your readers *verbatim et literatim*:——

"*Tid, mid, misera,*
"Carling, palm, and paste-egg day."*

Paste-egg day is still kept up in the north, on this occasion they have eggs boiled hard, and the shells coloured, and ornamented with gilt-leaf, which are presented to the children in the north, as a sort of fairing, which they naturally look for at this season of the year.

To form an accurate idea of the way in which this ceremony is observed at the Hole-in-the-Wall, I must recommend such of your sporting readers as may be in town next Carling Sunday, to gratify themselves with a view of this *ancient religious service*, by giving Mr. Hunter, the landlord, a call, and I'll warrant they will never forget it.

I am, Mr. Editor,
Your most obedient servant,
CI-DEVANT SYNTAX.

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* It is not improbable but this saying (Tid, mid, misera,) is a corruption of the Latin service, *Te* Deum, *Mi* Deus, Miserere *Mei*. Carling Sunday is probably derived from Careing-Sunday, a title it once universally bore in England, signifying a day of especial care or devotional attention. One of the public fairs at Newark-upon-Trent is called Careing Fair, and is held the Friday before Careing Sunday. Paste-egg day is allusive to the pascal-egg.

To the Editor of the Sporting Repository.

SIR,

PERCEIVING that you admit Sketches from Real Life into your interesting work, I beg leave to transmit you the following by Mr. Dalby. The picture is not overdrawn, and the character, under the concealed name of Dr. J., is well known both in London and Lancashire.

Your most obedient Servant,

J. F. G.

SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.

A REVEREND GENTLEMAN.

He'll read you lessons most divine,
And quote from ancient holy bookery;
But that in which he'll chiefly shine
Is in the quality of wine,
And in the luscious art of cookery.

"AND what harm?" I hear some rosy, fat, and good-humoured person exclaim, "what harm is there in this? May not a parson be allowed to have some knowledge of wine and cookery, particularly if he is also acquainted with theology, and is able, at least by precept, to instruct his flock in their moral duties, without being subject to the pointless sarcasms of an obscure scribbler?" Gently, my good sir, read before you condemn; and you will find, that though I may extenuate nought, I shall certainly set down nothing in malice.

There are some Lavaterian meditative pedestrians who, in the course of a long walk, amuse themselves with deciding upon the characters, the dispositions, and the professions of the persons whom they meet. Reader, if thou art one of these, and if, on a Wednesday or Saturday afternoon, either in Cheapside or the Strand, thou hast met a tall stout gentleman, dressed in black, looking rather above than before

him, with that peculiar expression which a man has when obliged to look sharply out for a dinner;—if, examining the clerical figure of this person, thou hast said mentally, "There is a clergyman of the established church, in whose countenance I can descry his love of indolence and a good dinner," I would not lay a farthing to your shilling that this was not the Rev. Dr. J——.

In many respects, Dr. J—— is one of the old school; and that school, with all its faults, is preferable to the new. Doubtless there have always been pastors more intent upon their own temporal interests than the spiritual welfare of those whom they are deputed to instruct; but it was reserved for Manchester and modern times to see a *Reverend Gentleman* upon a justice bench, exhibiting at once all the ludicrous efforts of angry impotence, the low abuse in which vulgarity loves to vent its ill-humour, the disdain of truth, which attends habitual falsehood, and, in short, every quality which is calculated to bring into ridicule the double and incongruous dignities of clergyman and magistrate.

Notwithstanding the doctor's appetite for luxury, and his ability to indulge it, there is a melancholy about him for which till lately I was unable to account. I had, indeed, attributed it to the disappointment of expectations which early in life he had been induced to form, and the fulfilment of which, even in his later days, appears to be his paramount object. I have frequently observed the smile of anticipated satisfaction, the hue of flattered hope, stealing over his features when describing his interviews with the bishop of E——; when telling us how he enforced his claims, by adverting to the early friendship which had been contracted between him and the bishop when at college, and contrasting it with their respective situations at present; how he mentioned many, in his opinion, far less meritorious, who had risen rapidly above him; and how he concluded with his usual exclamation, that "he could stand it no longer—that something must be done," &c. He has, however, no reason to complain of the neglect of fortune;—though she has refused to gratify ambition in one of its aspirations, she has not destined him to know the privations that so many of her

dependants have felt. If he has been denied the means of becoming a *great* man, it has been within the scope of his own will to be a happy one; and if he is not so, let him thank his own restlessness, and that insatiable thirst for the honours and riches of this world, which disgraces so many members of his profession, who,

> "With eyes for ever turn'd above,
> Have hearts that burn with earthly love;
> Whose hope is worldly, and whose god
> Some bishop's or some monarch's nod.
> Fit men to lead in better way
> The souls of those who go astray!
> Fit men to combat against evil,
> Whose pow'r and patent's from the devil!"

There is, however, another cause to which the doctor's melancholy may be originally traced. While yet a youth, he was deprived of the aid and protection of a father under very melancholy circumstances. The family had resided many years in a part of the country much infested with smugglers. Of these men the elder Mr. J—— was an active and unwearied enemy. By his courageous and persevering endeavours many of them had been brought to justice. It is not surprising that this conduct excited in the minds of the smugglers a spirit of hatred, and an unceasing desire of vengeance. Mr. J—— was watched, and threatened by them for some time, and at length fell a victim to their rage. He was surrounded by a gang of those infuriated marauders, and murdered at a short distance from his own house, in a most barbarous and inhuman manner. On the following day his body was sent, packed in a hamper, addressed to his distracted widow. To this day, though many years have elapsed, every anniversary of this unfortunate occurrence has awakened in the mind of Dr. J—— feelings so harrowing and poignant, as to sting him almost to madness. Each anniversary is a day of fast and mourning. Shut in his own closet from morning till night, he paces it unceasingly, refusing all refreshment, and indulging in all the luxury of grief, till exhaused nature sinks into repose. The man whom a circumstance so long passed can continue occasionally to agitate

so deeply, must have a heart of more than ordinary acute sensibility.

But a few days suffice to restore his feelings to their proper tone; and he descants as usual, and in his own peculiar way, on the "fundamental principles of the Christian religion, on the belief in the creation of the world by God, and the redemption of it by our Saviour," &c. Again does he launch forth upon the subject nearest his heart, namely, how famed he was when in Lancashire (I think) for his excellent wines; how the noblemen and the baronets of the place, when he was leaving it, begged of him to dispose of his wine to them; and how he haughtily told them, that though they were all welcome to drink as much as they chose at his table, he was not willing to degrade his clerical dignity by becoming a wine-merchant, even to please them. Then, by a very natural transition, recommending (for sale, mind ye) the cheeses that are sent to him from his native place, as the very best in the world; thus proving, that though not wishing to become a wine-merchant, he has no objection to the equally-useful calling of a cheesemonger. Here he does not fail to introduce another favourite subject—economy in the management of a family; and I have heard him recommend, with many a forcible argument and well-turned period, the necessity which every master ought to feel to give his family a hot dinner every day, because he is convinced that people cannot eat so much of warm as they can of cold food. I am aware that there is much difference of opinion on this important subject, and shall leave it to be discussed while I attempt to sum up the general character of the Reverend Dr. J——.

I have never heard Dr. J—— preach, but from the pulpitry (if I may so term it) of his voice, and the strong and passionate earnestness of his serious conversation, I should think him calculated for a popular and effective preacher. There is an assumption of meekness and humility about the Doctor, which, however, does not completely veil the inward consciousness of power and superiority which now and then betrays itself. Upon the whole, he appears to be a man who has spent much of his time in study and seclusion, neither of

which has damped his desire to distinguish himself, though his long intimacy with both might have had the effect of cooling his original passion. There is none of the wild energy of genius observable in the countenance of Dr. J——; and, indeed, the person who should judge of his mind by the expression of his face, would be unwilling to give him credit for that portion of intellect which he really does possess. I like to praise rather than to blame, though I am free to confess that I have very little right to presume upon doing either; and so I shall conclude with wishing that all the teachers of divinity had as many virtues to dignify, and as much ability to defend, the cause of Christianity as the Reverend Gentleman of whose character I have thus attempted to give a slight and imperfect sketch.

J. W. D.

LIFE IN ST. GILES'S.

Bow-Street.—Mr. Jonas Tunks, a young gentleman in a jacket of divers colours, well-patched canvas trowsers, no stockings, and shoes curiously contrived to let in the fresh air at the toes, was brought before the sitting Magistrate, charged under the stat. 1 Geo. IV. with wilfully and maliciously damaging the property of Mrs. Deborah Clutterbuck, the comely landlady of a public-house in the purlieus of St. Giles's proper.

It appeared, by the evidence of Mr. Jonathan Dobbs, an operative veterinarian (*vulgo*, a journeyman farrier,) that Mr. Jonas Tunks, who is a wandering melodist (*vulgo*, a ballad-singer) by profession, went into the public-house in question, where Mr. Jonathan Dobbs and several other gentlemen were taking a *déjeûné a la fourchette* of sheep's-head and pickled cabbage. He entered the room singing, at the very top of his voice, the favourite *aria*, "Oh, Judy! my darling!" and one of the gentlemen politely desiring him to shut his potatoe-trap, and not make such a noise, he seized a pint of *heavy* and drank it off to the gentleman's better

manners. The gentleman to whom the *heavy* belonged now swore that Mr. Tunks should *post the blunt* for it; but Mr. Jonas Tunks would do no such thing—"Base is the slave that pays!" he exclaimed; and immediately called for "a quartern of gin of three outs," with which he offered to "*sluice the ivories*" of the gentlemen present. The gentlemen, however, would not accept his treat, and "Turn out the blackguard!" was the universal cry; but Mr. Jonas Tunks was "*awake* to the *spree*," and before his enemies could say "Jack Robinson," he had capsized three pots of *heavy*, scattered the pickled cabbage upon the floor, and very nearly *bolted* with the better half of a sheep's face! But, unfortunately, just as he was clearing the threshold of the door, he received the well-shod foot of the veterinarian in the rear, about seven inches and a half below the waistband of his trowsers, and the concussion sent him half across the street, without touching the pavement! The veterinarian and his friends, nothing doubting that Jonas was done with, laughed aloud, and returned into the house; but Jonas was not the man to walk off quietly under this dishonourable visitation of tanned calfskin, and before their shout of laughter was over, he had dashed six panes of glass to pieces in the front window of the house—or, to use an "*expressive*," he had "*milled the glaze*, gloriously!" He was immediately overpowered by numbers, and handed over to the grasp of the police. The Magistrate, having heard the complaint (for the valiant Jonas scorned to say a word in his own defence), immediately sentenced him, under the statute abovementioned, to pay the value of the glass he had broken, viz. 25s.; and in default of so doing, he was consigned to three months' imprisonment in Bridewell. This was rather an unpleasant circumstance to Mr. Jonas Tunks, who merely intended his "*spree*" as a "*back slum* Corinthianism"—a mere trifling ebullition of vitality—a slight manifestation of those lively principles which constitute a true "*Corinthian*," whether in Dyot-street or Pall-mall.

HUNTING LAWS OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Repository.

SIR,

I MAKE no apology in transmitting you a translation from the third volume of the Archaiology of Wales, concerning the Hunting Laws of the Ancient Britons. It will be both curious and acceptable to your Sporting readers.

G. LAMB.

London, April 22, 1822.

OF the nine kinds of game, three are common; 1. the stag; 2. a swarm of bees; 3. salmon. The 1. bear, 2. climber, and 3. pheasant, are baited game; and the 1. fox, 2. hare, and 3. roebuck, are hunted with a shout. The stag is said to be one of the three common kinds of game, first because he is the bravest and most energetic of animals that is chased with hounds and greyhounds; and, secondly, because he is parted to every one that comes in at his death, and before he is stripped of his skin. For if a man on his journey come up at that time, he shall obtain a part of it, according to law, equal to him that kills it. A swarm of bees is common game, because whoever finds one, either upon his land, or upon the land of another, he must divide it with any person who may come up to him before he has placed a mark upon it; for it is necessary that the finder should mark it to show that he found it first, but if he neglect to do so, whoever comes there shall obtain a part of it, and the proprietor of the land shall have four-pence. Salmon is called common game, because when it is taken in a net, or by a spear, or in any other manner, any one who may come to the spot before it is divided shall have a share equal with the man who caught it, if it be in common water.

The bear is baited game, because its flesh is the best of the chase; neither is it chased to any distance, for it can only

move slowly; therefore it is only necessary to bait, bark, and kill it.

A climber is every animal which climbs to the top of the tree for its own defence. When discovered, the hunter ought not to say a marten, wild cat, squirrel, weasel, but to call them the gray climber, the black climber, and the red climber. Now such animals do not push away to any great distance, but merely ascend a tree, where they are hunted by baiting and barking.

A pheasant is called baited game, because, when the dogs come upon it, it generally takes to a tree, where it is hunted by barking and baiting.

The fox is called the noisy game, because it is chased by shouts and blowing of horns, whilst it steadily pursues its course until tired.

The hare is also called the noisy game, because she constantly adheres to a certain course or circle while she is chased.

The roe-buck is likewise termed the noisy game for the same reason.

The best flesh of the chase is that of the stag, the hare, the wild boar, and the bear.

If greyhounds shall be let loose after a stag, or any other animal, and the dogs pursue it over a hill, out of sight, and kill it, the game shall belong to the person whose greyhound was foremost when the dogs were last observed. But the owner of a greyhound bitch shall not obtain the skin on account of her superiority, unless she shall be in whelp by the greyhound dog that has the advantage of the skin, and in such a case he shall obtain it.

Respecting the hare, whoever kills her, whether by his dog or any other means, shall have her, if he has been seeking her in the fair chase.

Every one who carries a horn must distinctly know the nine species of game; and if any one cannot give correct answers respecting them, he shall forfeit his horn. And any one who comes to the chase with his leashes about him, and cannot give just replies respecting the nine species of game, shall

forfeit his leashes; but if he replies properly his leashes shall remain secure about his arm.

No person shall let loose his greyhound, whether dog or bitch, upon an animal when chased by the hounds, unless both the hounds and greyhound belong to him who is hunting; and if any one do so, the person who is following the hounds may destroy the cord which is fastened about the greyhound so loosened.

No person shall shoot at an animal which is considered game whilst lying in its cover, under pain of forfeiting his bow and arrows to the lord of the manor. But he may shoot, and kill it, if he can, when it is chased; but he must not shoot amongst the dogs.

If any one proceed to the chase and pursue game, and fresh dogs come up with the game so pursued and kill it; he who owns the dogs which started it shall have it, unless the fresh dogs belong to the king.

The game that is chased may ever be claimed by the first sportsman, unless he turns towards home, with his back upon the chase. But if his dogs should be chasing, and he having left them, he can claim nothing of what is killed by fresh dogs, for the game so killed is his to whom the fresh dogs belong.

Such were the ancient Laws of the Chase.

*** A similar extract to the above, we find, is given in a cotemporary publication.

FOR THE SPORTING REPOSITORY.

FEMALE GAME.

"Of all the triumphs which vain mortals boast,
By wit, by valour, or by wisdom won,
The first and fairest in a young man's eye
Is woman's captive heart."

Douglas.

"FEMALE Game!" cries a sportman, "what is that?" The enquiry, I admit, is natural, for the title I have chosen is both novel and singular. I will suggest a few ideas, or

rather *start* the subject, and leave your ingenious correspondents to enlarge at a future opportunity.

The pleasures of the chase have, in all ages, been highly extolled as the sources of the most vivid and exalted sensations, as well as the means of contributing to the health and vigour of the human frame, and enabling it to encounter the hardships and difficulties of life. In the early periods of the world, when the savage beasts disputed the empire of the earth with man, it then became a matter of necessity, rather than choice, to chace them away. Their flesh furnished a repast, and their skins provided a covering against the inclemency of the weather. Hence, what was originally undertaken from absolute necessity, became, in after-ages, a pursuit of pleasure and amusement. But when civilization had enlarged its boundaries, and expelled the more ferocious animals from the vicinity of man, some feebler, or more swift and agile animals, were selected for his amusement, which by their nimbleness in the field, or by their various tricks and gambols, promoted, in a high degree, the exquisite relish with which these favourite amusements have been invariably attended.

Man has not been inaptly termed the "Microcosm of the Universe," combining, as it were, within himself a little world. May not woman then, with equal propriety, be termed the *Microcosm of Game*, as concentrating within herself all the charms and attractions which are to be found by the keenest sportsman in the chase.

The pursuit of the female heart is not only a more pleasing, but a much nobler object, than the pursuit of a deer, a fox, or a hare; and the various efforts of fleetness, the gambols of agility, and the tricks of finesse and cunning displayed by those different animals, fall far short of the multiplied manœuvres and wiles exhibited by the female heart, before it ultimately resigns itself to man. This conquest ought, therefore, to be the grand aim of every true sportsman:—it is a field in which he might place, in the fairest light, his dexterity, his address, and the subtlety of his wit; for certainly in the pursuit of what may be well termed RATIONAL GAME, all the powers of the rational mind,

as well as all the means of physical pleasing, deserve to be called forth, and elicited for this most laudable purpose. It has, therefore, been observed with great propriety, by a very eminent sportsman, that the ladies give a gusto to all pleasures, more especially to the chase, as well as to fishing, angling, and various other amusements, *even in the present day*, without looking back to the ages of chivalry and knight-errantry; but if they accidentally, and, as it were fortuitously, contribute to the entertainment of man on such occasions, how much more gratifying must not the amusement prove, when they are the object of the chase *themselves*, and when they finally reward their keenest and most ardent pursuers and admirers with the complete possession of the game. Not all the cunning of the fox, not all the alertness of the hare, nor all its various doublings and windings, can vie with the vivacity, the evolutions, the vicissitudes, and varieties of the female, in all her artifices to elude the pursuit of her lover, or to conceal from him the retirement and the secret wishes of her own heart. When directed towards this object, even the chase itself, independent of its final success, has numberless charms in store for the persevering sportsman; nor need he despair, since in such an ample field of game, if one prey is not to be caught, another may be immediately started, and pursued even *to the death*, with complete and ultimate success.

However, it is not my view, in placing the subject in this light, to degrade the fair sex by any direct comparison with inferior animals, since I only introduce them by way of allusion, and from an easy association of ideas, which naturally present themselves when any analogy, or similarity, is suggested by the imagination. In recommending the pursuit of the female heart, and enlarging on the pleasures of *that chase*, I beg to be understood that I most unequivocally mean an *honourable pursuit;* not one that has for its object the corruption of innocence, or the destruction of female reputation; such a pursuit would be discreditable to the honest heart of a sportsman. I must, therefore, wish to be understood as confining my ideas to the legitimate and lawful object which is commendable and justifiable in every point of view. Even

the doctrine of legitimacy itself, which is so fashionable in modern politics, may be most happily introduced into the policy of domestic life, and a strict adherence to it, in this sense, may be justly recommended, while it will be censured only by the profligate and licentious members of society. But true sportsmen are generally men of honour, and scorn to take any unfair advantage in the *field of love*.

Much more might be added, but I will resign the task into hands more competent to do it justice. Perhaps your Welsh Correspondent, A Wiltshire Sportsman, or some one else, may be induced to resume the subject.

S. F. G.

London, March 2, 1822.

THE NORFOLK DUMPLING.

——————— Hinc tibi copia
Manebit ad plenum benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu!

From themes impertinent, the thick-scrawl'd pane
At length a respite craves:—the jest obscene,
Acrostic's fulsome note, or slander's sting,
A like I hate, detest.—Be it my wish,
In grateful lines, justly to celebrate
A Norfolk Dumpling's Praise! Belov'd repast!
With ecstacy I name thee! Had thy bard
Poetic fancy equal to his appetite,
On fame's high pinnacle thou'dst stand rever'd
For charms unequall'd! whilst the epicure,
Whose rav'nous maw threats ev'ry element
For food exotic, with depopulation,
Should linger as he reads. Not in the dish
Of far-fetch'd delicacies, such as grac'd
A London Lord Mayor's feast, could there be found
A gusto half so noble, half so fine,
As this, when from the bubbling cavern's mouth,
Comes reeking, straight in dripping-pan emerg'd,
From goose, or duck, or leg of pork produc'd,
The sav'ry show'r imbibes! Oh, could I paint thee
In diff'rent vestments clad! when at meridian

Joan waits her faithful messmate, how thou'rt seen
Majestically rob'd! whilst round thy throne
Molasses rolls his salutary tide
Luxuriant! Nor in estimation less
Art held, when wallowing in golden flood
Of pease and bacon soup! * * *
* * * *
* * * *
* * Here bait, my muse!
Lest like thy poet thou grow'st faint describing
What taste alone can prove! Be Norfolk then
For dumplings, nogg,* and plenty ever fam'd!

GREASY CHIN.

To the Editor of the Sporting Repository.

SIR,

In a recent publication an author, under the name of EQUES, has made some remarks on the management of a RACING STUD; they appear so judicious and so consonant with my own opinions, that I have ventured to make two or three slight alterations, and now forward them for the use of your Sporting Readers.

Your's, &c.

May 2, 1822.

J. F. G.

MANAGEMENT OF A RACING-STUD.

No part of a racing establishment requires stricter attention than the brood-mares. They should be kept, during the winter, in a paddock well supplied with water; also with a roomy hovel, with two wide entrances, to prevent accidents. There should also be rollers up each side of the door-way, as foals are apt to have their hips knocked down in striking them, or by getting squeezed against them by the mares in passing in or out. Not more than two mares should be kept in one paddock.

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* A well-known liquor in this county.

In winter, brood-mares should be fed with the best hay: and, if low in condition, should have cold bran-mashes twice a-day. When in foal, the greatest care should be taken that their food be of the *sweetest* nature; the olfactory organs of a mare, during the period of her gestation, being extremely sensitive, and mouldy hay or straw has frequently caused premature birth. Indeed, extraordinary as it may appear, abortion has been caused by a groom merely striking a mare on the nose with his hand, which proves that, during the time they are in foal, they cannot be kept too quiet, or free from danger or excitement of any sort. The smell of carrion, or of animals fresh slaughtered, should be carefully avoided; for it is very provoking to lose a fine foal, after the heavy expence incurred, by these apparently trifling circumstances, so easily guarded against.

Attention should be paid to the state of the bowels of a newly dropped foal. If a passage be not soon observed, the gut should be carefully emptied by the hand.

About a month previous to foaling, mares should be fed, at least twice a-day, with *cold* bran-mashes, as also plentifully supplied with any forward succulent food—such as lucerne, tares, clover, &c. but the two first are best. It is desirable to have the mares foal as early as possible, and when the mare is barren, she may be covered as early in February as she will take the horse, and if stinted she will foal early in January—thereby gaining a considerable advantage over those foaled later in the year. For instance, a colt dropped in January is fifteen months old, when in racing chronology he only reckons for twelve. It must, however, be observed, that it is impossible to have mares to foal every year in the month of January, unless the mare were to take the horse every year in February, as her time of gestation is eleven months and some days. Consequently, if she were to be covered in January, she would foal (out of the year) in December, as was the case with the *December Filly*.

When mares are near their time of foaling, they should be carefully watched, for they will always approach water at this time; and as they generally (though not invariably) foal standing up, the produce may thus be lost. Some mares

should be watched from another cause, as they will kill their foals as soon as they are dropped.—When a mare has foaled, she should have a pailful of warm gruel, and should live generously until there is grass for her. The colt should also be fed with oats (bruised) twice or three times a-day, which it will begin to eat at three days old.

The covering season commences on the first of February. Mares should be tried by the teazer every ninth day until the end of the season, which terminates in July. Those mares which have foaled will be in season on the third day after; but it is not adviseable to put them to the horse until the ninth, when they will probably be stinted. A mare, with a foal at her foot, is quite as likely to stand to the horse, if not more so, than one of which has never bred, or proved barren the previous season; or, as it is called, "missed the horse," though she might have bred the year before.

Various have been the measures resorted to, to stint mares to the horse, which have proved barren for several years, or perhaps never bred at all—such as bleeding, immersing in cold water, and putting them in motion immediately after the horse has retired; but no great faith is to be placed in any of them. It is said that opium has been administered with effect; but in the cases of *Victoria* and *Echo*, every possible means tried proved abortive.

Perhaps it would be better that stallions which cover at a high price, should only be suffered to serve a certain number of mares, as in that case it would not be necessary to pamper them to that degree generally practised, to enable them to exceed their natural powers. I have no hesitation in saying, that, in the long run, their produce would be greater, and I reason thus:—A mare which has missed three or four seasons together, is put to an ass, and generally stands to him. Now whatever may be the supposed increased physical powers of this animal, the effect, in this instance, is principally to be attributed to the cool state of his blood.

It is usually the practice to keep stallions very full of flesh, perpetually crammed with corn, by which their blood must be in a constant state of fever, and many of them have died in consequence of this treatment. Eggs are also frequently

given them in the covering season. Some years since a person in Shropshire, who purchased a horse out of the north, called "Young Roscius," at a considerable price, not taking the precaution of cracking the egg before he gave it to him, it got across his gullet and killed him. If, instead of having recourse to a common farrier, who attempted to force it down with the butt-end of a whip, he had sent for a veterinary surgeon, it might have been dissected out with the greatest ease and safety, and his horse's life preserved.

Stallions, at the end of the season, should be physiced and turned out into a paddock with very little corn; but the first day they are turned out great precaution is necessary. They should be walked out on that day from five o'clock in the morning until evening; for if turned into the paddock fresh from their stable, they would gallop about for hours; and some have been known to do so till they have dropped down dead. Early in November, they should be brought into the stable again, physiced, moderately fed at first; well cleaned, and exercised every day for two or three hours; and this plan should be continued until the commencement of the next covering season. The air and exercise, say an hour or two a-day, at this time, would invigorate their bodies, and conduce to their general health. Grooms may object to this system; but it has reason on its side, which they have not always on theirs.

THE LOVER.

[A FRAGMENT.]

"He is distraught for Isabel:—his heart
Lives on her beauty's image, sees in th' earth
Nothing but her.—Tell him 'tis sun-shine, storm;
That evening's star is up, or that the night
Comes with her muffled wheels along the East;
He sits a statue, has no eyes, no ears,
Or turns the tiding to some prettiness
Touching his mistress' beauty. If 'tis night,
Such is the darkness of her raven locks;

If evening, where's its ruby like her lip?
Her smile's the sun, that quickens lovers' hearts,
To kill them too; and never summer storm
So sadden'd heaven, as when her lofty brow
Looks haughty on his wan and kneeling love:
Then pines he, with his cheek upon his hand,
And eyes that seem to read the empty air
For memories of her--thinks what gentle talk
Shall soothe her scorn, and utters it aloud;
Holds converse with her of despairing love—
Tells her of weary days, and endless nights,
Of feverish dreams that on Love's pillow sit;
Of life that withers, like an April-day
Shut in by chilling showers, of blighted hope;
Till, with his broken-hearted eloquence,
He wins her fancied smile, and then his cheek
Shews by its crimson how the joyous blood
Bounds through his veins; his hollow eye grows bright,
And o'er his quivering and love-painted lip
The breath comes panting. Then again he starts,
Pines for his dream, and sighs to vacancy.

PULCI.

ON FALLING IN LOVE.

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Tho' the herd have fled from thee thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thine own to the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Thro' joy, and thro' darkness, thro' terror and shame;
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee whatever thou art.

Thou hast called me thine angel, in moments of bliss,
Still thine angel I'll be thro' the terrors of this;
Thro' the furnace unshrinking thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, or save thee, or perish there too.

THIS is the true language of love, of that passion which reduces the peer and the peasant, the stoic and the epicurean, to one common level. By love, I understand an undivided affection for one female, harmonizing with, yet apart from,

the minor sensibilities of the heart, hallowing by its sweet presence the grossness of instinct, and shedding a softened hue over every object that it embraces, as the sun beautifies the deformities of nature.

"There is no life on earth," says Ben Johnson, "but being in love." It is the golden chain let down from heaven to link us to the Godhead. It strengthens the arm of the toil-worn cottager, converts his couch of straw into a bed of down, wakes him with the lark, sings him to sleep with the nightingale, and refreshes him in the hour of repose with sweet glimpses of future happiness. I instance the cottager, because I am convinced that it is among a lowly-minded and pure-hearted peasantry that true love is oftenest found. You may discover him seated under the elms on the village-green, or dancing to the music of the rill, when you would turn in vain to the splendid palaces of fashion. He is a delicate, timid being, averse to society from principle. His temple is amid the glens, the mountains, the green fields, and the solitudes of the country; the woods are the organ of his fane; the nightingales the choristers of his anthem. Mr. Hazlitt well defines him. "I always was inclined to raise and magnify the power of love. I thought that his sweet power should only be exerted to join together the loveliest forms and the fondest hearts, that none but those in whom his Godhead shone outwardly and was inwardly felt should ever partake of his triumphs; and I stood and gazed at a distance as unworthy to mingle in so bright a throng; and did not even for a moment wish to tarnish the glory of so fair a vision, by being myself admitted into it."

Love, *properly* speaking, is the heir-loom of youth, an estate entailed upon minority, to be resigned when the owner has reached the years of discretion. It is the romance of life, when the blood runs riot in the veins, and the imagination is peopled with chimeras. It is the ignis fatuus of the senses, that lures them to the Slough of Despond. It is like the small-pox, for a man never has it a second time.

I was once in love myself, not soberly attached, but downright mad. My friends feared for my senses, as well they might, and even now there are times when the recollections of the past, though linked with enthu-

siasm, are almost enough to unman me. The girl I loved was graceful in mind and person, and was adorned with the disinterested fervour of that passion, which once dead can never be revived. She was all to me—wherever she moved, music floated on the gale, flowers sprung up beneath her feet; her looks, her words, her smiles, those sweet episodes in the history of affection, were each noted down in the tablets of memory, "unmixed with baser matter." Those times are gone; —— lives, but no more for me; she is wiser, I am older, and so the matter rests between us. But can I ever forget the past? No! in the hour of gloom, when remembrance is most alive, "there comes a voice that awakens my soul, it is the voice of years that are gone, they roll before me with all their might." The form of ——— treads once more the moonlit sands, once more a golden radiance hangs over the vista of the future, music lingers on each breeze, and the rainbow of promise on each cloud.

We seldom find love connected with learning, a circumstance which may speak volumes either in its disparagement or praise. There may be two reasons assigned for this. The one is, that knowledge, though it sharpens the intellect, deadens the more sensitive faculties of the soul, and has the same effect upon love, that mathematics have upon poetry. The other consists in its giving too abstracted a notion of woman, which reality is sure to disappoint. I remember a young man, of high intellectual attainments, telling me that he would never marry 'till he could meet either with Milton's Eve, or Virgil's Dido.

The great Sir Isaac Newton, among other sublime discoveries, once attempted the experimental philosophy of love. But like many other literary characters, his theory of woman was too abstracted; and he found her the most difficult problem he ever solved. His biographers, indeed, relate that he lost the affections of his betrothed, by applying her taper fingers to the prophane purpose of a tobacco-stopper.

Rousseau, on the contrary, was a glorious exception among literary men, that learning may sometimes co-exist with intensest passion. Madame de Warrennes was La Nouvelle Heloise, the goddess of his idolatry. Amid the glooms of a

morbid temperament, her form was ever present and shone the rainbow of promise, to which his mind turned for consolation. He heard her voice breathing in every whisper of the gale, her spirit haunted the mountains, mingled with the mellow twilight, and pervaded, like some sweet influence, the rocks of Meillerie. This was impassioned love, and though philosophers have stamped it as a weakness, who ever thinks of accusing Rousseau? The ladies, I am sure, would never be guilty of such rudeness.

I have spoken of love hitherto with regard to an individual, who treated it as a refined poetic passion; with the generality it is a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. "When the Poet," says a writer in the New Monthly Magazine, "calls his mistress heavenly-minded;" the prudent worldling says, "she is a good match;" and while the impassioned bard murmurs some words about "the mind, the music breathing from the face," our man of the mart is coolly calculating "£5,000 three per cents. now, and something more when the old fellow dies."

Love, then, as it exists in the world, is a gross union of desire with interest. Its shafts are resistless, for they are tipped with gold. It has a thousand charms, but then they consist in the fecundity of an estate, and are amalgamated with a settlement. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, I have not a rent-roll (which is precisely my case,) I am as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." Money, in short, in this as in every other instance, is the universal Panacea.

The commercial propensities of England have in part produced this utter degradation of sentiment. By referring every thing to riches as to a first cause, they have thrown into the back-ground the fairer and more susceptible feelings. They have cast down the altars of love, and erected a statue to Mammon on the ruins. The times are no more when merry England was the garden of chivalry, and passion was the instinct of the heart. The times are no more when Shakspeare's Juliet was both felt and understood, or when Calantha in the Broken Heart found an echo in the applauding soul of woman. The times are no more, when

youths and maidens met beneath the broad beechen-tree, when the lover played his madrigals beneath the moon-lit casement of his fair, without dread of censure or of blame. We have become a factitious nation of artifice and cant. Commerce has impoverished our sensibilities, and Love, whose high-priest is Henry Hase, esq., has but one temple erected to his honour—in the bank, which is fed with oblations from the three per cents. We have lost besides our golden simplicity; like some old stock-broker, we are too knowing to be taken in, and pay too many taxes to be able to pay proper attention to the blind god. "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window." A mournful truism, which bids fair to condemn modern agriculturists to perpetual celibacy.

In alluding, then, to the passion of love in the subsequent pages of this Essay, let me be understood to mean love as it exists in the world, not either as it should be, or as it has been. In this sense I would say, that fools are the finest possible admirers. They have plenty of time for sentiment, sufficient mind to pen a love-letter, and sufficient passion to give zest to their pursuit. A sensible man will always be a bungler at an amour, for he has moments of reason, and one second of reflection is long enough to sign the death-warrant of love. It is a job that must not be half-done: *aut Cæsar, aut nullus*, is the necessary motto. I would despise a lover who, during the intervals of infatuation, had the least "compunctious visitings" of common-sense. It should be a Midsummer madness of the soul, an overpowering sensibility, like that which plumped Mr. Gibbon on his knees before the Duchess of Devonshire.

I once discoursed with a young merchant on the pathetic business of falling in love. "I am by nature," said he, "of a susceptible disposition, but how can any one fall in love in the midst of Eastcheap." This was characteristic; the foolish fellow had no idea of sentiment beyond what was inculcated in novels; his weak imagination needed the stimulus of romance, instead of creating it for itself. Love was with him the effect of a moon-light walk to Hampstead,

and in a similar situation he would have said, with Peter Pastoral in the play, "Ar'nt you got e'er a bower, where I take my breakfast in?" or overcome with sensitive associations lean over some rustic bridge to "see the little fishes wagging their little tails."

An elegant French novelist has endeavoured to prove, that love is little less than a crime: in short, that reason is the only instinct that should incline us to the softer sex. This is odd enough; was her husband satisfied with the mind of his wife when he espoused her? were her children the offsprings of intellect? I should think not. Had she been content with asserting, that love, or rather infatuation, divested of reason, was injurious to the best interests of society, she would have found many to countenance her argument: but when she decidedly maintains, that, in order to promote happiness, the bow of love must be broken, the temple of Venus destroyed, the folly of the position is self-evident.

Plato, I believe, was the original founder of this theory; the prime advocate of what is technically termed Platonic affection. He first advised us to neglect the person for the mind, forgetful of the adage, that "friendship with woman is sister to love." For my own part, I see no wit in this reciprocal communion of spirits. I am less poetical in my notions, and, being "a plain blunt man," like to jog on in the old way. A little mind is certainly a pleasant side-dish to the entertainment, but we cannot always stuff ourselves with intellect. I remember hearing of a young lady, who said to a romantic Collegian, "My dear F——, you know that we can never be more than friends to each other, let us then enjoy the innocent happiness of a Platonic affection." The young man wisely took the hint, a rational correspondence commenced, and terminated in a trip to Gretna-Green, where the Blacksmith-clergyman forged the fetters of Hymen.

I am always suspicious of these Platonic amours. They go sadly against the grain, and are the bye-ways from which vice sallies forth on the unsuspicious traveller. A libertine, under their convenient shelter, steals into the confidence of

his victim. He boldly declares a Platonic attachment, until the misguided lady finds, too late, that Plato has less to do with the business than Cupid.

> Oh! Plato! Plato!—You have paved the way,
> With your confounded phantasies, to more
> Immoral conduct from the fancied sway
> Your system feigns o'er the controlless core
> Of human hearts, than all the long array
> Of poets or romancers—you're a bore,
> A charlatan—a coxcomb, and have been
> At best no better than a go-between.

But to return to our subject. The romance and all the enthusiasm consequent on love, may be excused in youth, but when experienced in riper years deserves ridicule. A man, after he has laid aside his school-books, has other things to do than to fall in love with a woman. He cannot always be learned on the merits of a waltz step, or descant with critical acumen on the orthodox brevity of a petticoat. He has nature to read—the University to study. Of late years I have never been an impassioned admirer of the fair sex. I take them as nature intended they should be taken, and love them with a reservation on this side reason. In youth, however, when I first encountered beauty, my fancy tenanted it with a disposition equally faultless. This was the exuberance of romance; I soon found that the outward and visible sign was no test of the inward and spiritual grace; so, like Rasselas, in pursuit of happiness, I gave up my researches in despair.

Indeed, the education of our modern females is of itself sufficient to prevent any awkward propensity to fall in love. Their feelings are regulated by the mechanical standard of etiquette, nature is made the vassal of art, and their conversation, that whimsical compound of sentiment and nonsense, may be described in the well-known lines of Dr. Darwin,

> Hear the pretty ladies talk
> Tittle tattle, tittle tattle,
> Like their pattens when they walk
> Piddle paddle, piddle paddle.

They are taught to consider themselves as bargains to be purchased by the highest bidder, and as the needle turns to-

wards the pole, their thoughts turn towards a husband. Some go by ship-loads to India on the delicate speculation of matrimony, some aim at conquest in the church, others in the theatre, and all in the gay vortex of fashion.

But notwithstanding these draw-backs on our sensibility, there is one class of persons who claim a right to fall in love, as the exclusive privilege of their high calling. To them women are all in all, they are the subjects on which they exercise their genius, as a barber dresses a well-made wig upon a block. With them a lady is ever young and beautiful, for there is no such thing as a gray hair in the poet's love-book, or a snub-nose in the vocabulary of his rhymes. The uglier the object of his affection the more genius he displays in tricking her out to the best advantage. "Poets," says Mr. Hazlitt, "make a goddess of any dowdy. As Don Quixote said, in answer to the matter-of-fact remonstrances of Sancho, that Dulcinea del Toboso answered the purpose of signalizing his valour, just as well as the fairest princess under the sky; so any of the fair sex will do just as well as another. They take some awkward thing and dress her up in fine words, as children dress up a wooden doll in fine cloaths. Perhaps a fine head of hair, a taper waist, or some other circumstance strikes them, and they make the rest out according to their fancies."

For my own part, if I ever fall in love again it shall be with an old woman. I am partial to such antiquated gentlefolks; I could write sonnets on my grandmother, and apostrophize the beauty of my great-aunts. The personal attractions of a young lady may be pleasant to her husband or her lover, but to me, who (thank God) am neither the one nor the other, it is immaterial. If I wish to see faultless forms, I can gaze at the Venus de Medicis, admire the statues in the Museum, or have a shilling's worth of the pictorial beauties of the British gallery. But they are not instinct with life you will say; certainly not, but what is the use of life when one cannot enjoy it? Madame V—— is a beautiful woman, am I the better for her beauty? Miss T—— has pretty legs, does that benefit me? I am not Monsieur V——, I am not the lover of Miss T——, so I am never likely to

derive from either a gratification beyond what a statue or a painting could give me.

With an old woman the case is different. Divested of the pruriency of sense, I view her through the pleasing medium of the imagination. I associate her with the past. I talk to her as to a beauty of bye-gone years. I consider her as the Venus de Medicis of her century, the Madame de Maintenon of her time. I recall the days when her brow, now silvered with the hoar-frost of age, was ruddy with youth and comeliness, when dimples graced the cheek, now usurped by furrows, and love shone triumphant in the eye which now is lustreless and wan. She reminds me of some fair vision of old, until absorbed in imagination I forget that she is an antique, and see her in my "mind's eye" as she was seen twenty years since, the delight of her friends, the admiration of society.

But while thus enlarging on the prolific subject of "falling in love," I think it but right to offer a preventative for the benefit of those who, from constitution or habit, are ever afflicted with the heart-ache. The recipe I would propose is simple, and was successfully administered to a friend of mine in the most desperate extremities of the case. When I found that his fits of melancholy were the most violent, I took him with me to Doctor's Commons, where the sight of a licence calmed him with miraculous expedition. In the evening, when he complained of a palpitation of the heart, I administered two ounces of common sense, as a soft emulsion, beaten up with a sarcasm from Don Juan. Finding, however, that his disorder was still dangerous, I called in further aid, and it was resolved, by way of a kill or cure anodyne, that he should be married. The shock was electric—his disorder left him—and he has never since been in love, but has often told me, with tears in his eyes, that the remedy was worse than the disease. In all cases of similar danger I would recommend a large dose of matrimony as an infallible preventative.

But a truce to this rhapsody, midnight has caught me at my study, and instead of falling in love I ought rather to be falling asleep. Should a lady condescend to peruse these

straggling lucubrations, let her gentle heart forgive my rudeness, and attribute it to folly, insanity, ignorance, to any thing, in short, but disrespect. Indeed, when an author rambles on heedlessly through a desultory egotistical essay, he is too apt to stray from the right track, as a traveller in a strange country entangles himself amongst thorns and briars. But should she feel offended at the inadvertent sarcasms I have ventured upon her sex, let her remember that a general rule is never without its exception, and she is one that I fully resolved to make. Let her imagine, also, that the following quotation, with which I shall close this essay, alludes to her as an individual, and let it sufficiently apologize for my gracelessness.

> **Oh! woman—lovely woman! Nature made you**
> **To temper man, we had been brutes without you—**
> **Angels are painted fair to look like you;**
> **There's in you all that we believe of heaven,**
> **Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,**
> **Eternal joy, and everlasting love.**

Field Sports for the Month.

Racing,—At Epsom, Ascott, Malton, Durham, &c. &c.

Hunting,—In some places the stag and buck, particularly in the northern districts.

Angling,—Carp, perch, roach, dace, salmon-pink, greyling, &c.

AGRICULTURAL DIRECTIONS, &c. FOR MAY.

Cross-harrow and plough fallows. If buck-wheat, barley, grass-seed, or potatoes, remain unsown, finish this work as early as possible. About the 15th, break summer-pastures; bleed horned-cattle. Buy in your in-calvers for milk. Take brood mares to horse. Carry out dressing to fallows. Destroy moles, rooks, magpies, &c. Look after bees. they now begin to swarm. Pare your land for burning, weed wheat, and roll it. Lay up clover intended for hay or seed. Cut turf, and prepare winter firing. You may still plant fir-trees. Geld your colts. Weed quicksets. Reclaim bogs. About

the end of the month, plough fallows that were cross-harrowed at the beginning.

OBSERVATIONS PECULIAR TO THE MONTH OF MAY.

May is represented with a sweet and amiable countenance, clad in a robe of white and green, embroidered with daffodillies, hawthorns, and blewbottles; upon his head a garland of white, damask, and red roses; in one hand a lute, upon the forefinger of the other a nightingale, with the sign Gemini.—See *Peacham*, p. 418, 419.

Anciently all ranks of people went out a maying early on the 1st of this month. The north, as may be seen by the letter of our correspondent, Ci-devant Syntax, p. 383, has always been famed for its strict adherence to ancient customs. On this day, generally called *May-day*, the juvenile part of both sexes, in this part, were wont to rise a little after midnight, and walk to some neighbouring wood, accompanied with music and the blowing of horns; where they break down branches from the trees, and adorn them with *nosegays* and *crowns of flowers*. When this is done they return with their booty homewards, about the rising of the sun, and make their doors and windows to triumph in the flowery spoil. The after-part of the day is chiefly spent in dancing round a tall pole, which is called a *May-pole*, which being placed in a convenient part of the village stands there, as it were, consecrated to the *goddess of flowers*, without the least violation offered to it, in the whole circle of the year.

One of our own poets thus mentions the May-pole ceremonies.

> Your May-pole deck with flowery coronal;
> Sprinkle the flowery coronal with wine;
> And in the nimble-footed galliard, all,
> Shepherds, and shepherdesses, lively, join.
> Hither from village sweet, and hamlet fair,
> From bordering cot and distant glen repair:
> Let youth indulge its sports, to eld* bequeath its care.

* Old age.

HORSE-RACING.

THE JOCKEY CLUB.

Rules or Laws relative to posting the Horses in all cases that can happen.

1.—A distanced horse in any one of the heats is not to start again.

2.—A distanced horse, though he had won a first and second heat, is not to be rated in any place.

3.—At two heats, the horses always rank as they come in the second heat.

4.—When there happens a dead heat, a distanced horse may start again as well as the rest.

5.—In case of three heats, any horse that beats another twice, is reckoned the better horse, though the other come in second the last, or in either of the other heats, except the horse that has got a heat.

6.—The horse that beats another twice, if he comes in second the third heat, is rated the best deserving, except as before, and unless there should be four heats.

7.—No horse can start for a fourth heat that has not won a heat; if the fourth be a dead heat, all three must start again, and rate as they come in.—None can be distanced.

NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING-MEETING.

MONDAY, *April* 22.

Mr. Rous's Euphrates, beat Mr. Charlton's Banker, 8st. 5lb. each, D. I. 100gs.

11 to 10 on Euphrates.

Mr. James's Antigallican, beat Mr. Udny's Barmecide, 8st. 5lbs. each, T. Y. C. 100gs. h. ft.

6 to 4 against Antigallican.

Sweepstakes of 200gs each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 7lb. each. T. Y. C.

H. R. H. the Duke of York's Moses, by Seymour or Whalebone - 1
Mr. Udny's, by Partisan - - - - - - - - 2
Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. by Middlethorpe - - - - 3

2 to 1 on Moses.

Duke of Portland's Comical, 8st. 9lb. beat Mr. Charlton's St. Patrick, 8st. 5lb. D. M. 100gs h. ft.

2 to 1 against Comical.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for colts, &c. 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb. then rising 3-yrs-old. B. M.

Duke of Grafton's br. c. Guerilla. - - - - - - 1
Lord Grosvenor's br. c. Midsummer - - - - - - 2

3 to 1 on Guerilla.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, for fillies, 8st. 4lb. R. M.

Duke of Portland's Vaultress - - - - - - - 1
Lord Jersey's by Haphazard - - - - - - - - 2
Mr. Northoy's by Phantom - - - - - - - - 3

Even on Vaultress.

Sweepstakes of 200gs each, h. ft. R. M.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's c. by Partisan, 7st. 13lb. - - 1
Mr. Fox's North Wester, 7st. 11lb. - - - - - - 2
Lord Warwick's Selma, 8st. 8lb. - - - - - - - 3

5 to 4 against Lord Cavendish's c.—6 to 4 against North Wester.

Tuesday, *April* 23.—Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for fillies then rising three-yrs-old, and not engaged in the 1,000gs Stakes, 8st. 5lb. D. M.

Mr. Fraser's Zaire - - - - - - - - - - 1
H. R. H. the Duke of York's, by Hedley - - - - 2
Mr. Ramsbottom's ch. f. Zorilda - - - - - - 3

King's Plate of 100gs for mares, three-yr-olds, 8st. 4lb.; four-yr-olds, 9st. 4lb; five-yr-olds, 9st. 10lb; six-yr-olds and aged, 10st. R. C.

Mr. Batson's b. f. Luss, 4 yrs old - - - - - - 1
Lord Grosvenor's b. f. Michaelmas, 3 yrs old - - - - 2
Lord Exeter's b. f. Tipsy, 3 yrs old - - - - - - 3
Mr. Bouverie's b. f. Amy, 3 yrs old - - - - - - 4
Lord Clarendon's ch. f. Mirandola, 4 yrs old - - - - 5
Mr. Charlton's ch. f. Ibla, 3 yrs old - - - - - - 6

5 to 2 against Luss—13 to 8 against Amy—4 to 1 against Mirandola.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for two-yr-olds, colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb. T. Y. C.

Mr. Nothey's f. by Phantom - - - - - - - - 1
Mr. Villier's f. by Don Cossack - - - - - - - 2
Mr. Greville's f. by Seymour - - - - - - - 3

4 to 1 against Mr. Villier's f.—3 to 1 against Mr. Greville's f.

The 2000gs Stakes (a Subscription of 100gs each,) h. ft. for colts 8st. 7lb.; and fillies 8st. 4lb.; R. M. rising 3 yrs-old.

Duke of Grafton's b. f. Pastille - - - - - - 1
Lord Grosvenor's Midsummer - - - - - - - 2
Mr. Hunter's b. c. by Marmion - - - - - - 3

A Silver Cup, value 80 Sovereigns, by a Subscription of 11gs each, for horses of all ages. A. F.

Mr. Dilly's Matilda, 3 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. - - - - - 1
Mr. Wyndham's Robin Hood, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. - - - 2
Lord Jersey's Prophet, 3 yrs old, 8st. - - - - - 3

5 to 1 against Matilda—5 to 2 against Robin Hood—3 to 1 against Prophet.

Mr. Udny's Plumper, 7st. 12lb. beat Mr. Prendergast's Regent, 8st. 10lb. A. F. 100gs h. ft.

Fifty Pounds, by Subscription, for four-yr-olds 7st. 9lb.; five-yr-olds, 8st. 3lb.; six-yr-olds and aged 8st. 7lb. Last 3 miles of the B. C.

Mr. Pettit's ch. g. Euphrates, 5 yrs old - - - - - 1
Mr. Frazer's b. h. Champignon, 5 yrs old - - - - - 2
Mr. Ramsbottom's b. h. Shreckhorn, 5 yrs old - - - - 3
Mr. Wyndham's b. c. Robin Hood, 4 yrs old - - - - 4

2 to 1 against Euphrates—2 to 1 against Shreckhorn—5 to 2 against Robin Hood.

Wednesday, *April* 24.—Handicap Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for three-yr-olds. T. Y. C.

Sir J. Byng's Civet, 8st. 3lb. - - - - - - - - 1
Duke of Grafton's Zeal, 8st. 12lb. - - - - - - - 2

2 to 1 against Civet.

Fifty Pounds by Subscription for three-yr-olds, 7st. 5lb.; four-yr-olds, 8st. 11lb.; and five yr-olds, 9st. 4lb. B. C.

Lord Stradbroke's br. c. Incantator, 3 yrs old - - - - 1
Mr. Lambton's b. c. Richard, 3 yrs old - - - - - 2
Mr. Batson's b. f. Freak, 3 yrs old - - - - - - 3
Mr. Walker's b. c. Capulet, 3 yrs old - - - - - - 4

7 to 4 on Incantator.

Mr. Fox's North Wester, received 200gs ft. from Lord Exeter's Augusta, 8st. 4lb. each, D. M. 300gs.

THURSDAY, *April* 25.—The 1000gs Stakes, a Subscription of 100gs each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 4lb. D. M. rising three years old.

Duke of Grafton's ch. Whizgig	1
Mr. Rush's ch. Rosalind	2
Duke of Grafton's b. Varnish	3
Lord Grosvenor's Juliet	4

5 to 4 on Whizgig.

Mr. Charlton's St. Patrick beat Mr. James's Antigallican, 8st. 5lb. each, Ab. M. 100gs.—2 to 1 against St. Patrick.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for three-year-olds, A. F.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's c. Godolphin, 8st. 10lb.	1
Mr. Wyndham's Centaur, 8st. 3lb.	2
Mr. Hunter's Gustavus, 8st. 12lb.	3
Mr. Walker's gr. c. by Young Gohanna, 7st. 13lb.	4
Mr. Ramsbottom's Sir Huldibrand, 8st. 4lb.	5

6 to 4 on Godolphin—5 to 2 against Gustavus.

Lord Verulam's Sporus, 8st. 2lbs. beat Mr. James's Antigallican, 8st. 4lbs. R. M. 100gs h. ft.—6 to 4 on Sporus.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. T. Y. C.

Duke of Grafton's Mona, 8st. 2lb.	1
Mr. Greville's Electress, 8st. 4lb.	2
Mr. Thornhill's c. by Pericles, 8st. 7lb.	3

5 to 4 against Mona.

The King's Plate of 100gs for four-yr-olds, 11st.; five-yr-olds, 11st. 9lb.; six-yr-olds and aged, 12st. R. C.

Mr. Batson's b. f. Luss, 4 yrs old	1
Mr. Pettit's ch. g. Euphrates, 5 yrs old	2
Lord Verulam's b. g. Sporus, 4 yrs old	3

Even betting on Euphrates.

A Gold Cup of 90gs value, by a Subscription of 10gs each, for horses of all ages. T. Y. C. The surplus to the winner.

Mr. Wyndham's Black-and-all-Black, 3 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	1
Lord Exeter's Athenian, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	2

3 to 1 against Black-and-all-Black.

The Duke of Grafton's Guerilla, 8st. 7lb. beat Lord Foley's Roebuck, 8st. 6lb. T. Y. C. 100gs h. ft.—2 to 1 on Guerilla.

CATTERICK-BRIDGE MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, *April* 10.—The Craven Stakes of 10gs. each, for all ages: two-year-olds, 5st. 10lbs.; three, 8st.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—One mile and a quarter.—Seven Subscribers.

Mr. Lambton's gr. c. Dunsinane, by Macbeth, 4 yrs old, (T. Nicholson) 1
Mr. Allison's br. c. Vingt-un, by Smolensko. 3 yrs old - - 2
Mr. J. Ferguson's b. c. Champagne, 3 yrs old - - - 3
Lord Queensberry's bl. f. by Juniper, dam by Orville, 2 yrs old - 4
Mr. E. Petre's b. f. Georgiana, by Woful, out of Shepherdess, by Shuttle, 2 yrs old - - - - - - 5

Two to 1 on Dunsinane.—Won easy.

Produce Stakes of 25gs each, h. ft.: colts, 8st. 3lb fillies, 8st.—3lb. allowed, &c.—Two miles.—Twelve subscribers.

Mr. J. Ferguson's ch. f. Evens, by Walton, dam by Sancho (R. Johnson) - - - - - - - 1
Mr. James's ch. c. Taurus, by Cervantes - - - 2
Mr. E. Petre's b. f. Marchesa, by Comus - - - 3
Mr. Harrison's b. f. Miss Wortley, by Woful - - 4
Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Mowbray, dam by Dick Andrews - 0
Mr. Lambton's ch. c. by Leopold, Shepherd's dam - - 0
Mr. Allison's b. c. by Comus, out of Annabella - - - 0

Six to 4 agst Miss Wortley, 2 to 1 agst Mr. Lambton's, and 4 to 1 agst Evens.—Won easy.

Match for 100gs.—Yearling Course.

Mr. R. Mason's b. c. by Walton, dam by Remembrancer, 8st. 4lb. 1
Mr. Dimsdale's gr. c. by Raphael, dam by the Arabian Selim, 8st. 2

Six to 4 on the winner.—A good race.

The Foal-Stakes of 30gs. each, 10gs. ft. for colts, rising 3 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. each.—Two miles.—Four subscribers.

Lord Queensberry's b. c. Pilgarlick, by Woful, out of Elizabeth, (B. Smith) - - - - - - 1
Mr. T. Peirse's b. c. Shuffler, by Walton - - - 2
Mr. Lambton's b. c. by Leopold, Borodino's dam (bolted) - 3

Two to 1 on Pilgarlick.—Won cleverly.

THURSDAY, *April* 11.—The Old Stakes of 25gs. each, 10gs. ft. colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Two miles.

Mr. E. Petre's b. c. Theodore, by Woful, out of Blacklock's dam, (Jackson) - - - - - - - 1
Sir P. Musgrave's b. c. by Woful, dam by Shuttle - - 2
Mr. Lambton's b. c. by Don Cossack, dam by Sancho - - 3

Three to 1 on Theodore.—Won easy.

The Filly Stakes of 20gs. each, 8st.—One mile and a half.

Sir E. Dodsworth's b. by Woful, dam by Remembrancer, (R. Johnson) 1
Mr. Gascoigne's b. by Amadis, Sheba's Queen - - 2
Sir J. H. Maxwell's gr. Helen Marr, by Viscount - - 3
Mr. Frankland's b. Harriet, by Octavian - - - 4
Mr. E. Petre's b. by Woful, dam by Shuttle - - - 0
Mr. Lambton's ch. by Leopold, Wathcote Lass - - 0

Six to 4 agst the winner, and 2 to 1 agst Mr. Gascoigne's f.—Won cleverly.

The Yearling Stakes of 20gs each, rising 2 years old: colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st. —One Mile.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. Powlett's bl. f. by Walton, dam by Orville, (W. Scott) - 1
Mr. B. Salvin's ch. f. by Comus (bought of the late Lord Strathmore) 2
Mr. J. Ferguson's b. c. by Comus, dam by Delpini
Mr. Benson's b. c. Romney, by Raphael, Young Æthe
Mr. Benson's ch. f. by Teddy the Grinder
Lord Stewart's ch. c. Little Biddick, by Biddick
Mr. Harrison's ch. c. Sir Roger, by Comus
Lord Queensberry's gr. c. Hussar, by Whisker—Vesta
Mr. Lambton's gr. c. by Leopold, dam by Sir Harry Dimsdale.

Six to 4 agst Hussar, and 2 to 1 agst Sir Roger.—Won cleverly.

Fifty Pounds for maiden horses, &c. rising three years old, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, six, and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, two miles.

Col. Cradock's b. f. by Woful, dam by St. George, rising 3 years, (T. Lye) - - - - - - 1 1
Mr. Allison's b. g. by Comus, out of Annabella, rising 3 yrs old 0 2
Col. Croft's ch. f. by Comus, rising 3 yrs old - - 2 3
Mr. Lambton's ch. f. by Leopold, out of Rosalind, rising 3 yrs old 3 0

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Kay's b. c. by Comus, dam by Bay Trophonius, rising 3 yrs old
Mr. Benson's gr. c. Petworth, rising 3 yrs old
Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Mowbray, dam by Dick Andrews, rising 3 yrs old
Sir P. Musgrave's b. c. by Woful, rising 3 yrs old
Mr. T. Lee's b. f. Princess, by Petronius, rising 3 yrs old.

Three to 1 agst Col. Croft's filly.—Won easy.

MEYNELL HUNT SPRING-MEETING.

TUESDAY, *April* 9. The Meynell Hunt Stakes of 5gs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Gentlemen riders.—Two-mile heats.—Twelve subscribers.

Mr. Bristowe's b. g. Cumberland, by Skiddaw, 5 yrs. 11st. 12lb. (Mr. Trevannion)	1	1
Mr. H. Cavendish's gr. h. Dealer, by Grimaldi, 6 yrs old, 12st. (the owner)	4	2
Mr. Chamberlin's bl. g. Smolensko, 6 yrs old, 12st. (Mr. Meek)	3	3
Mr. Charlton's b. g. by Julius Cæsar, 5 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. (Mr. Peel)	2	4

Match for 50gs.—Two miles.

Capt. Heathcote's ch. g. Doubtful, by St. Domingo, 5 yrs old, 8st.	1
Major Bilbie's b. g. Chance, by Patriot, aged, 8st.	2

A Silver Cup, value 20gs. with 30gs. added, and 10gs. to the second horse.—Rode by Farmers.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. R. Statham's ch. g. Tally-ho, 5 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.	2	1	1
Mr. Bailey's b. g. Farmer, by Orlando, dam by Flageolet, 4 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.	3	2	2
Mr. T. Soare's b. g. by Walnut, 5 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.	1	3	dr.

Match for 50gs.—One mile and a half.

Capt. Curzon's b. g. Coriolanus, 12st.	1
Mr. T. Walker's b. m. Jewess, 12st.	2

MIDDLEHAM MEETING.

MONDAY, *April* 15.—Craven Stakes of 10gs. each: two year-olds, 5st. 10lb.; three, 8st.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, six, and aged, 9st. 11lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—The Craven Course.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Ferguson's bl. c. Pluto, by Smolensko, 3 yrs old	1
Mr. Brotherton's ch. m. Eliza Leeds, 4 yrs old	2
Mr. T. Peirse's b. f. by Comus	3
Hon. E. Petre's b. f. My Lady, 3 yrs old	0
Mr. Milnes's br. f. by Amadis, 2 yrs old	0

Six to 4 agst the winner, and 6 to 4 agst My Lady.—Won easy.

Middleham Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1818.—3lb. allowed, &c.—One mile.—Eight Subscribers.

Hon. T. O. Powlett's b. c. by Woful, out of Masquerade (W. Scott)	1
Lord Queensberry's b. c. Orator, by Prime Minister	2

Three to 1 on Orator.—Won by a head.

The Bolton Stakes of 30gs. each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1818: colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—3lb. allowed, &c. —One mile and half.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Watson's ch. c. by Walton - - - - 1
Mr. Wyvil's b. f. Marchesa, by Comus - - - - 2

Six to 4 on Marchesa.

Filly Stakes of 20gs. each, for fillies, rising three years old, 8st. 2lb. each.—Craven Course.—Three Subscribers.

Sir E. Dodsworth's br. *Susan*, by Woful (R. Johnson) - - 1
Sir J. H. Maxwell's gr. Sister to Fair Helen - - - 2

Tuesday, *April* 16.—Hunters' Stakes of 5gs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred; 4-year-olds, 11st.; five, 11st. 9lb.; six and aged, 12st.—A winner in 1822, 4lb. extra.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.

Mr. Baker's br. m. *Jenny Horner*, by Golumpus, aged (owner) - 1
Mr. J. Ferguson's gr. h. Jem Horner, 5 yrs. old (owner) - 2
Hon. O. Powlett's ch. h. Mercury, 5 yrs. old (Mr. Shafto) - - 0
Mr. Iveson's ch. g. Bryan, by Golumpus, aged (Mr. Hawkes) - 0
Mr. J. Lee's ch. g. Speculation, 5 yrs. old (Mr. T. Sykes) - - 0
Mr. Menzie's b. g. Appleton, 5 yrs. old (Mr. T. Edmondson) - 0

Seven to 4 agst. Jenny Horner, 6 to 4 agst. Bryan. Jenny Horner came in first, but a dispute arose as to whether she went over the course right or not. It was proved that Jem Horner did go right. After examining several witnesses, a doubt arose in the minds of the stewards, when it was agreed that the Stakes should be divided between Jem Horner and Jenny Horner, and all bets to be void. The other horses indisputably went the wrong side of a post.

EPSOM FARMERS' STAKES.

Wednesday, *April* 17.—The Farmers' Stakes of One Guinea each, given by the Earl of Derby, H. Jolliffe, Esq., and the Subscribers to the Surry Fox-hounds, &c., all ages. Two-mile heats.

Mr. Maydwell's b. m. Miss Doubtful, 5 yrs old - - 1 1
Mr. Gray's b. m. 4 yrs. old - - - - 2 2
Mr. Holman's b. g. Dancing-Master - - - 2 2

Won in a canter.

Sweepstakes of Twenty Guineas each. Two-mile heats.

Mr. Kingston's ch. h. Friar Bacon - - - 1 1
Mr. Field's ch. h. Lounger - - - 2 2
Mr. White's br. h. Dominichino - - - 3 3

A good race.—5 to 4 on the winner.
There was a great assemblage of visitors.

Steeple-Chace.—The sweepstakes match of 20 guineas each, between Mr. Coxhead, Captain N. Peters, and Mr. Roebottom, took place on Friday morning, April 12. The start was from Trimley furzes near Blackwater, to Arborfield, Berks. The race for the first five miles was over heath, and the horsemen kept the steady cuts until they came to Topham-cover, when they separated, and pursued their own course through a woody country. They left the ridge of Golden Farmer-hill to the left, and were within sight of each other again on Shinfield Common, when Mr. Coxhead made all play, and reached Arborfield church-yard in one hour and three minutes, a distance of eighteen miles in a straight direction. Captain Peters lost by six minutes, and Mr. Roebottom's horse fell, and he was thrown out altogether.

HUNTING, &c.

A Letter to the Editor of the Sporting Repository,

INCLOSING

AN OTTER HUNT IN THE COTHY.

Llangadock, April 14, 1822.

My Dear Sir,

In the narrative of my last excursion to Clynn-y-Van, I promised that, in a few months, I would forward you a second supply. This account absolves me for the time being, as it is faithful and characteristic. I have dwelt more upon the sewen fishing than the otter-hunting in it, because I find that the one is more general than the other sport. For the same reason I have enlarged upon artificial flies, inasmuch as Welsh fly-fishing differs in many respects from the mode adopted in England. Such information is more especially useful at this season of the year, when the approaching summer and autumn months will send down shoals of Cantabs and Oxonians to angle among our beautiful mountain-streams. As all the great and good read your Sporting Repository, (indeed, I cannot conceive how they can otherwise be either great or good,) it will be a satisfaction to them to see such a neat five-shillings' worth of monthly edification, contained in the invaluable pages of your Periodical; which being brought forward at a time "when no contemporary publication is issued," must consequently contain what no other "contemporary publication" can possess, to wit, "every thing that is interesting to the Sportsman, the Man of Fashion, or the general reader."

You cannot imagine the immense number of pedestrian anglers that migrate during the summer and autumn to Wales. In my last trip to Snowden (of which I may one day give you an account) I met with no less than a dozen jolly Cantabs at the little inn at Dolgellan, who would willingly have made me bosky for the honour of alma mater and Welch ale. But though I was attacked by the evil spirit of inebriety, who, on being repulsed, returned and took possession of my fancy, with seven others more wicked than himself, I had the courage to gird up my loins and flee from the seductive tongues of Trinity-men and Johnians. Indeed, I have met with young English pedestrians in every corner of the principality, among the mountains, and the glens, the rivers and the lakes, in taverns and in hovels, in churches and out of churches, in jail and out of jail. In justice to my countrymen I must say, that I have generally picked up the best fellows in the "house of bondage," for society is always loth to do justice to the virtues and innocent irregularities of us Cantabs.

But to be serious, let me take this opportunity of informing those whom inclination or consumptive purses may lead into the retirement of Wales, that the business of Angling, by a little attention to the proper flies for the month, as well as to their make, is usually attended with the greatest success. The rivers swarm with trout, salmon, salmon-peel, and sewen; for netting, though too often practised, does not meet with the same general encouragement here as in England. "Honest men," says Colman, "are rare indeed; *we* are very rare."

The following statement, which I quote from the Appendix to Cotton's Angler, will give you and your numerous readers some faint idea of the success that may befall an experienced fisherman. It is to be sure an antique, but since population, according to Malthus, has increased almost two-fold within the last fifty years, I see no just cause or impediment why the fish should not fructify in the same ratio. If an angler then, in about eleven years spent principally beside Welch streams, could catch 47,120 fish, you may calculate, by a simple process of arithmetic, how many he might probably hook at the present day, averaging the increase of the piscatory population at two-fold. Apply in this case to your publisher, for by all accounts he must be a good hand at *Multiplication*, at least as far as regards the sale of his Repository, which I understand is very much extended. Now for the promised extract.

Ten years, one month, and five days Angling.

Fish taken in the counties of Carmarthen and Glamorgan, commencing 11th April, 1753, to the 10th April, 1754, inclusive	6,272
Ditto in Pembroke, Carmarthen, Glamorgan, and Derby, from 11th April, 1754, to 24th October following	3,758
Ditto 1756, in York, Salop, and Glamorgan	3,739
Ditto 1757, in Glamorgan	9,272
Ditto 1758, in Glamorgan, Brecon, Radnor, Hereford ..	7,762
Ditto 1759, in same Counties	3,490
Ditto 1760, in Glamorgan	2,150
Ditto 1761, in Ditto	2,522
Ditto 1762, in Glamorgan, and Carmarthen	3,183
Ditto 1763, in Carmarthen	3,158
Ditto 1764, in Ditto, to 23d July, being my last day's Angling in the Principality	1,814
The whole given to the Public	47,120

" In the first few months of the year 1751," adds this keen sportsman, " I took in the counties of Pembroke and Carmarthen above a thousand trouts." The river Cothy, Talley Pools, and Clynn-y-Van, where I have laid the scenes of my fishing excursions, are all in Carmarthenshire; so that the occupation of manufacturing flies is a subject of no mean importance.

I believe that I have now *said my say*, so had better think of resigning my goose-quill. If in any of your subsequent Numbers you should think an article on pike-fishing, with a-fly (a mode unknown in England,) worthy insertion, you may command my humble services. Mine is the widow's mite, but as the apothecary said to his guest, when he sate him down to a bottle of rhubarb; " the welcome is every thing," so my offers are at least sincere; and even if I should *physic* the patience of the public, they can apply for comfort to Job, who was the most virtuous man under misfortunes. But then, to be sure, he had not read my " Otter Hunt in the Cothy."

I am, Mr. Editor,

Your's, very truly,

RIGDUM FUNNIDOS.

DESCRIPTION OF AN

OTTER HUNT IN THE COTHY.

On passing an evening with Morgan and Drake Somerset, a few months after our late excursion to Clynn-y-Van, we resolved to try our luck at an Otter Hunt in the Cothy, a little river which flows from two pools in the village of Talley. Having communicated our intention to a gentleman who resides in that neighbourhood, and who keeps some fine otter-dogs, he eagerly entered into our proposals and engaged us to breakfast with him by day-break, when he promised to equip us with spears and all the necessary paraphernalia of the hunt.

Accordingly we started at five o'clock, on a fine spring morning, from Llangadock to Talley. As our road lay principally over hill and dale, which is no sinecure to an English pair of legs, we resolved to shorten it as much as possible. With this view we determined to ford the Towey, which reached up to our middle, and which enabled us to gain the high road, by cutting off an awkward circumbendibus of two miles. As we approached the meadows, through which the river winds with a thousand beautiful meanderings, we descried something in the shape of a girl attempting the same ford. We instantly hid ourselves, like Moses in the bull-rushes, and Morgan, who, to his shame be it spoken, is as salacious as one of his own mountain-goats, imposed silence with an air of magisterial authority. The attempt, however, was vain,—our laughter had already revealed us, while the girl, indifferent to exposure, doffed first her shoes, and then her stockings. The water, however, was deeper than she had anticipated, so that inch by inch, her petticoats gradually displayed the full proportion of her hinder quarters. Morgan was in ecstasy—he studied the anatomy of her form with the deepest attention, while I, in virtue of my age, preached to him sundry sentiments of morality and virtue. But a sermon loses its effect with an audience who are staring at a girl in a state of semi-denudation, and pity and concupiscence are inexorable foes. I soon found that my doctrine was thrown away, so when the Welch peasant had gained the further side of the river we followed her example, save as respected the superfluous business of undressing.

In about two hours we arrived at Talley, where we found our friend busied at the door of his cottage in arranging fly-rods,

hunting-spears, and calling up and cheering the whole posse comitatus of his dogs. Without further ceremony we entered his breakfast-room, paid our devoirs to the mistress of the house, who, by the bye, welcomed us with a smile, like that of Venus when she first found herself surrounded by savages, and then manfully dispatched our repast.

In the course of half-an-hour many of the neighbourhood had assembled, as is usual on such occasions, to join our excursion. One individual in particular told us that near the bridge at Edwin's-Fort, a seat on the banks of the Cothy, he had but lately seen an otter engaged in busy slaughter of the trout. We took him immediately for our guide, and set off, man and dog, to the appointed place of rendezvous. For my own part, as I am a better hand at fly-fishing than otter-hunting, I resigned the spear for the rod, intending, after the business was concluded, to pick up a few spanking trout or sewen.

But, before I proceed, it may not perhaps be amiss that I should pause a few minutes, and give some little account of an otter, as it is not so much an object of amusement to British Sportsmen as that of angling, hunting, or shooting. It appears to be an animal of a most peculiar species, with a long body and a tail not unlike that of a fish; of all amphibious creatures it is considered the most obnoxious to anglers, for it not only kills its prey, but with wasteful excess, destroys much more than it eats. In some instances, it has actually been known to prowl eight or ten miles in a night, to catch fish for its young ones, with whom its maternal instinct is particularly strong, or to seek some new haunt when its former one has been molested. Its sense of smelling is said to be very acute, and it is even reported to be able to smell a fish in the water at the distance of eighty or a hundred yards.

With these recollections on their mind, joined to an insatiate thirst for vengeance, our party posted hastily on towards the bridge of Edwin's-Fort. The dogs kept up a continued yelping, and one wild indiscriminate chorus of man and beast was the sole music of the road. After a hasty march we came within sight of the bridge, and under a close-set bank, beneath some trees which overhung the stream, descried a bitch otter busied like ourselves in her usual morning's amusement.

By the time that we arrived she was above water at vent, and the dogs close with her. Our spears were in instant requisition, but notwithstanding our exertions, it is really surprizing how long it

was before she was finally put down. Don, the trustiest and foremost of our dogs, first seized her—down she went, and in an instant he missed his hold. She rose on the other side, and away swam the rest of the pack in laudable anxiety to claim acquaintance with her haunches. Some were above—some under water—while all were completely spent: in fact, had it not been for her own severe exertions, she would have held out some time longer, in despite of hunters, spears, and dogs.

On discovering that she was a bitch otter, a cabinet-council was held on the propriety of dispatching her young ones. As we were all inveterate fly-fishers, the motion for their destruction was carried unanimously, and, at a trifling distance from the place where she was put down, we discovered four whelps, two of which we killed, while the other two were preserved by our friend at Tally, for the visionary scheme of taming.

Among the first and most officious of our hunters let me not *prætermit* little Morgan, who, in the true spirit of an angler, sought out the young otters with vindictive avidity. But while busily engaged in his search, and in the very act of shouting aloud his discovery, the faithless bank gave way and precipitated him, wig and all, into the water. Here was a terrible mischance! but what rendered him still more disconsolate was the inexcusable conduct of his caxon, which eloped a second time from his sconce. I. escaped, indeed, during the period of immersion, and floated down the stream with infinite *sang froid*. The dogs were instantly despatched to the rescue; spear after spear, stone after stone, was hurled at it, until it was with some difficulty restored to its owner, who welcomed it with a voluble volley of Welch oaths. Drake and myself undertook the charge of condolence; I reminded him that misfortune was the lot of man, and the soldier agreed with the preacher that all was vanity and vexation of spirit. "But what is this to me," replied the irritable Cambrian, "will the preacher's sermon curl my wig?"—"No," quoth Drake, "but it will teach you to bear adversity with fortitude."—"'He jests at scars that never felt a wound,'" returned Morgan; "when you have lost a wig that had clothed the family-sculls for hundreds of years, you will not be a whit less passionate than myself."

Having satisfied my curiosity with respect to the Otter-Hunt, I left my companions to pursue their amusement: while, with fly-rod in hand and basket slung by my side, I strolled along the banks of the Cothy to the distance of about two miles. Here I

arranged my tackle for sewen, a fish which I have described in my former excursion to Clymn-y-Van. The fly I used, and which I would strongly recommend to all anglers in the mountain streams of Wales (more particularly in spring) was made upon the hook No. 7, and is better known in these parts by the name of the cob-fly. Its body is composed of brown foal's hair, tops of the wings of a woodcock, some ruddy, others grey, well mixed together, warped with pink and yellow, or pink and light-coloured brown silk, twisted together. Wing, of a pheasant cock's feather. The water of the Cothy was in the finest possible order: for there had been much rain a few days before; which had tinged it with a dusky but transparent beer colour. It addition to this advantage, a delightful south breeze just stirred the surface, so that there was every rational chance of success.

After throwing my fly for a few yards down the river, I had a fine rise of something, which, from the velocity of its dart, I imagined to be a salmon. My wheel whizzed round with inconceivable rapidity; and to my mind (for I am as inveterate a fisherman as Zebedee of old) discoursed as sweet music as even Braham himself. Talk of singing, indeed, give me the natural melody of a fly-wheel, and a fig for your Italian Bravuras.

After listening for a few seconds to this piscatory hosanna it ceased, and the fish made a pause. I began forthwith to wind-up, when away sprang the great brute with the most tremendous violence. "Ho, ho!" thought I, "this is no joke, my fine fellow,—I must have you dished to-day, or I shall be dished myself, and lose my credit as a fisherman." Accordingly, I plied my utmost skill; played my gentleman *ad libitum*, and was rewarded for my pains, by seeing the white silvery belly of a sewen, of at least four pounds weight. In lieu of a landing-net I scraped a little creek or inlet in the gravelly shore to draw the fish into; for by these precautions, be it observed, he cannot so easily dart back into the river; a trick with which he otherwise contrives to puzzle an ignoramus.

Perhaps there is no moment in an angler's life so fraught with pleasure, as when he is depositing a sturdy fish in his basket. I felt the full enjoyment of this triumph, which was enhanced by the hope of further sport, and the exceeding fineness of the day. When I had re-arranged my tackle, I took out some prog, for no angler should be without provision, and seated myself on the green sward to enjoy it. Around me was a beautiful landscape: that soft style of scenery, in short, which old Isaac Walton was so

fond of depicting. The Cothy lapsed in gentlest murmurs through meadows, thick set with water-lilies and lady-smocks, and then flowed by an honeysuckle-hedge, which oppressed the air with its sweetness. The young lambs were heedlessly sporting under the broad beechen-trees, or hanging over their shadows in the water, and the birds from the adjoining groves seemed engaged in "friendly contention with the echo." While thus absorbed in admiration the genius of sentiment possessed me, and it suddenly struck me that I would versify. "Every man," says Cicero, (I like to quote great names, for they give one an appearance of learning) "fancies himself a poet," and in this persuasion I pulled out my pocket-book and indited the following stanzas. The glen alluded to in them is situated lower down the river, and was the scene of many feuds in the earlier days of Wales and England.

THE BANKS OF COTHY.

Is this the glen by wizards trod,
By hostile arms invaded;
Is this the bonny stream that flowed,
Where freedom bloom'd and faded?
Yes! still the stream flows deeply on,
Its glen invites the rover;
But freedom's day is past and gone,
The wizard's power is over.

The sheep-bell tinkles on the hill,
The flocks wind o'er the lea;
And nature's spell is potent still,
To fancy and to me:
For still with memory's aid combined
She lifts the thought on high;
Imparts her moral to the mind,
Her sunshine to the eye.—

How soft yon wizard Cothy glides,
'Mid vale, ravine, and meadow;
Reflected in his darkened tide,
The daisy and her shadow:
The bee hums music as he flows,
Sweet echo is his friend;
And summer-suns at twilight close,
Their gentlest influence lend.

The ploughman wandering on the hill,
The lasses on the lea;
Quaff health beside his truant rill,
And sweet serenity:
And when 'mid cloudless nights of June,
The trembling moonbeams cast
Their light on earth, weir'd harps attune
The memory of the past.

Oh! bonny are the falls of Clyde,
And gay the banks of Wye,
And proud the Thames that rolls beside
The haunts of royalty;
But our Welch stream is bonnier still,
For on its banks are seen,
Dancing to music of each rill,
The maidens of the green.

Sweet Cothy! while your waves shall glide
O'er mountain, mead, and dell;
While floats upon your burnish'd tide
The far-off Sabbath-bell.
Remembrance shall pourtray each thought,
That lent, when life was new,
Smiles to the heart with fancy fraught,
And beauty e'en to you.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

HUNT MEETINGS.

Meynell Hunt Dinner and Ball.—The Derby Race Course presented a scene of much animation and gaiety. The weather being fair, a considerable concourse of people assembled, to share in the sport prepared for them by the gentlemen of the Meynell Hunt Club.—A large party sat down to an excellent dinner provided at the King's Head, and spent some hours in cheerful festivity. The ball was conducted with a spirit of liberality worthy of the members. Dancing continued till two o'clock, when a most excellent supper was served up. After which the dancing recommenced, and was kept up by some of the company till dawn of day.—His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Chesterfield, Lord Vernon and family, Lord Kirkwall, Lady Scarsdale and family, and a numerous party of distinguished personages, were present.

Pontefract Hunting Meeting.—This meeting was numerously and fashionably attended. The Hon. Mr. Petre presided, and the after-

WILD FOWL SHOOTING

noon was spent in the greatest conviviality. Upwards of 200 ladies and gentlemen were present. The following morning above 500 gentlemen assembled at the Park, to meet the Badsworth fox-hounds. This pack, under the management of the Hon. E. Petre, has had very brilliant sport, having killed 36 braces of foxes during the season.

SHOOTING.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—The late defeat of the Midgham Crack Club brought about this match, which took place on Saturday, April 6, at Farnham Heath, on the Forest. The Club, consisting of eighteen members, were challenged to produce nine to shoot against as many picked men from six counties, for a Sweepstakes of 15gs. each, at thirteen birds from the trap, at twenty-one yards. The following was the order of the sport:—

CLUB KILLED.	
Mr. Pearson	12
Mr. Sadler	12
Capt. Smith	11
Mr. Thorn	11
Mr. Fielder	11
Mr. Lomax	11
Mr. Simpson	10
Mr. Fowler	9
Mr. Gee	8
	95

COUNTIES KILLED.	
Mr. Grosvenor	13
Mr. Halland	12
Mr. George	11
Mr. Figg	11
Mr. Parsons	10
Mr. R. Smith	10
Mr. Knight	8
Mr. Rose	8
Mr. Martin	7
	90

A second match followed, for 5gs. each, by the three first on each side, which was decided thus, at the same quantity of birds :—

KILLED.	
Mr. George	11
Mr. Grosvenor	10
Mr. Halland	10
	31

KILLED.	
Mr. Sadler	12
Capt. Smith	8
Mr. Pearson	8
	28

A match for 5gs. each, between Capt. Shee, and ten from the counties of Middlesex and Berks, and J. A. Bouverie, Esq. with ten from Herts and Oxon, took place April 23d, in the range near Gerrard's Cross, Bucks, at eleven birds each, twenty-one yards from the trap. There was a bye bet of 20gs. between the two gentlemen who promoted the match. The following were the number each killed :—

Middlesex and Berks killed.		*Herts and Oxon killed*	
Capt. Shee - - -	9	Mr. Bouverie - -	10
Mr. Norman - - -	11	Mr. Smart - - -	10
Mr. Gilchrist - - -	10	Mr. Richards - - -	10
Mr. Webb - - -	10	Mr. Wells - - -	10
Mr. Smart - - -	8	Mr. Jefferson - - -	9
Mr. Odell - - -	8	Mr. Bedmeade - -	8
Mr. Mason - - -	8	Mr. Martin - - -	7
Mr. Pottinger - -	8	Mr. Fuller - - -	7
Mr. Kell - - -	7	Mr. Marshall - - -	7
Mr. Broadhurst - -	7	Mr. Fothergill - -	7
Mr. Mills - - -	7	Mr. Hart - - -	6
	93		90

" After the Captain's party had won this match, he challenged Mr. Bouverie to shoot at eleven other birds, for a dinner for the whole twenty-two. Mr. Bouverie won, by killing nine birds from eleven, to the Captain's eight.

COCKING.

Every day during Easter week was fully occupied by this diversion, at Messrs. Best and Slater's pit, Turk's Head, Bigg-market, Newcastle; and many large sums of money were lost and won on the occasion. On Monday, twenty-six cocks fought, the united weight of which was 94lb. 14oz., and the sums fought for were 50l. 24gs. and 6gs. On Tuesday, twenty-six cocks fought for 50l. 24gs. and 6gs.; the weight of the cocks being 99lb. 12oz. On Wednesday, thirty-six cocks, weighing 146lbs. 4oz., fought for two 50l. and 12gs. On Thursday, thirty-four cocks, weighing 144lb. 8oz. fought for two 50l. and 6gs. On Friday, twenty-four cocks, weighing 106lb. 8oz., fought for 50l. and 24gs. And on Saturday, forty-two cocks, weighing 196lb. 8oz., fought for two 50l. 24gs. 12gs. and 6gs. The attendance was very great; and the whole may be considered as an extraordinary occurrence in the annals of Cock-fighting; for it will be perceived that in one week, cocks, weighing *seven hundred weight, four pounds, and six ounces*, fought, (independent of bets) for sums amounting to no less than 601*l.* 4s.

The Three Double-Days' Play of Cocks, at the White-Swan Inn, Norwich, for ten guineas a battle, and two hundred guineas the odd, between Norwich and Northampton, was, after three days' good fighting, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the 15th, 16th, and 17th April, declared a drawn main.

A Grand Main of Cocks took place last month at the Royal Pit, Westminster, between a sporting Baronet, and a Merchant of the city. Three double days' play for six guineas a battle, and one hundred guineas the odds. Nash and Hall, feeders :—

NASH.		HALL.	
Monday - - - -	6	Monday - - - -	4
Tuesday - - - -	8	Tuesday - - - -	4
Wednesday - - - -	4	Wednesday - - - -	8
	18		16

One main-battle drawn, both having refused to fight in the law. The fighting altogether was the worst we ever saw at this pit. Nash took the lead on Monday and Tuesday: although the cocks entrusted to his care on this occasion were so much superior in game to those of his adversary, he would not have won the main had not one of the Baronet's cocks broke a spur.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Match to Dover.—Mr. West, the celebrated pedestrian, and considered the best of his day, at a long journey, undertook on Thursday, April 18, to go on foot from Holborn to within two miles of Dover, making 72 miles in 13 hours. This is much more than has ever been attempted, and the match was 100 guineas to 30 on time. The pedestrian did rather over 23 miles in the first three hours, and appeared fresh and well. Having got five miles more than the rate of travelling, he pursued a steady course of something less than six miles an hour, and had accomplished 37 miles in six hours. He had no time for halting, and it was evident he could not win. He did 54 miles in nine hours and 50 minutes, and resigned the task, having won a bet that he did 50 miles in nine hours, which he did with eight minutes to spare.

Mr. Somerville, who has been trying the match of 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours, at Dance, in Oxfordshire, resigned, after labouring at it more than five weeks. He was too lame, and too much exhausted, to proceed. It was for 200 guineas.

Match to Coventry.—Mr. Courtenay, a farmer, undertook on Tuesday, April 9, to start to Coventry, from Mile-end, New Town, near Bow, and return in three days. The distance is 188 miles from the place of starting, and time was backed at two to one. He started at two o'clock in the morning, and was at Dunstable at twelve o'clock, Stoney Stratford at four o'clock, and passed through Towcester at dusk, and took two hours rest, after accomplishing 70 miles at twelve o'clock. He

touched on Coventry at five o'clock on Wednesday morning, and did 30 miles on his return at two o'clock, and halted four hours, and was lame at starting again, which increased, and he reached Dunstable at three o'clock on Thursday, and rested until six. He had eight hours left to do 36 miles, and he resigned the task.

Completion of Blakesley's great Match.—This undertaking to go on foot to Exeter and back to London in six days, by a circuitous route, making 380 miles, was completed at half-past eleven o'clock on Sunday night, May 5, by extraordinary perseverance, and it stands amongst the foremost on record. The pedestrian is a man of five feet six inches, a native of Halifax, and 32 years of age; he finished half the distance, four miles from Exeter, on Thursday evening, at nine o'clock, in good condition, and proceeded eight miles, in two hours, on his journey back. He did his day's work, 64 miles, in about 14 hours of travelling, and rested at short intervals. He had 52 miles only to perform on Sunday, which was the most difficult day's work. He started at two o'clock in the morning, rather lame, which increased, and the match was won through great difficulties in the last half-hour of the time.

Blenkensop, the pedestrian, failed in his attempt to walk toe and heel, as it is termed, 17 miles in three hours, on Ashford Common, on Thursday, April 25. He did eleven miles within the two hours, but broke down in going the 14th mile; he was then, however, behind time. —It was for 50 guineas.

Barclay Match in Sheffield.—This extraordinary undertaking was completed on Wednesday, the 24th of April, at noon, by Wright, the Yorkshire pedestrian, with apparent ease. At the termination of this arduous performance, he repaired with his friends to the cavalry barracks, on the parade of which he undertook to walk twelve miles within three hours; engaging to walk five miles within the first hour; four miles within the second; and three miles within the third; which was accomplished before four o'clock in the afternoon, in the presence of several officers of the 7th dragoon guards, and a number of spectators. Report says, his next engagement is to walk 100 miles within 24 hours.

PUGILISM.

Joel Harris and George Lenney.—Joel Harris, the Wiltshire man, who was matched at Epsom Hunt Races, as the man unknown to the prize-ring, to fight George Lenney, whom he

beat in good form, entered the ring, on Wednesday morning, with Gilbert, the Berkshire navigator, a stone the heaviest, and whose character was that of having won fourteen fights, and put one man to *sleep*. The battle was for forty sovereigns, and it took place in a meadow at Thorn, six miles from Strathfieldsay, the seat of the Duke of Wellington, in the presence of a strong muster from the western nursery for *millers*. It was a short but *out*-and-*out* fight.

ROUNDS.

1. At setting-to the disparagement in size was equal to Neat and Gas. Gilbert ran in upon his adversary, but missing two round hits, a close ensued, and Gilbert gave the fall, but not without much wrestling for it. The men tried to *weave*, but they wanted lessons.

2. This was enough for a fight, as a meagre-bred one would say. The Navigator, in making the play, received a heavy blow on the olfactory organ, and the claret half-smothered him. He broke away, and fell as if he had lost his nose; and, after deliberately wiping the claret, he turned to again, and doubled-up his adversary by a body hit, which sent him bending away. The men then deliberately walked up to each other, as if they had bargained to *give* and *take*, and some smashing work followed; but Harris had the worst of the round, from want of equal strength, and he was *floored* by a hit in the wind, which dropped him on his face. Both were much cut up in this round, which lasted fourteen minutes.

3, 4, and 5. These rounds produced no material mischief, as both were too tired to commence offensive operations; but, as wrestlers, much science was displayed, and Gilbert's strength gave him the best of the fall.

6. A sanguinary round, in which both men were several times hit to a stand-still. It lasted eleven minutes, and it was all fighting. Harris, for the first time, got his heavy right-handed blow placed on the ear of his adversary, and he fell as if shot. It was a *hawk* to a *tom-tit*. Gilbert was as stupid as a drunken night-constable.

The 7th round settled the fight, by Gilbert receiving a checking hit in the throat, and he was carried away. Harris won it in thirty-two minutes; and Mr. Courtney, his master, intends shewing his adopted off among some of notoriety in London of his weight.

A gallant battle, for a subscription purse of 10*l*. was fought between Duke Early, a good fighter, and Edmunds, the Hertfordshire man, whom fame had trumpeted forth as an out-and-out manslayer. Early fought against superior length and weight, and he was seconded by Harry Holt and Paddington Jones. Edmunds was picked up by Oliver and Crouch.

In the first round Edmunds made the play, but he was met with the left hand in advancing, and was thrown in a close.

2. Good equal fighting, rather in favour of Early, but he had the worst of a close, in which he was weaved upon successfully with the right hand, and thrown.

The third and fourth rounds were manfully maintained, but in the latter Edmunds was floored by a convincing lunge under the *listner*, following the left hand, which drew first blood plentifully.

The men fought gamely for twenty minutes with equal advantages, when Edmunds gave it a turn in his favour, and floored his adversary by a heavy body-blow. This was in the 20th round.

21 and 22. Both fought themselves to a stand-still; when they had recovered the want of wind, Early led and won the battle after the 42d round. Both had a skinful of punishment.

Boxing extra.—Belcher and Scroggins.—A select party of amateurs had a treat gratuitously the other evening, in a gallant stage-fight, or rather on boards with an outer ring formed by tables, between these two heroes, celebrated for their prowess on the plains of Moulsey, Crawley, &c. Although it was a *love* fight, it settled a perpetual *nuil*, and shewed that which must have happened between the men in the best of their day. Belcher had not had a turn-up for years—not since he commenced his *benefit* at the Castle. The battle was fought in a room where there was no chance of its being stopped, and Turner and other professional hands saw every thing right.

In the first round, Scroggy played some of his harlequin tricks to get in at his work, and at length, when he made the rush, Belcher met him by a *chattering* facer on the *grinders* with the left hand, which sent him to leeward, and he fell amongst the *stowage* and dropped his *claret*.

2. Rather luckier in this round, Scroggins got in without being *nobbed*, and some good hitting was exchanged. Scroggins disengaged himself, and got to work upon another tack with some success, but Belcher's superior fighting and precise measurement gave him a most decided advantage.

The third and fourth were sticking rounds, and Belcher was hit hard on the ribs with the right hand, and his eye had napped too, but, scoffing trifles, he made the most of his adversary and floored him in both rounds.

The battle continued for twenty minutes, Belcher continually waiting for his adversary's rush, when he *transmagrified* his visage, as one of the *Classics* present termed it, into a frightful spectacle. Scroggins, however, in a manly manner, paid a bit for receiving; but as early as the sixth round he had no chance of winning, but by wearing out his antagonist. Scroggins at length gave in, satisfied with his punishment and manhood.

The battle originated in some undue liberties which Scroggins had been taking with Belcher's cook-maid at the Castle, she *smacked his chops*, and then told her master.—Thus the *row* commenced.

ALARMING DISCOVERY.—The stakes of £200 aside, for the battle on 7th of May, between Martin and Belasco, was to have been made good, £100 aside having been already staked. No money was forth-coming from Belasco's backer, and the forfeit of £100 was demanded from the stake-holder, and refused, he having had an attachment from the Lord Mayor's Court issued against him on the 24th of April for the £100, as being part of £250 obtained by Mr. Pearson from a Mr. Campbell, a prisoner in the King's Bench, to obtain his release. He had not seen Pearson since, and the Court of King's Bench was moved that morning, and the money ordered to be paid into court.

TROTTING AND TANDEM-MATCHES.

MATCH TO TROT SIXTEEN MILES.—Mr. HIGGS, the dealer, undertook his match on the 23d ult., at Totbridge, Essex, to trot his grey mare 16 miles within the hour, for 200gs. The match caused much betting, and the performance was over a two-mile piece of ground; the mare carrying 10st. as follows:—

	min.	sec.
1st two miles, done in	7	40
2d ditto - - - - -	7	6
3d ditto - - - - -	7	8
4th ditto - - - - -	7	12
5th ditto - - - - -	7	20
6th two miles, done in	7	30
7th ditto - - - - -	7	25
8th ditto - - - - -	7	42
	59	3

The mare broke into a gallop, and had to turn in the second and last mile, but the match was won easy.

YESTERDAY Morning (April 25, 1822) between 6 and 7 o'clock, the sporting world were highly gratified in witnessing a most excellent trotting-match on the Woodford road.—Two gentlemen respectively drove two celebrated mares in harness against each other, in order to ascertain their speed. Both parties had sat behind them on former occasions, and it would have been an admirable race had not one of the mares broke into a gallop three times. In consequence of the other not striking out of a trot, she won the match more easily than might otherwise have been the case. The winner did the *Ten* miles in *forty-one* minutes. Several bets were pending on the result, and a great number of horsemen were present. Towards the close of the race, a heavy shower of rain came on, and the company were literally drenched.

POETRY OF THE FANCY.—No. 3.

In *Fancy's* maze he wandered long.

Pope.

Some Account of a Turn-up between BEELZEBUB, vulgarly called THE STAMFORD GHOST, AND PARSON HOAX.

Mr. Editor,

You must have heard long ago of the famous spiritual *Mill* between Apollyon and Christian, in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, as also of the defeat of the latter in consequence of a *cross-buttock* which *floored* him, but I much doubt whether you have ever heard of the grand *set-to* between Parson Hoax and the above-mentioned veteran. The account is so truly singular that I cannot refrain from detailing it.

It seems that on or about the year 1803, an alarm was spread throughout Stamford, a village near Exeter, that a certain house was haunted, but whether by the phantom of an old woman, a mouse, or a bailiff, was not correctly ascertained. The parson of the parish *light* Hoax was summoned as usual to exorcise it, and suspecting that the sprite was a harmless young woman, he very prudently resolved to commune with her in private. But unfortunately apparitions, like bad tenants, are difficult subjects to dislodge, so that the village was kept in one continual state of discomfiture. Even the mayor of Exeter was summoned to attend, a warrant was issued against the goblin, and the whole town, armed with powers both spiritual and temporal, sallied forth to the haunted domicile.

On their entrance they were annoyed by the sound of a hornpipe, danced by invisible feet, and the mayor, who, by the bye, is not one of the *light-weights*, was *doubled-up* by a *cross-buttock*, which, however, invisibly given, left, like the blows of our late Pugilist Batairan Samuel, the most visible marks of *punishment*. One of the fattest gentlemen in the room immediately remonstrated with the apparition on his rudeness, but was answered by a *leveller*, which made his *box of dominos* chatter, and knocked his two front *ivories* down his throat.

What was to be done? Words were evidently of no use, so recourse was had to an old woman, who being first duly placed and strapped down upon the haunted bed, was thumped with much discretion. At last a sword and bible were deposited in lieu of our antique gentlewoman, when lo and behold! the book was seized with evident symptoms of convulsion, and the sword, after capering a decent time, stuck fast in the wall of the apartment.

The business was now becoming awful. The goblin, whoever he might be, was evidently a hog in his manners, as his rudeness to the old woman betokened. From the circumstance of his exceeding vulgarity, it was suspected that he was a Cambridge mathematician, who had died in consequence of a miscarriage with Algebra, or a fall from the *Pons Asinorum*, or fifth proposition of Euclid. This opinion was, however, scouted and the Reverend Mr. Hoax, who is a profound scholar, suggested that he might possibly be a linguist. With this view he catechized him in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, (to the great edification of the Aldermen and constables in attendance,) and requested him to answer, by certain knocks or scratches against the wall. The phantom however, who, to his other devilish qualities added that of sulkiness, responded only by a couple of *levellers* applied to the sconce of the Ecclesiastic, which, by the hollow sound it returned, was uncharitably pronounced to be empty.

After many nights spent by the parson in prayer, by the apparition in hornpipe and by the villagers in astonishment, our clergyman, emulous of the fame of Christian in his *mill* with the Devil, offered to fight the good fight; and have a *touch* at Beelzebub or the phantom. With this view, he appointed Stamford Heath for the *scratch*, and went in *training* for a week, under the auspices of a Poly-glott bible, which was "longe prioribus auctior et emendatior," and armed at all points with notes and learning.

The night at last arrived; it was wild and stormy; obscured with diabolical looking clouds, ignis fatui, jack-o'-lanterns, and all the *train-band pensioners* of Satan. Hoax, it is said, first entered the *ring*, threw up his hat, and prepared to strip. He was dressed in a new white upper *tog*, (the emblem of conscious innocence,) with a prime *yellow-man* round his *squeeze*, a blue silk *fogle* on his neck, and a *rum* white *topper* on his *nob*. Beelzebub, in the disguise of a suspicious character, *showed* equally well *rigged-out*, and threw his *castor* in the ring with the utmost confidence. He was waited on by two ugly looking fellows, for his second and bottle-holder; while Hoax was picked-up by the clerk of Stamford, and Mr. ———

ROUNDS.

1.—After some little manœuvreing; the Stamford ghost let fly on the *nob* of his opponent, which operated as a kind of stopper. Hoax, too, endeavoured to *go to work*, and some blows were exchanged. The science of the Devil was however too much for the Parson, and he planted two tremendous facers, right and left, which *floored* him, and the *claret* trickled down his cheek. (Bets by the seconds, 2 to 1 on Beelzebub.)

2.—Hoax came to the *scratch* with a damnable cut on his *frontispiece*, and put in a severe body-hit without any return. But it was clear that he could not protect his *mug* from the *out-fighting* of the Stamford ghost, (alias Beelzebub,) and to *go-in* was equally dangerous. Accord-

ingly the Devil kept *fibbing* away at his man, and administered so much *punishment* about the *nob*, that the Parson became quite *groggy*, no unusual thing by the bye. (Bets, 4 to 1 on Beelzebub, with cries of "go it, Satan.")

The rounds were now finished in a most unexpected manner, by the Devil pulling out a writ and serving it on the body of the Reverend William Hoax, Curate of Stamford. It appears that the ghost business was no more or less than a stratagem resorted to by a couple of London bailiffs to arrest the clergyman, who, in escaping from catchpoles, had the slippery qualities of an eel. As for the noises heard in the haunted chamber, they were partly explained upon the principles of electric and detonating balls, while the blows received and served upon the body of his fat worship the mayor, were placed to the account of a sly bailiff, who received and wrote in prison, a receipt in exchange for the same.

Thus ended this famous ghost story; which the parson even yet refuses to explain: as with it comes an awkward retrospect of imprisonment. It is now, however, generally exploded; so to the amateurs of forgotten Dialolism, I shall subjoin an account of the early skirmishes, and phænomena of the apparition; as written by a friend of mine who was in the neighbourhood, and who has detailed the leading particulars with the accuracy of a lawyer. They are interesting, from the minutiæ of their relation; and may serve to remind old women, (who are the best connoisseurs in phantoms,) young women, nurses, and children, of the accursed memory of the Stamford Ghost.

MARVELLOUS HISTORY OF THE STAMFORD GHOST,

SHOWING HOW HE MILLED AN OLD WOMAN, AND TALKED GREEK WITH THE DOCTORS, BOTH HEARING AND ASKING THEM QUESTIONS.

On Stamford Moor, as the story goes,
In the year eighteen hundred and three,
There lived a ghost in an old farm-house,
And a hell of a ghost was he.

The good folks in the neighbourhood
Disturbed he every one,
Some he *fibbed* from pure mischief,
And some he *fibbed* for fun.

He met an old woman jogging home,
('Tis thus the story goes,)
And stole her flannel petticoat,
And pulled her by the nose.

At last the honest villagers,
To Parson Hoax y'came,
And begged and prayed that he at length,
With all his soul and all his strength,
The goblin's pranks would tame.

Then quoth the Parson, "I will do
All that a Parson can,
And *mill* the *nob* of Beelzebub,
For sooth, I know my man."

At dead of night, by dim-rushlight,
Came the Parson and the Clerk,
The Clerk was in a horrid fright,
The Parson in the dark.

For down the timid Clerk had sped,
Fear lent the craven wings,
To get from the Inn a bottle of gin,
For sure it is a deadly sin
To lack *spiritual* things.

And this shrewd clergyman, I ween,
Since he had ta'en the trouble
To come and see the Stamford Ghost,
Resolved to see it *double*.

Back came the Clerk with the bottle of gin,
And some bread and cheese his pockets within—
So at it they both set-to;
The clock struck twelve, the clock struck one,
But 'ere the twain their meal had done,
The village clock struck two.

With that un-earthly shouts arose
Within and eke without,
It seemed as if the charnel-house
Had turned its goblins out.

The Parson cried, the Clerk replied,
And quaffed a glass of gin,
And so they passed the first dull night
The old farm-house within.

The second night the Parson came,
With constables and eke,
With bible too, and straight began
To catechize the ghostly man
In Latin and in Greek.

Then quoth the Parson, "Mister Ghost,
If you're a murdered man,
Or woman, pray thee answer me
As quickly as you can.

If you're a man then give two knocks,
Or scratches on the bed;"
With that the ghost gave two stout knocks
Upon the Parson's head.

But lest some doubt might hence arise
To blast the ghost's renown,
The sprite *encored* his double knocks,
And *milled* the Parson down.

But hark! the hollow thunder sounds,
Dun clouds the night deform,
The lightening flies, the sheeted skies
Give token of a storm.

The windows trembled fearfully,
The constables likewise,
And in a wicked frame of mind
They d——d the spectre's eyes.

Oh! wicked, wicked constables,
To jeer the Stamford ghost,
As sure as there's a Beelzebub,
So surely you will roast.

The third night, by dim rush-light,
All Stamford sought the spot,
The Mayor, and eke the Aldermen,
Some clever and some not.

A tough old woman too there came,
To deeds of spectres bred,
And with a *mug* right valorous
She sat upon the bed.

But still the awful noise increased,
And seemed to linger near,
The constables they swore with rage,
The Aldermen with fear.

Then Parson Hoax a bible took,
And tempered sword likewise,
And placed them on the bed with hands
Uplifted to the skies.

But lo! a miracle! the book
Flat on its face did fall,
And sudden palsy seized the sword,
(The fact is true upon my word,)
And stuck it in the wall.

And heavy trampling steps were heard
As pacing to and fro,
And trod upon an Alderman,
And crushed his gouty toe.

Mean-time the lights were burning out,
The room was nearly dark,
Save now and then with flickering glare,
Glimmer'd a dying spark.

The Mayor of Stamford then exclaimed
"What's that against the wall?"
For lo! he saw a shadow there
Which shapeless seemed and tall.

The company all look'd around,
But soon a laugh arose,
For lo! the shadow on the wall
Was Parson Hoax's nose.

Grey morning dawns! the tumult ceased,
And died along the moor,
Then quiet was the goblin step,
Upon the cottage floor.

All Stamford town was struck with fear,
The milk it all turned sour,
And twenty Jews converted were
And christened in an hour.

And Parson Hoax, he wrote a book,
Touching th' aforesaid ghost,
But I have heard some people say,
It was a quiz at most.

And so it might appear in part,
And famous quizzing make,
But how could quizzing give an old
Woman, the stomach-ache.*

Now God defend all old women,
Or young women instead,
And may they never try to sleep
Upon a spectre's bed.

But if they're willing to recline
Upon a couch of feather,
They're welcome to the half of mine,
And we'll turn in together.

I am, Mr. Editor, your's devotedly,

JEHOIAKIM QUIZ.

* "The old woman, after being placed upon the bed, complained of unusual laxativeness."——Vide Pamphlet on the subject.

ADDENDA.

NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING, 1822.

MONDAY, *May* 6.

Duke of Grafton's Posthuma, 3 yrs old, beat Mr. Crockford's c. by Selim, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 4lb. T. Y. C. 200gs. h. ft.—6 to 4 on Posthuma.

Duke of Grafton's Reginald, 8st. 2½lb. beat Lord Verulum's Varennes, 8st. 4lb. Ab. M. 100gs.—5 to 2 on Reginald.

Lord Foley's Sultan, 8st. 7lb. beat Mr. Hunter's Gustavus, 8st. 1lb. R. M. 200gs.—5 to 2 on Sultan.

Duke of Rutland's ch. c. by Octavian, 8st. 5lb. beat Mr. Williamson's bl. f. Harriet, 7st. 5lb. T. Y. C. 150gs. h. f.—6 to 5 against Duke of Rutland's ch. c.

Mr. Udney's Plumper, 8st. 6lb. beat Sir J. Byng's Civet, 8st. D. M. 100gs.—5 to 4 against Plumper.

Mr. Wyndham's Black-and-all-Black, 8st. 4lb. beat Mr. Fox's North-Wester, 8st. 7lb. D. I. 500gs. h. f.—5 to 2 on Black-and-all-Black.

WEDNESDAY, *May* 8.

Sweepstakes of 10gs. each for 3-year-olds; colts 8st. 7lb. and fillies 8st. 4lb. T. Y. C.

Duke of Rutland's bl. f. by Smolensko	- 1
Mr. Villier's f. by Don Cossack	- 2
Duke of York's f. by Whalebone	- 3

7 to 4 on Duke of Rutland's bl. f.

Duke of Grafton's Posthuma, 8st. beat Lord Exeter's Tipsy, 8st. 3lb. D. M. 200gs. h. ft.—5 to 2 on Posthuma.

Mr. Wyndham's Robin Hood, 8st. 7lb. beat Mr. Fox's Paintbrush, 7st. 12lb. D. M. 100gs.—2 to 1 on Robin Hood.

Handicap Plate of 50*l.* by Subscription, being the third of the three 50*l.* Plates, for 3, 4, 5, 6-year-old, and aged horses. A. F.

Lord Clarendon's ch. m. Mirandola, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	- 1
Mr. Wyndham's b. f. by Whalebone, 3 yrs old, 6st. 2lb.	- 2
Lord G. H. Cavendish's ch. c. Bacchanal 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	- 3

7 to 1 agst Mirandola—3 to 1 agst Bacchanal.

Mr. Ramsbottom's Shreckhorn, 8st. beat Mr. Rous's Euphrates, 8st. 8lb. D. I. 100gs.—6 to 4 agst Shreckhorn.

Duke of Grafton's Reginald, 8st. 11lb. received 70gs. ft. from Mr. Rous's Antigallican, 8st. 9lb. Ab. M. 200gs. h. ft.

THURSDAY, *May* 9.

The Jockey Club Plate of 50gs.; 4-year-olds, 7st. 2lb.; 5-year-olds, 8st. 3lb.; 6-year-olds, 8st. 9lb.; and aged, 8st. 11lb. B. C.

Lord Egremont's b. c. Centaur, 4 yrs old	- 1

Lord Stradbroke's br. c. Incantator, 4 yrs old - - - - 2
Mr. Udney's ch. h. Barmecide, 6 yrs old - - - 3
Mr. Batson's b. m. Luss, 5 yrs old - - - 4

7 to 4 agst Centaur—5 to 2 agst Luss.

Fifty Pounds, for 3-year-olds, 6st. 2lb.; 4-year-olds, 8st.; 5-year-olds, 8st. 7lb.; 6-year-olds, and aged, 8st. 12lb. T. M. M.

Mr. Wyndham's b. f. by Young Gohanna, 3 yrs old - - 1
Mr. Udney's ch. f. Pantoufle, 4 yrs old - - - 2
Mr. Craven's b. c. Rioter, 4 yrs old - - - - 3

7 to 1 agst Mr. Wyndham's b. f.—5 to 2 agst Pantoufle—3 to 1 agst Rioter.

A Gold Cup, value 40 sovereigns, by a subscription of 10 sovereigns each, for horses of all ages. T. Y. C.

Duke of Grafton's Mona, 3 yrs old, 6st. 5lb. - - 1
Mr. Charlton's St. Patrick, 5 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. - - - 2

5 to 2 agst Mona—3 to 1 agst St. Patrick.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's Godolphin, 8st. 8lb. beat Mr. Wyndham's Black-and-all-Black, 8st. A. F. 200gs. h. ft.

6 to 4 on Godolphin.

BETTINGS.—TATTERSALL's.
1822.

DERBY.—April 15.

5 to 1 agst c. by Muley
5½ to 1 agst D. of York's Moses.
7 to 1 agst Hampden, brother to Brutus.
13 to 1 agst Mr. Batson's Mystic.
15 to 1 agst Stamford.
16 to 1 agst brother to Antonio.

OAKS.

3 to 1 agst D. of Grafton's Whizgig.
4 to 1 agst Pastille.
8 to 1 agst Rosalind.
9 to 1 agst Major Wilson's f. by Rubens, out of Tippitywitchet.
10 to 1 agst Sister to Neva.
11 to 1 agst Lord Egremont's by Young Gohanna, out of Margaretta.

DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

7 to 1 agst Mr. T. O. Powlett's Swap.
10 to 1 agst Mr. James's Ajax.
13 to 1 agst Mr. Baird's c. Newbyth.
20 to 1 agst Mr. Lumley's Euphrosyne.
200 to 9 agst Ld. Queensberry's Pilgarlic.
100 to 3 agst Mr. Gasgoine's f. out of Thomasina.

DERBY.—April 22.

4½ to 1 agst Whalebone
5½ to 1 agst Muley.
6½ to 1 agst Hampden
15 to 1 agst Stamford.
16 to 1 agst Mystic.
16 to 1 agst Landscape.

OAKS.

3½ to 1 agst Whizgig
4 to 1 agst Pastille.
6 to 1 agst Rosalind.

ST. LEGER.

7 to 1 agst Swap.
10 to 1 agst Ajax.

NEWMARKET STAKES.

5 to 4 on Stag.

OXFORD CUP.

Even on Sporus.

DERBY.—May 2.

3½ to 1 agst Moses (taken)
5 to 1 agst Mystic (taken)
5½ to 1 agst Hampden.
5½ to 1 agst Muley.
8 to 1 agst Stamford.
14 to 1 agst Haphazard colt.
100 to 3 agst Marcellus.
500 to 15 agst Niobe.

OAKS.

2 to 1 agst Whizgig (taken.)
2 to 1 agst Pastille.
8 to 1 agst Tippitywitchet.
2 to 1 agst two agst the field.

ST. LEGER.

7 to 1 agst Ajax.
7 to 1 agst Swap.
13 to 1 agst Newbyth.
16 to 1 agst Marion.

EPSOM RACES.

The Derby Stakes of 50gs each, (53 subscribers) which will be run for on Thursday, the 23d of May, will, no doubt, be well contested.—*Moses* and *Mystic* are the first favourites,—but, there are other good, very good colts.

The Oaks Stakes, of 50gs each, for fillies only, (42 subscribers) will be run for on Friday, the 24th of May.—*Whizgig* and *Pastille* are first favourites—indeed, from their extraordinary achivements at the Craven and the First Spring Meetings, that one or the other of these will win the Oaks is almost reduced to a certainty, if the betting at Newmarket is any criterion to abide by—that is, 2 to 1 the Duke of Grafton's fillies against the field!

MARKETS.

PRICE OF BREAD.—The highest price of the best wheaten bread, throughout the metropolis, is stated, by the principal bakers, to be *Ninepence Halfpenny* the quartern loaf, of 4lb. 5oz. and a half.; but good household bread may be had at *Sixpence Halfpenny*.

FLOUR has experienced but little alteration since our last, and may now be considered the average standard.

SMITHFIELD.—Hay 3l. 6s. to 4l ——Clover 3l. 15s to 4l. 7s.—Straw 1l. 8s. to 1l. 16s.

Beef, per stone	3s. 0d. to 3s. 8d.	Veal, per stone -	3s. 8d. to 4s. 8d.
Mutton - - -	3s. 0d. to 3s. 6d.	Pork - - - -	2s. 8d. to 4s. 0d.
		Lamb 4s. 0d. to 5s. 0d.	

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received Communications from A Fisherman, An Old Sportsman, and J. F. G.

Our Stockton Correspondent's packet has arrived, and will receive due attention

W. W. of Bristol, forgot to pay the postage of his letter. The article inclosed was in our possession. It had been inserted in most of the London papers.

To J. H.'s enquiry concerning our Engravings, we beg to say, they may be had at the Publishers, at 1s. 6d. each.

THE

Sporting Repository.

VOL. I.] JUNE 15, 1822. [No. VI.

COACHIANA.—No. VI.

THE DEATH-COACH:

A Yorkshire Legend.

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to the world.

Shakspeare.

EVERY one must have heard of the headless coachman and his phantom tits. He tools them along the streets of Beverley at night-fall, and pulls up at the door of graceless invalids, when he thinks they have occasion for a conveyance into the other world. What has become of his pericranium heaven only knows, nor, indeed, is it my business to enquire. Generally speaking, however, it is a piece of furniture more ornamental than useful; politicians do well enough without heads, physicians enact cures, lawyers argue very learnedly without them, ladies, as most of us know, despise them altogether, and surely apparitions may claim an act of dispensation. The story goes that this spectre whip was a coachman on the high north-road, whose head was cut off by a wicked Yorkshire baronet; that on his decease he was appointed driver to the devil's coach; and that, whenever a libertine was on the eve of death, this coach and coachman were seen rattling along the streets of Beverley to take up the soul of the de-

parted. That, moreover, voices were heard in the air, accompanied by the deep-bass tones of a thunder-clap, and that yells proceeded from the inside passengers, which is extremely natural, seeing that as the roads are rough, and the coach does not go upon springs, the jostling of so many dry bones must produce much inconvenience. But it is my duty to tell a plain tale, so a truce to further explanations.

Once upon a time there dwelt in the good town of Beverley, a certain youth by name Wharton. The young ladies were of opinion that he was a nice man, but the old ones, whenever he passed by their win lows, would cunningly observe that he was the legitimate heir of the whipping-post. He was indeed a desperate character, no vice was too daring, no virtue too impregnable, for his assault. He never, even by chance, stumbled upon a good action, never went to church on Sundays, never paid his debts: and when a tailor sued for money he would throw him out of the window, observing, by way of consolation, that as he formed only the ninth part of a man, the pain received from his fall would, of course, be proportionably diminished.

Well! it came to pass, that this young man, as young men will do, fell desperately in debt and in love at one and the same time. The girl who captivated his fancy was the daughter of a coachman at Beverley, who drove the York stage, and was noted for his exceeding attention to his horses and his children. He met her, it seems, as she was tripping along Westwood-common, and being struck with her beautiful simplicity, resolved to attempt her seduction. With this view he proffered money, honours, gaieties, all, in short, that wealth could procure, or fashion devise to ensnare her better reason. He succeeded to his wish, for where is the female who can resist the seductive properties of a diamond ring, more especially when chaperoned by some neatly turned compliments? Our virgin, at least, was no philosopher, so homeward she went, casting, ever and anon, a glance of girlish vanity at her new present, and exclaiming, as she placed it at night in her bed-chamber, "Well! he has given me a kiss, but he shall never do any thing worse. No! I'd

rather die first." Whether she kept her word remains to be told in the sequel.

After some little discreet manœuverings, young Wharton discovered her abode. She was peeping out of the window as he passed by, and with a beautifully blended air of simplicity and innocence, kissed her hand in token of recognition. Was this meant as a proof of complaisance, or of mere civility, in good sooth I cannot say; I profess not to understand the freaks of womanhood, so my readers must form their own conjectures? One thing, however, is certain, that a few evenings afterwards she was detected walking arm in arm with him down North-bar-street, a circum-tance which gave infinite offence to the elect of the neighbourhood, who swore they would as lief be seen *tête à tête* with Beelzebub himself.

The prepossession of this poor girl had at least the merit of sincerity and innocence. She had at first been pleased with the graceful generosity of her admirer, and gradually imbibed a prejudice in his favour, which, in the female heart, can seldom or never be erased. Her appearance was well calculated to inspire passion, and in her manner there was a certain air of rustic artlessness which lent an inexpressible charm to her person. A gang of virulent old spinsters, however, who sate in council upon the merits of her countenance, gave out that she was but "so, so," which convinced men of discernment that she was really beautiful.

Gentle reader! my tale now begins to be pathetic, for the ruin of innocence is the text on which justice compels me to enlarge. Miss Louisa Shirley (I abhor familiarity) had been but a short time acquainted with Wharton, when one unlucky evening a footman, in a gold laced hat, slipped into her hand a note requesting her to meet him on the ensuing Sunday, as he had business of importance to communicate. She perused and reperused the letter, dispatched an answer in the affirmative, and then sat down to consider. "He will kiss me," said she, "that I am afraid is too evident; but after all what is there in a kiss? I kiss father every night before I go to bed, and he does not think the worse of me for it." She ascertained, at length, that there was no harm in being kissed, that it was a proof of exceeding friendship; and, in short,

that she could not well dispense with it. Having settled the point to her satisfaction she went to bed.

Sunday at last arrived, the Minster bells had just tolled for evening service, and a few scattered individuals were seen trooping along Westwood-common to the parish-church of St. Mary. It was a fine night in June, warm and luscious, with a most lascivious-looking sky, and a feverish summer-breeze. The eight o'clock chimes had just finished as Louisa, punctual to her appointment, observed Wharton, folded in a night-cloak, stealing towards her. A wordless recognition ensued, and they hastened in silence to a most wicked tuft of trees at the extremity of Westwood. I say wicked, for notwithstanding the laudable exertions of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, this spot, to the scandal of all Beverley, is the scene of nightly and even hourly iniquities.

On approaching it they seated themselves upon a reclining bank of moss, while the west-wind among the trees above them murmured voluptuous music to their soul. The hour, the scene, were sacred to love, for the last tinge of the setting-sun had but now mellowed into twilight, and a grey dimness overspread the landscape. Wharton first addressed his companion, who, clad in the light garb of summer, inclined her sweet form towards him. "I am going, Louisa," he said, "to other scenes, perhaps never to return; and when absent will soon be forgotten."—"Not by me, Charles, you honour me with your esteem, and, allow me to say, the village girl has a heart as warm as your own."—"Prove it then," he replied, and imprinted a kiss upon her glowing cheek. She averted her face from his gaze; she attempted to rise, but, enfeebled with agitation, sunk again upon the green sward. "I am in your power," she feebly faultered out, "but save, oh! save me from myself." Her appeal was vain, she pleaded to a libertine, and ere the moonlight glimmered upon the hazel-grove the virtue of Louisa was vanquished.

"There is no wisdom below the wai-tcoat," said a late eminent lawyer, and Miss S—— was doomed to verify this uncomfortable truth. Having gained his point, Wharton deserted his victim, and quitted Beverley for the gayer scenes of the metropolis. As for Louisa, every hour of the day was

consumed in unavailing regret, blinded with a tender sentiment for her seducer, whom yet she could not resolve to abhor. Her friends observed her melancholy, but, unconscious of the cause, attempted to offer consolation. Vain hope! is there aught can heal a broken heart? I say this from experience; I was once in love myself, and shoals of acquaintance physiced me with condolences. One assured me that passion was a general epidemic; and that I should think myself lucky in escaping with life. Another recommended a strong dose of salts as a preventative; but one in particular was so earnest with his consolation, that I was under the cruel necessity of kicking him down stairs; a remedy which cured us both.

But to resume: Six months had now elapsed, and not even the eye of a father could overlook the disgrace of his child. With tears and burning blushes she confessed her weakness, and then sunk senseless at his feet. The report was soon noised throughout Beverley, and the virulent old cronies were observed to look exceeding wise upon the occasion. "Aye," said one, "I thought how it would be."—"Thank God," exclaimed another, the very epitome of ugliness, "I was never accused of such obscenity."—"Bless me," continued a third, "I shall faint at the sight of such an odious creature." Poor Louisa! in the mean time, was dying; if she ever ventured out she was greeted with sneers, malice exaggerated her fault,—envy gloated over her sufferings. We easily forgive crime, but female beauty is such an unpardonable offence that the ladies can never overlook it.

It is spring; it is that beautiful season of the year, when nature laughs aloud in the frolicsome good-humour of youth. The west-wind is abroad among the woods; and the stream sings sweetly as it flows. But there is one whose sunken form and jaded spirits have done with the pleasures of this earth. Seated at the casement of her cottage, she looks abroad upon the landscape. An old man is stationed by her side, and a baby, slumbering on her knee, smiles cheerfully in its mother's face. "Poor child!" exclaimed Louisa, "a few more days and there will be none to cherish your helpless infancy." She turned towards the old man, as she said this,

and putting the baby into his arms, burst into tears. "Dear father," she resumed, "you will be kind to him when I am gone, and when all that remains of Louisa is the memory of her sorrows and her shame. Sweet little boy! see how his glossy ringlets curl upon his chubby face: indeed, father, indeed, you must love him, he looks so like your Louisa." "I will," he replied, "I will love him for your sake, and he shall be unto me as another child."—"Then heaven's mercy is accomplished, and the victim may die in peace.—Father—father," she exclaimed, "where are you, my senses grow dim—I see—I feel you not." The old man caught her hand.—A faint smile passed across her countenance, as she bent her sinking form towards him: and one feeble fluttering sigh told that her gentle spirit had passed away.

Unconscious of the death of his victim, Wharton continued his residence in the metropolis, where every debauchery in turn allured his pursuit. But health, spirit, honour, all gradually sunk under such excesses, till, satiated with pleasure, and disgusted with amusement, he resolved to return to his native Beverley. He reached it in a most pitiable condition: the slave of passions he could no longer indulge, the victim of remorse, which depravity had hitherto excluded. As for Louisa, he seemed to have entirely forgotten her, except, indeed, when the little mossy-bank of Westwood recalled a few past iniquities. Oh! these men—these men—they are downright devils in their way, they begin by flattering and kissing young ladies, and then end in tumbling them about with rude and riotous impudence.

Our northern Don Juan was one evening sitting in his drawing-room, with a bottle of Port before him, and the "Sentimental Journey" in his hand, when the servant ushered a person by the name of "Mr. Timothy Shirley." The long-forgotten sound struck like a death-knell to the soul of the seducer, and with difficulty he contrived to articulate "Louisa!"—"She is gone," replied the old man, "to her long home, but in her last moments besought me to forgive you."—"Sweetest, sweetest girl! and did she, indeed, remember me, was Wharton beloved even in the hour of death—Oh God! what a brute then am I?"—"She forgave you,"

resumed Shirley, "and I, too, forgive you, on her account, but I claim redress for my own sufferings. Look! young man, at these grey hairs, silvered before their time, and then pardon, if you can, a father's revenge." The soul of Wharton was stung even to phrenzy, his eyes glared with a savage delirium, and grasping his victim by the throat, "Revenge," he shouted, "yes! you shall have it, revenge and freedom in a word. Go then! father of the girl I loved, go, and rejoin your Louisa, and, in a better world, pray for the soul of the murderer." Inflamed, maddened with the paroxysms of contending emotions, he tightened his grasp, while the poor old man sunk senseless and dying at his feet. "You have robbed me of my daughter," he feebly exclaimed, "but my spirit shall haunt the murderer. Farewell, we shall meet again." With these words he expired.

I pass by the trial and subsequent acquittal of Wharton, under the plea of insanity, for, in good sooth, I dislike having any thing to do with law, either in the way of fiction or reality. Children should never play with edge-tools. But I cannot so easily praetermit his sullen contrition, or the fact that he gave up billiards, sold his horses—portioned off his mistresses—and took, like an ascetic hermit, to his beads and his prayer-book. His penitence, indeed, was wondrously edifying, and scarcely less marvellous than the fact which I am about to relate.

He was awakened one night from dreams of horror, by a sulphurous radiance, that illumined his whole chamber. As the light grew more and more vivid he discovered a frightful phantom standing by his bed-side, with his hands, like "the Captain bold in Halifax," thrust into a visionary pair of leather breeches. "In the name of goodness who are you?" said Wharton. "Meaning me, Sir," replied the apparition, in the homely dialect of his county, "I was once Sam Boots, ostler at the Pig and Tinder-box, but being hung for forgery, was rewarded for my martyrdom by the place of book-keeper to Beelzebub. I am sent here by one Shirley, to say that since his murder he has been appointed driver of the Devil's coach, which leaves Beverley at twelve o'clock at night, and reaches the Styx at the first crowing of the cock"—"Shirley,"

exclaimed the paralyzed Wharton. "Aye, Shirley," said the phantom, "perhaps you are surprised to hear of him below, but he was none of the best of us, and must answer for himself as well as others. But he desires me to add, that he promised to meet you again, and that there is one outside place vacant on the box to be kept expressly for you."—"God of heaven! is my death then so near?" "Yes," returned the sprite, "in three days from this time, when the Minster clock is on the hour of twelve, a clay-cold corpse will be all that remains of Wharton. But come—come," he added, in a softened tone, "don't be afeard, man, you will have excellent company on the road, and I'll dare be sworn you'll meet most of your old friends below." "Eternal Providence," returned the libertine, "am I so soon to be cut off, when life is yet young, and my crimes are yet unrepented." "Lord bless us," replied the hobgoblin, "it is nothing when one's used to it: for my part, I have been dead and damned these five years, and can manage to stand fire tolerably well now." With these consoling words he vanished in a clap of thunder from the chamber.

The next morning about half-a-dozen thin spinsters were seen gossiping together in the front of Wharton's house. Many thick heads were shaken on the occasion, and great was the wagging of tongues. Among other worthies the parson of Saint Mary was summoned to the bed-side of the invalid, but as he was a very orthodox minister, he averred that it was highly probable, that the patient would be damned unless he presented him to the next living in his gift. The physician, too, under whose management our hero's case became really dangerous, talked much of the healing quality of fees, while both of them agreed in offering consolation. Alas! alas! what can console a man, who, by a long course of carnality, has paid for an out-side place on the devil's coach?

The fatal day at last arrived, and confined by indisposition to his room, poor Wharton was in a state of the gloomiest despondency. An old woman, the best nurse in the world for an invalid, sate on each side of his bed, revolving with blanched countenance the probable catastrophe of the night.

As evening drew on his dejection increased, and he was scarcely roused from melancholy by the abrupt entrance of one of his fashionable London friends. "Why, Wharton," said the Corinthian, "what's all this I hear about your dream of Beelzebub and the book-keeper."—"'Tis no dream, Jack, I am going to the devil, for my place is taken; and that cursed four-in-hand, about which we used to laugh so incredulously, is sent to convey me to Tophet."—"Poo, nonsense," resumed his friend, "Are you fool enough to believe so nonsensical a legend?"—"Nonsensical," shrieked both the old gentlewomen at once. "Hear the blasphemous young man, he calls the Devil's coach nonsensical; when I have seen it myself, and my poor old man, who, God rest him, is dead and gone, was carried away in it for making too free with Mrs. Margery Mulligrubs, the cheesemonger's wife." With these words they raised such a clatter about the ears of Wharton and his *exquisite* friend, that both were fain to apologise. "Well, well," resumed the dandy, "if you are really going to take an airing, I will thank you to remember me to our old friend Jem Dashaway, for you may depend on it he is there."—"I am in no humour to joke," said Wharton, with a melancholy smile; "for the hour of death is near, and we meet for the last time on earth. Adieu, Jack," he continued, holding out his wasted hand, "we have spent many pleasant hours together; cherish the memory of them for my sake, and when the wine-cup goes round be the name of Wharton the toast; that friendship pledges to the past." As he said these words, he motioned his companion from the room; who, struck with such apparent weakness, quitted the house in a state of mind veering very doubtfully between ridicule and regret.

It was evening—nine, ten, eleven o'clock struck, the nurses had retired for the night, and every coach that rattled along the street was mistaken for Beelzebub's four-in-hand. As the awful hour approached, the night became unusually tempestuous; the blue lightening streamed through the closed window-shutters, and the thunder echoed in rattling peals along the sky. At this instant the deep-toned Minster clock struck the hour of twelve, and the eyes of the victim grew

dim with *a death-like slumber*. 'Tis done! the room shook as with an earthquake, and the rumbling sound of a distant vehicle was heard clattering along the stoney pavement. A brace of dæmons were seated on the dickey, and the inside was crammed with skeletons. The whole machine, indeed, was picturesquely fearful, the wheels were composed of the bones of dead men, the box-seat was fashioned out of skulls, the thickest that could be procured; and the martingale, traces, and horse-collar, were manufactured from the dried skin of a parricide. As for the headless driver, he was closely muffled up in a box-coat formed of grave-clothes; while the book-keeper, who being duly rigged-out in a new pair of leathers, appeared the most sociable of this devilish assembly, took the privilege of old acquaintance, and shouted with a dæmoniacal yell; "Any passenger for the Devil's coach. Ten minutes behind time already, can't wait any longer." As he said this, the ghost of the libertine appeared, and putting half-a-crown into his coat-pocket, ascended the box-seat. A thousand yells were instantly heard, to which the thunder very accommodatingly joined chorus, while the vehicle bowled away in a whirlwind, and the streets of Beverley smelt of sulphur for a week afterwards.

On quitting North-bar-street, the coach dashed along the Norfolk coast, whisked across the channel, made a short cut through France, and then rattled into Spain, where they watered horses among the mouldering ruins of the inquisition. Here, I am ashamed to add, they kicked up a most ungentlemanly riot, and supped off the bleached bones of the dead, while the cunning book-keeper pocketted the brisket and sirloin from the carcase of an old fat monk, for his own especial mastication. On continuing their journey, the spirit of Wharton endeavoured to enter into a *tête à tête* with the coachman, which was impossible, by the bye, seeing that our jehu was without *one*. This accident, however, he overlooked at the time, so that the two first stages were passed in cheerless monotony.

At a quarter before one they reached the interior of Africa, when the book-keeper renewed his civilities, and gave the name and quality of the inside passengers. "Our concern,"

said he, "being, as you may observe, a light post-coach, is licensed to carry four inside and eight out. Of these four, three are lawyers, and the other a publisher of some note in his day. But he was a sad fellow—he started, I am told, a London Magazine;—sweated the poor author in his servitude; and gave little or nothing but thanks in return. For this wickedness he was deemed, by our proprietor, Beelzebub, worthy of an inside place in his coach, where he now is, much I believe to his astonishment and discomfiture, inasmuch as he cheated only six days in the week, and duly went to church on the seventh. But his greatest crime consisted in his wicked conduct to an interesting pensive young man, who was the Editor of his work, and who now illumines the world by his inimitable articles on "Coachiana."

"I have heard, indeed," replied the libertine, "of such a youth, when I was a gay man about town, he was an excellent fellow, full of fun and frolic, sentiment and romance, but as poor as a church-mouse. It will be his turn next to take a trip, I suppose."

In the course of such desultory chit-chat, they reached the snowy mountains of the moon, where human foot has never yet penetrated. Here they paused for an instant to make divers preparations for their descent to Avernus, which leads me to doubt the accuracy of the old proverb, "*facilis descensus Averni.*" On the summit of the loftiest peak, which the natives honour by the musical epithet of Fanjondingdangobomely, is a volcano which belches forth flames and burning rocks, into the midst whereof they vanished, the coachman using the salutary precaution of the drag-chain and pulling-up his tits at each step, for, on quitting this hemisphere, the high road to Avernus is replete with difficulty and danger.

And now, devout reader, pardon me if I reveal the mysteries of another world. Fain would I pause on the threshold of the grave, but "Coachiana" must be written, or in 26, Haymarket, there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth, the publisher mourning for his contributions because they are not. Well then! to proceed: on quitting the Abyssinian mountains, the coach rattled along a paved arch-

way, strewed with gold, and bordered on each side by hedges that flashed a thousand colours on the eye. Here, as our laurels in England, grew the diamond, topaz, and sapphire-tree, the emerald, with its mild moonlight radiance, and the ruby, with its blood-red dyes. "Let none admire," says Milton,

> That riches grow in Hell, that soil may best
> Deserve the precious bane.

Mountains of gold and jewellery reared their glittering summits in every direction, while shoals of fiends, fledged and unfledged, croaked liked bull-frogs a discordant welcome; as they proceeded, terrific sounds appalled them, and the mighty rushing of the fiery Phlegethon or the duller Styx, forced this exclamation from the bookseller. "Would that I had given poor Mr. D——, twelve instead of six guineas per sheet!" Let living publishers, ere it is too late, take warning by this awful catastrophe.

After slapping along an avenue obscured by the sulphureous mists of the Phlegethon, the view was suddenly expanded, and the splendor became too brilliant even for unearthly optics. A vast valley, inundated with oceans of living flame, first struck upon the wondering eye. In the centre of the vale stood Pandæmonium, with huge burnished walls composed of fire petrified to substance, but still retaining its wonted heat. On the summit of this blood-red palace, was the awful clock of eternity, whose sullen and measured tones rung through the infernal vaults, and was answered by the shrieks of the sufferers.

As they approached the Styx, where the ferryman Charon stood ready with his boat, the coachman unharnessed his leaders; and then applying the double-thong to the flank of his shaft-horses, rattled them in bang-up-style to the bank-side, while the book-keeper thus addressed the defunct libertine. "Do you see yon flaming rock on the off-side of the Styx, where an austere looking spirit is standing with a book in his hand."—"Yes."—"That, Sir, is Minos, the high-steward of Pandæmonium, or in diplomatic language, the secretary for the home department. He keeps a sort of

debtor and creditor account of the vices and virtues of the numerous candidates for admission, and according as either preponderate, their torments are softened or increased."

With these words they reached the Styx, whose black sullen waves, half-dimmed by pestilential vapours and thronged with shapeless imps, rolled a putrid tide along the valley, 'till it joined the Phlegethon, where, ignited by the burning waves, it sent forth a sulphureous spray that no mortal breath might respire and survive. Here the headless jehu drew up his tits, and introducing his murderer with a most hideous coachinnation, recommended him, through the medium of Charon, to the especial notice of Beelzebub. "All this comes of squeezing coachmen by the throat, and towzling young ladies behind the bushes at Westwood," exclaimed the facete book-keeper, a reminiscence by no means consolatory to the libertine.—They had now crossed the river, accepted their passports, and it was Wharton's turn to receive the aggregate amount of his good and evil deeds. A certificate was accordingly drawn up, and the following (being the only authentic account ever published) was the sum total of his vices and his virtues.

VICES.	VIRTUES.
5 Rapes.	Nothing.
12 Adulteries.	
40 Fornications.	
150 Sundries.	
500 Inebrieties.	
1 Murder.	

The balance in favor of Beelzebub being thus unusually fearful, was accordingly to meet with a suitable reward. "How comes it," said the unabashed libertine, as he was hurried very much against his inclination towards the Phlegethon, in whose burning waves he was to be for centuries immersed, "that I see so few publishers' names in the account-book of Minos."—"There are all that ever lived, with but one or two exceptions," replied the book-keeper. "The lawyers I see are pretty numerous."—"Aye, that might be expected," returned his companion, "indeed Phlegethon is over-stocked with them already."—"But are there no Cam-

bridge-men here," resumed Wharton, "Masters or Fellows of Colleges I mean: they are very devils upon earth, and methinks there should be good pickings for Beelzebub among some of them. There was old Dr. Tuckturtle in particular." "My good fellow," exclaimed the book-keeper, "let us have no long stories; for they are worse than a ducking in Phlegethon—as for your Cambridge-men, we have abundance of them; and this very night I start for Catherine-hall, to tell the lanky tutor that an inside place will be vacant in three days. There is no occasion for him to become a skeleton, he is all bones already."

They had now reached the borders of the flaming ocean, and the spirit of Wharton was struck with ineffable terror. The waves lashed themselves against the adamantine rocks which bound them, and high over each billow writhed a fleshless yet living skeleton, swathed in a shroud of burning lava. A thousand yells burst forth from the anguished victims—the clock of eternity rung out its solemn peal, and a voice that mortal man might never hear, echoed from the deep vaults of Pandæmonium, "The murderer is welcome to his home." At this instant, the scene grew dark with mists; and two fiends approached to hurl the soul of the libertine to its receptacle of torment, when———

"Well, and what then?" methinks I hear my readers exclaim. Why then—he started and awoke. The fact is, that ever since the murder of Shirley, his imagination had been partially deranged, and connecting his visions, the probable effect of fever medicines, with the wild legend of the Devil's coach, (which every Yorkshire-man knows by heart,) had produced the pantomimic effect I have just concluded. As for his first dream about the book-keeper, it was occasioned by the remembrance of the book-keeper of the York-stage, who was the principal evidence against him during his trial, and attended to identify him as the lover of Louisa. But I am somewhat premature in my disclosure, and must continue my narrative methodically.

On waking from this frightful vision, he exclaimed to the physician, who was standing by his bed-side, "Here comes the eternal Phlegethon.—Help, help.—Styx, Minos, Charon,

book-keeper, publishers, for God's sake assist me, or I am lost."—"Who are all these gentlemen he is talking of," said the astonished physician to the nurse on his right hand. "Oh! some London friends of my master's I'll warrant me," she replied, "and a precious pack they are, howsomedever the wages of their sin are death; and the vials of wrath are yet to be poured upon the children of Belial: for what said that man of godliness, Mr. Senaccherib Sing-song, in his sermon last Sunday, Behold, said he, I will tread upon the wine-press in my wrath, and unto the sons and daughters of corruption I will preach the words of punishment and wrath. Then shall they say unto the mountains fall upon me, and unto the heavens cover me, then —" This devout old woman, whose piety, like bottled beer, was now up, and could scarcely be corked, might have continued her discourse like two parallel lines, *ad infinitum*, had not she been interrupted by the exclamations of the invalid, "Good Master Book-keeper, say but one word in my favour, you were hung yourself, you know, and——"—"Aye and deserved it richly," said the old woman, howsomedever."—"He is mad," interrupted the man of pharmacy, "stark mad, behold! I will phlebotomize him." With these words he applied the lancet, and the fever being somewhat abated, Wharton was gradually persuaded that he had been suffering under the effects of a distempered imagination.

In a short time he recovered, much to the discomfiture of the good folks of Beverley, who were thereby disappointed in the punctuality of the Devil's coach. The old women, however, who are always the best judges in these matters, swore point blank that he was carried away; that Wharton was an impostor, who had been sent to deceive them. This opinion was signed by such respectable authorities, that I scarcely knew what to think about it myself, until the young man made affidavit with the mayor, that to the best of his knowledge, he was himself, and that if he had been carried off in the Devil's coach, it was pretty evident that he was brought back again. "True, I never thought of that," said his enlightened worship, "and it is certainly a strong argument in your favour."

But old ladies would as soon give up their snuff as their superstition; and our poor persecuted Wharton, being every where received as an impostor, quitted his native town for ever.—He has since retrieved his character—the errors of youth are amended, and he has again become the delight and the ornament of his friends. Still, however, a shudder passes across him whenever he thinks of the book-keeper, and let none wonder at his timidity, for a man who has had a full front view of Pandæmonium, and been drenched with the sulphureous drugs of the Phlegethon, will be in no hurry to return to them a second time.*

Llangadock, May 21, 1822.

KITTY OF THE VALE.

(*A Dismal Tale.*)

Did you never hear the tale
Of Kitty of the vale,
Who fell in love with Thomas the great ploughman;
And how for love she died;
At least I mean she tried—
And if you know not how, I'll tell you how, man.

KITTY, some call'd her Kate—but I say Kitty,
Was young, and smart, and red, and white, and pretty,
At least so Thomas thought, the man aforesaid,
So 'bout her beauty there need be no more said;
She liv'd with Mistress Jones, a rural dame:
Some said the lady drank, but 'twas a shame;
She drank, indeed, such things as tea and gruel,
To charge her then with fuddling was most cruel;
'Tis true, indeed, to chase some frightful dream,
She might just *taste a drop* of pure *French cream*,

* The outline of this singular legend is well known to the good folks in the West Riding of Yorkshire, more particularly in the neighbourhood of Beverley. They believe that all naughty people are carried away in the Devils's Coach; which perhaps may be one reason why the young ladies are so outrageously virtuous in the north.

And what's *a drop*, a *thimble full* or so—
To cure the nervous horrors, sir, you know?
But what's all this you'll say to *Kitty's tale*,
Sure you've forgot poor Kitty of the Vale.
Patience, and you shall know;—as I was saying,
Kitty, and Tom the ploughman, oft got playing;
I need not tell you how two sweethearts play,
For that's a thing you'll meet with ev'ry day;
However, love seiz'd Kate in ev'ry part,
And more especially about the heart;
But Tom, the brute, neglected his fair charmer,
And grew quite cold, as she, poor soul, grew warmer;
He came not half so often to the kitchen,
Poor Kitty could not work, nor set a stitch in
Chemise, or gown, or stockings wanting mending;
Such conduct as sad Tom's there's no defending.

Now comes the bitterness, the woe, the grief;
Kitty resolv'd in death to seek relief,
"I'll die," said she, and stuck her arms a-kimbo,
"But first I wish *that Tom* was fast in limbo;
Curse him, I say, the cheating, flirting rascal,
If through the *varsal* world you were to ask all,
There's not another such;—but never mind,
I'll die! and when I'm gone, my ghost he'll find,
Shall haunt his slumbers, lead him such a life,
As soon shall make him wish he'd made me wife."

So said, so done; she quickly clapp'd her eyes on
A bottle of Dame Jones's label'd "Poison;"
Thinks she I will not do the thing by halves,
I'll take enough to kill a brace of calves;
So thinking, off she toss'd the horrid liquor,
You never saw a fish-fag swallow quicker,
A pint at least, or more, of deadly drink;
Strangely she felt, her eyes began to wink;
Her head ran round, the room seem'd whirling too;
In such a moment what could Kitty do?
I'll tell you what she did, she sought the parlour,
Where sat Dame Jones who sometimes was a snarler;
In bounc'd poor Kate, her eye-balls staring wild—
And thus began, in accents far from mild:
"I've done it, Madam,—death's at work within—
I've taken poison, deem it not a sin—
Your poison, Ma'am, that was in yonder bottle,
No drop is left, 'tis all gone down my throttle;

I die for Tommy, Ma'am,"—And down she sunk;
" Die!" roar'd the Dame, " you fool, *you're only drunk;*
I wish, you slut, you had not been so handy,
You've swallow'd all my beautiful old brandy;
Such liquor, too, I seldom can make prize on,
And so, to keep it safe, *I mark'd it Poison!"*

J. M. Lacy.

BIOGRAPHIANA,

OR

SKETCHES OF SPORTSMEN.

MEMOIRS OF THE LATE PAUL HAMILTON,

Better known by the name of the " Gentleman Pugilist."

Whilst the man of science is applauded when living, and immortalized when dead, it not unfrequently happens that the children of an humbler class of genius are totally neglected. The Philosopher lives in the memory of his countrymen, while the Sportsman, or the Pugilist, is forgotten. This is, at best, ungrateful; for surely those who contribute, though but in an humble shape, to the amusement or instruction of the public, merit in a proportionate degree the gratitude of posterity. Upon this principle I shall, from time to time, communicate brief but authentic memoirs of deceased Sportsmen or Pugilists, who either from innate modesty, or retired mode of life, have been forgotten amidst the applauses that are lavished upon their more fashionable cotemporaries or descendants.

The late Paul Hamilton was born in the year 1772, and was the only son of Mr. Andrew Hamilton, of Lanark, in Scotland, a gentleman well known for his poetical and pugilistic prowess. At an early period young Paul was sent to the free-school at Reading, the best seminary of the day, a distinction which it still retains, where he rendered himself notorious by his assiduous attention to Pollux and Parnassus. Though naturally mild-mannered, his mettle, like spruce-beer, was up at the slightest excitement, and his combats, even in

the earlier stages of infancy, were more numerous than select. One in particular, *de grege multo*, deserves especial record, as it exhibits a daring spirit of heroism rarely met with in the annals of a school-boy.

His companions were one evening cricketting on the Torbury play-ground, when a party of intoxicated snobs insulted them. This was not to be borne, and a battle ensued, in which the drunkards had a manifest advantage. Dissatisfied however with their triumph, they dispatched emissaries to the town for aid, and a drove of snobs and snoblings, armed with bludgeons and mutton-fists, rushed to the scene of action with the glorious intention of annihilating about fifty striplings. But bullies are usually cowards, and the townsmen, one and all, fled at the first onset to a mound at the extremity of the play-ground, where they paused, assured of safety from the steepness of the ascent, as well as from a dry moat and pallisade that guarded it. On following up their retreat, Paul, at the head of his cricketters, held a council-of-war on the expediency of an attack, which was voted *nem. con.* with three substantial huzzas. He was accordingly the first to leap the hill, cross the fence, and was only induced to retire by the awkward business of a broken head. A few days afterwards he versified the achievement in stanzas which, although I have been unable to procure them, are yet extant in the neighbourhood.

It was about this time, when he had attained the age of eighteen, that a circumstance occurred which affected his after life with occasional paroxysms of the deepest despondency. On returning to Scotland for the midsummer vacation, a water-party, as is usual in that romantic country, was proposed, and Paul, together with his father and family, joined the excursion. On passing the northernmost headland, a fresh gale blew off the shore, and Miss Isabella Hamilton, who was upon-deck at the time, was washed overboard, her friends and relatives looking on without any possibility of saving her. It is to this tragical catastrophe that he alludes in the following lines, which breathe the very excess of sensibility.

THE SHIPWRECKED SISTER.

That ocean wave—that ocean wave,
It rolls above my sister's grave,
Hymning a requiem deep and dull,
For her who once was beautiful.

When last yon harvest moon was bright,
She rambled underneath its light;
Yon harvest moon is waning slow,
But Isabel! where is she now?

I dare not tell—I dare not tell,
Go, ask the surge that swept her knell;
'Twill answer in each hollow tone,
That winds were high, and she is gone.

I saw her die—I saw her die,
She fixed on me her closing eye;
In fond farewell, I rushed to save,
But she was in her ocean grave.

She died away—she died away,
Like west-winds on a summer day;
The harvest-moon looked down from high,
But she was with eternity.

When all was o'er—when all was o'er,
The wave rolled calmly to the shore,
The wind slept, and the sullen sea,
Seemed weeping for its cruelty.

I wander'd home—I wander'd home,
'Twas dark as is the silent tomb,
For I had not one friend to bless,
My charnel-house of loneliness.

The harp that spoke—the harp that spoke,
A sister's love—e'en that was broke,
And summer-winds came laughing by,
As if to mock my agony.

Now fare thee well—now fare thee well,
My sister—ocean rings thy knell,
And sea-nymphs in their caverns rude,
Are nursing thy sweet solitude.

On completing his school education, Paul was sent, at the age of eighteen, to Cambridge, where he entered himself as fellow-commoner of Catherine-hall. As his finances were good, his acquaintance was numerous, and being naturally of a mettlesome, but frank-hearted disposition, he engaged in all the jollities of the University. He became known at Newmarket, the E O tables, Chesterton billiard-rooms, and even at the celebrated gambling-house at St. James's. But pugilism was his decided hobby, and his usual question, when a friend entered his rooms, was, "Will you have a touch with the gloves?" Such, indeed, was his enthusiasm for the fist, that he soon became known as a "rum customer to sarve out," and, of course, found many admirers. He contrived, at last, to found a school for boxing at Cambridge, and boxed his way into the good graces of the noted Bill Warr (Ward), whom he enticed to the University. The house which was fitted up for sparring was situated in Sidney-street, near the college where (I believe) Mr. Cruke, the tailor, now hangs out. The club consisting of the most dashing fellows, (an unlimited number) spent the morning with the gloves, and concluded the day with a jollification at the Eagle and Child.

Our "Gentleman Pugilist," for it was now that this appellation was bestowed on him, acquired such notoriety, that Major Topham, the famous amateur bruiser of his day, consulted him upon a celebrated match that was pending at Moulsey Hurst, between one Elias Scott, a Bristol youth, who is long since dead and forgotten, and Jack Jobson, a gigantic butcher, whose name merely survives as an animal enormity of limbs. He accordingly accompanied the major to their respective places of training, gave an opinion in opposition to the favourite (Jobson), and after his ignoble retreat lampooned him in some humorous stanzas, which were found among his papers at his decease, and which a modern bard appears to have parodied in one of his celebrated poetical romances.

THE MILL.

Oh! Pugilist Scott is come up to the *scratch*,
As the champion of Bristol the *light weights* to match.

But save in *cross-buttocks* he talent had none,
For his blows were as light as the tap of a dun;
So famous in *slashing* where skill there was not,
Did ye e'er hear of bruiser like Pugilist Scott?

At Moulsey 'yclept by the *fancy coves* Hurst,
Our *miller* set-to at his rally the first,
With Jobson the butcher, who quitting, I wist,
The cleaver and knife for the trade of the fist;
Got enough to content any moderate *glutton*,
For Scott served him out as the butcher his mutton.

The ring was soon formed, and the boxers *set-to*,
Like Jackson of old with Mendoza the Jew,
Scott kept up his *wind-market*, dealing out knocks,
As if like his foe, he was felling an ox,
And Jobson the butcher he *fibbed* on the spot,
Oh! what a fierce *fellow* was Pugilist Scott!

So thick was his head, and so hardy his face,
That never a ring suen a bruiser did grace,
While the butcher did swear, and the butcher did groan,
As most people do, when knock'd up or knock'd down,
And his backers said, "Jobson, fight out like a *glutton*:"
"I'll be curst if I do," quoth the killer of mutton.

One round is enough to a butcher that feels,
So he skipped from the ring and he took to his heels,
And *flooring* his second he wished him good bye,
With a brace of blue mountains in front of his eye:
"He's off," said the backers, "he's off like a shot,"
"Then dammee we'll follow," said Pugilist Scott.

There was weeping 'midst friends of the butchering clan,
Bottle-holders and backers they rode and they ran,
There was racing and chasing, o'er hill and o'er plain,
But the butcher ne'er made his appearance again;
So heavy in fist, and in battle so hot,
Did ye e'er hear of bruiser, like Pugilist Scott?

But it was not to poetry and pugilism alone that our hero confined his abilities. Love divided his affections, and Miss Emily La Motte, a London lady, shared his heart with his boxing gloves. It was on a secret visit that he paid her during term-time, that the following whimsical incident occurred.

which has been attributed to many young sprigs of fashion, but originated with Hamilton. He was sitting one night with Emily in the dress-boxes, at Drury-lane, when his father, who naturally supposed that he was prosecuting his studies at Cambridge, detected and pointed him out to a mutual friend. Our young gentleman overhearing the well-known voice, resolved to put a bold face upon the matter, and deny even his own personal identity. Accordingly, when the angry governor entered his box with "Paul, what the devil brings you to London?" he counterfeited astonishment, and exclaimed, in an under-tone, "I beg your pardon, Sir, but you must be mistaken, for I really have not the pleasure of knowing you," and then, under pretence of an engagement, hurried off, mounted his tandem, travelled all night, and reached Cambridge at an early hour. The old gentleman, astonished at so singular a mistake, resolved to investigate the truth; and ordering post-horses by day-break, set off for Catherine-hall. There he found his son deeply buried in mathematics, and on his return to Scotland, was fond of boasting that there was not so diligent a graduate at the University.

On quitting Cambridge young Hamilton entered himself a barrister of Lincoln's-inn, an occupation which he finally resigned, together with his mistress, for the superior fascinations of Pugilism. The letter that he wrote to Emily, on this pathetic occasion, deserves to be recorded. After describing the warmth of his affection, he adds, "you know, my dear girl, that we cannot go into training with Mars and Venus at one and the same time. I am now reduced to a skeleton, and skin and bone are ill-calculated to satisfy the lusts of the flesh. You are welcome, however, to all that remains of me after my *turn-up* with Big Ben, though at the same time it is but fair to remind you that love is not a lottery; no paltry sixteenth will be sufficient for the contractor's concupiscence, it must be all or none. Farewell, Emily! think of me with kindness; and if *doubled-up* at the ensuing *mill*, let your gentle heart forgive my defeat." After a few more such affectionate triflings he proceeds to say, "I have sent you a blue silk *fogle*, the gift is trifling, but may, perhaps, be esteemed for the donor's sake; when *doubled-up*

and *floored* in the grave, his *wind-market* becomes empty, and he can *come to time* and thee no longer."

The *mill* to which he here alludes took place on Clapham-common, and as the editor of "Boxiana" has made no mention of it, I shall subjoin the account as I find it noted down among the posthumous papers of the subject of these memoirs. The contest originated, it seems, in a dispute with Big Ben upon the merits of Irish Ryan; although it is an unusual, and, indeed, unprecedented circumstance for a gentleman to enter the ring with a professed boxer, yet a *mill* possessed such fascination, that our hero neglected all sense of propriety to enjoy it. The parties accordingly met on Dec. 4, 1790. Hamilton was waited on by Tewtrell (the spurious), and Gentlemen Humphries, and Big Ben was picked up by Martin (the little) and Tring. On setting-to bets were as high as three to one in favour of Benjamin, who weighed two stones heavier than Hamilton, but was supposed to possess less skill and bottom. A detail of each round will be found as follows:—

ROUNDS.

1. Both men sparred nearly four minutes before a blow was struck. Hamilton then made play and pelted Ben about the *frontispiece*. His adversary, in return, *digged* away right and left about his *lug* and neck, and then *grassed* him with an ugly blow in his *bread-basket*. Bets, 3 to 1 on Big Ben.

2. Hamilton made play with a tremendous body-blow, rattled about his man like a dancing harlequin, and succeeded in dislodging a few of his front *ivories*, which produced a magnificent flow of *claret*, and *floored* him as if he had been knocked down by a shot. Bets, 2 to 1 on Ben.

3. Ben's *frontispiece* looked rather *queer*, but he planted a left-handed *muzzler* on the snout, which set Hamilton snorting like a stallion. He then made a heavy right-handed *lunge*, but in endeavouring to scrape acquaintance with the *ogles*, missed his mark, and was *doubled up* by a *slashing* blow in the *wind-market*. Betting even.

4. Both bleeding and *piping*, when Ben *ruffianed* it with his adversary, and tried his hand at a few ring tactics. Here, however, he got a bellyful, for Hamilton played about him like lightning, *punished* his *nob* till he became quite *groggy*, and *floored* him with a tremendous *muzzler* that was heard all over the ring. Bets even.

5, 6, 7, 8, and 9. Bellows-mending was the order of this round, as was the case with the four following ones, when Hamilton fell from his second's knee from sheer weakness, and on time being called was carried senseless from the ring.

The disgrace of this defeat appears to have preyed deeply upon his susceptible feelings, for from this time, to the hour of his decease, he withdrew from public life, and devoted himself to the more refined pleasures of poetry. His father, who died shortly after his call to the bar, had left him the uncontrolled possession of his estate in Lanarkshire, so that he had every fair chance of comfort and independence. But, alas! "man," as the poet says, "was made to mourn," and Hamilton could never forget the circumstance of his defeat at Clapham Common. The phantom of Big Ben, with his mutton-fists, and vigorous cross-buttocks, pursued him in every step; and wherever he wandered, whether at night or morning, the air seemed to resound with unearthly shouts of "five to four on Ben." This could not last, and his once lively imagination drooped its wings before the withering influence of memory. Occasionally, however, it shot forth a few faint gleams of genius, and the poem of "Remembered Love," which was composed about this time, and was suggested by a young Edinburgh lady, who reminded him of Emily, will shew the gloomy and disturbed state of his feelings.

REMEMBERED LOVE.

I GAZED on her as one whom I had known
In happier times, and while I gazed, a sigh
Stole from my heart, to think that her young form
So beautiful to other eyes, to me,
Tho' peerless still, was but a transient dream
Of happiness evanished; gladsomely
She wound along the dance, and sunny eyes
Lightened as she drew near,—she sung of love,
Of boyhood's pleasant dreams, and those sweet thoughts
That float like twilight shadows o'er the soul,
Rendering earth beautiful—— * * * *

That hour is o'er—and she hath past away,
E'en as a dream that is not. There be hearts
That she hath broken, peace she hath destroyed,
Memories her form hath conjured from the deeps
Of bye-gone years, and mine is one of these.
I loved a mind once pure as hers, a form
Almost as beautiful, and we had been
Sweetly enlinked from childhood, heart to heart,

As love is link'd to heaven—but she is gone,
The only one I could not spare, is gone.
Years have roll'd on, and there are things in life,
Age, and despair, and absence will distain
The brightest memories, and wipe away
The pleasant dreams of boyhood. I have felt
Reverses* in my day, sorrow hath turn'd
My dark hair grey, and as the trace inscribed
On the sea-sand, e'en such my life has been.
But now the shadow of the past returns
In dull obscurity, and while I dwell
On the young girl I saw but yester eve,
Rich in unclouded beauteousness, I think
Of her I lov'd, of her who is no more.
Thus is it that the soul attuned to deep
Reflection, vibrates to each chord that wakes
Lone music from the slumbers of the past;
Thus, like the whirling sea-gulph, Asterates,
With self-excited billows, rendering earth,
As fancy wills, a paradise or hell.

Sweetest magician! whose bright eye retains
The talisman that conjures up the past,
A long farewell! we never meet again,
Thy fancy lures thee to the gay-deck'd halls
Of happiness, mine to the charnel-house,
Where sleeps my buried treasure: thou wilt shine,
Awhile the meteor of the passing hour,
And when thine age comes on thee, fade away
As the young spring, when, in meridian charms
She sinks in Autumn's passionless embrace.
But I, in loneliest solitude, must war
My life's grey eve, and, as the fabled bird
Feeds on the heart's best blood her progeny,
So I shall nourish saddest memories,
Drawn bleeding from a bruis'd and broken heart.

Farewell! as husband, or as friend may say,
E'en so I say, farewell!—I wish thee years
Of happier suns than I have ever known,
And memories of a well-spent life, and when

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* *Quere.*—Does this allude to his turn-up with Big Ben?—EDITOR.

Thy days are number'd, and fond children weep
Around a mother's death-bed—may thy head
Sink gently on it's pillow, rich in hope
Of an apocryphal eternity.

The progress of my memoirs has now brought me to that last shifting scene of life, a death-bed. Poor Hamilton had resided but a few years in the retirement of Lanarkshire, when a cold, caught on returning from a boxing-match in the neighbourhood, asthmatized his *bread-basket*, and *grassed him*, never again to come to the *scratch*. In few words—he died of an asthma. Still his native cheerfulness never, for an instant, deserted him; as the parting hour drew on, he seemed to acquire renewed vivacity, and but the day before his death composed the following feeling dactyllics, in allusion to the well-known exclamation of Justice Shallow, which a friend was reading aloud to him, "Oh! the mad days that I have spent, and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead."

The wine-cup is low, and the places deserted all,
Places where I have spent many a jolly day,
Thoughtless and brief in my summer of happiness.

But my summer is gone, and the friends that I lov'd are gone,
And the hair on my head it is hoar with the autumn wind,
Drearily frosting my twilight of solitude.

Oh! for one *mill* of the many that I have seen,
Oh! for one frolicsome moment of jollity,
To bring back the friends that I never shall see again.

Vain is the hope! they are low in the narrow house,
I am the only one living of all who once
Betted and boxed in the phrenzy of merriment.

And I too shall soon be as silent as they are now,
But where of the hundreds that flocked to my Bacchanals,
Where is the *one* who will weep for the wanderer?

This *one*, strange to say, made his appearance in the shape of his old antagonist Big Ben, who was on a sporting tour through Scotland, and arrived just in time to receive the last

puff of his *wind-market*, and close the *ogles* which he had once before closed in a less amicable manner. He seemed, however, dreadfully shocked at the death of Hamilton, and on the domestics entering into the room, was discovered stretched senseless on the floor, but whether from excess of affliction or of *blue-ruin* is doubtful. On the decease of our pugilist, the public newspapers seemed to vie with each other in the warmth of their eulogium; and his mournful exit was thus announced in the Whitehall Evening Mail for December, 1802. "Died, at Lanark, in his 30th year, the celebrated boxer, Paul Hamilton, Esq., well known at Cambridge by the name of the "Gentleman Pugilist." He was a great public character in the ring, but the later years of his life were spent in retirement, where he was sought out and beloved by all the leading sportsmen and pugilists in the kingdom."

To this account I shall subjoin a few particulars respecting his personal and mental qualifications. In stature he stood nearly six feet, with a fine manly contour of countenance, broad shoulders and athletic frame. His muscular strength was prodigious, and one of his left-handed blows seldom gave him the necessity of repeating it. As a boxer, in which light posterity will chiefly view him, he was celebrated for the rapidity of his execution, and the dexterity of his *out-fighting*. He was generally in fine condition, and he perceived in an instant the most defenceless points of his antagonists. At the time in which he flourished, pugilism had not attained the exalted rank which it now holds, and it is principally to his exertions that its present respectability is owing. In disposition he was irritable but generous, lively and versatile in conversation,—the delight of his Cambridge and London acquaintances, and the admiration of the whole ring.

As a poet his rank is respectable: but as a man of taste and discernment his superiority is evident. He was one of the earliest and best patrons of Burns, when he himself was but a lad at the University, immersed in extravagance and pugilism. His serious productions, of which we have given sufficient specimens, evince a chastely poetical mind, alive to all the finer faculties of imagination. They are not equal to

the sublimities of many of our modern bards, but possess this essential requisite—that every thought should be a feeling. But his humour amply atones for the comparative mediocrity of his serious productions, and the following specimen, with which I shall conclude these Memoirs, will speak more in his favour than a thousand eulogistic paragraphs.

ODE TO THE DEVIL.

Hail, prince of darkness, sire of evil,
Most potent, grave, and sooty devil,
A word with you I pray;
How is it that, despite of warning,
From court and camp, from night to morning,
You rule, and we obey.

You give the word, away we go,
Thro' thick and thin, our zeal to show,
From folly into vice;
While virtue starves in roofless garret,
With none but rats and mice to share it,
You ask your market-price.

You set the fashions—sway the nation,—
Converting what was once damnation,
Into a mere caress;
And ruling in your proper sphere,
As brewer works his bottle-beer,
You work our happiness.

Thro' thee, of temper most forgiving,
The bishop gains his tythes and living;
Thro' thee the lawyer pleads, receiving
His fees for suit and arson;
For had we not thy name to maul,
No lawyer should we need at all,
Nor should we need a parson.

For me, I honestly confess,
I've sought thee in my sore distress,
'Mid feast, and fast, and revel;
And evermore I'll hate suspend,
For I have never known a friend,
Except 'twas in the devil.

They tell me thou hast got a tail,
And lookest very like a whale,
With cloven foot and *horns*,

(Like certain husbands I could name);
They tell me too that fire and flame,
Which surely is a burning shame,
Thy palace-gate adorns.

They say, too, that thine Elfin crew
Are ever, ever on the hue,
And cry to tempt a sinner;
That aldermen you tempt with wine,
Young widows with a spruce divine,
And poets with a dinner.

If so—for God's sake, bait with haunch
Of venison, fit to fill my paunch,
Old wine, rich soup, and cod-fish;
Spread well your nets, and sure as fate,
I'll nibble at the tempting bait,
And you will catch an *odd-fish*.

If this you think too rich to place
Before me, send some pretty face,
Some fashionable toast;
Some plump young girl, with melting eye,
Fair bosom, blooming cheek, and I
Will kiss her, tho' I roast.

I supp'd off pork the other night,
And woke up in a horrid fright,
While you, on curst night-mare,
Trotted and strode athwart my nose,
Darken'd my *day-lights* in a close,
And stiffened every hair.

Floor'd thus in sleep, I gave a whine,
And knowing once you honoured swine
With your good company,
Egad! I thought and feared the minute
The pork had got a devil in it,
That entered into me.

But now farewell,—"a long farewell,"—
For hark! I hear the dinner-bell,
'Tis time then to be mellow;—
The beef is ready,—candles lighted,—
The wine decanted—friends invited—
Adieu! my honest fellow.*

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* Should any curiosity be excited by the "Memoirs of Paul Hamilton," whose name, once perhaps too highly rated, is now as undeservedly

To the Editor of the Sporting Repository.

SIR,

FINDING that my correspondence has not been altogether unacceptable, and anxious to promote the interest of a Work so admirably calculated to amuse and instruct every description of readers, I herewith forward you a history; though not new, it nevertheless pourtrays so true a picture of the situation in which many unfortunate females are placed, that it cannot fail of exciting a proper commiseration for those humble individuals who contribute so essentially to the comfort and happiness of mankind. Much has been said, at different periods, on the propriety of educating females, and, at one time, so great a phalanx was raised against them, that a woman who could read was deemed unfit for the practical purposes of life. "An uncultivated man," (says the Marquis of Hastings) "is a dangerous associate." By parity of reasoning we must consider the same observation applicable to women. It is, however, to be recollected, that the incidents which occurred to Betty Wilson, (the subject of the following history) took place at a period when education was not so generally diffused as at present. It is now proved to a demonstration, that on the proper education of women depend the happiness and prosperity of mankind; and that in every walk of life it will the better qualify them for the duties of their situations. From the respectable circulation of your Work, it is not improbable but most of your readers have female domestics attached to their houses. Where is there a happier, more humane, or generous man, than the British Sportsman? And who gives the greatest gusto, the greatest zest, to all his pleasures? I most unhesitatingly say—*his*

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neglected by the modern ring, the writer of this article has it in his power to republish his biography on a more extended scale, together with specimens of his serious and humorous poetry, which came into his hands by the death of Mr. Hamilton's principal executor. The manuscript itself is peculiarly interesting, and its publication will rescue from oblivion names of some celebrated pugilists, of whom the editor of "Boxiana" appears never to have heard.

female domestics.—On his return home, after *a hard-day*, accompanied by his numerous friends, every accommodation is afforded, every thing is in the best order, laid out with a taste and judgment that fully evince the superiority of his servants, a superiority which can only be acquired by education. Such servants are the pride of his house, the boast of his friends, and may not be unaptly termed, the *sweeteners of existence*. To such an one then I would say, treat not with contempt and contumely those whom Providence may have placed under you. Encourage education in your servants, and you will soon see its effects. Believe not the idle story that a learned woman is *a monster*, or that the subordinate advantages of reading and writing will render your domestics unfit for their situations.

Your Work, Mr. Editor, is intended as well for the general reader as for the sportsman; the remarks I have now made concern every man, in every station of life: and I have been induced to enter into them from a circumstance which occurred (according to the daily-papers) a few days since, of a female servant having been discharged, by the lady of a celebrated Sportsman, because she had received too liberal an education from the village Sunday school!

Hoping that the following narrative will have the effect I wish it, I beg to subscribe myself,

Your most obedient Servant,

June 4, 1822. J. F. G.

HISTORY OF BETTY WILSON.

I AM a poor girl, the daughter of a labouring farmer, and had the good fortune (or rather misfortune) to receive my education in a charity-school, which was supported by my wealthy neighbours. The ladies (our patronesses) visited us from time to time, examined how we were taught, and saw that our clothes were clean. I was thankful, and became the favourite of my mistress; she would frequently call me to read in the presence of strangers, and would show them my copy-book, and they never dismissed me without a commendation, and very seldom without a shilling.

At last, strange to say, the principal patroness of our school having passed a winter in London, came down full of an opinion new and strange to the whole country. She held it little less than criminal to teach poor girls to read and write. They who are born to poverty, she said, are born to ignorance, and will work the harder the less they know. She told her friends that London was in confusion by the insolence of servants—that scarcely a wench was to be got *for all work*, since education had made such numbers of fine ladies; that nobody would now accept a lower title than that of a waiting-maid, or something that might qualify her to wear laced shoes and long ruffles, and to sit at work at the parlour-window. But she was resolved, for her part, to spoil no more girls; those who were to live by their hands, should neither read nor write out of her pocket; the world was bad enough already, and she would have no part in making it worse.

She was for a short time warmly opposed; but she persevered in her notions, and withdrew her subscription. Few listen without a desire of conviction to those who advise them to spare their money. Her example and her arguments gained ground daily, and in less than a year the whole parish was convinced, that the nation would be ruined if the children of the poor were taught to read and write!

Our school was now dissolved; my mistress kissed me when we parted, and told me, that, being old and helpless, she could not assist me, advised me to seek a service, and charged me not to forget what I had learned.

My reputation for scholarship, which had hitherto recommended me to favour, was, by the adherents to the new opinion, considered as a crime; and, when I offered myself to any mistress, I had no other answer than, "Sure, child, you would not work; hard work is not fit for a penwoman;—a scrubbing-brush would spoil your hand, child."

I could not live at home; and while I was considering to what I should betake me, one of the girls, who had gone from our school to London, came down in a silk gown, and told her acquaintance how well she lived, what fine things she saw, and what great wages she received. I resolved to

try my fortune, and took my passage in the next week's waggon to London. I had no snares laid for me at my arrival, but came safe to a sister of my mistress, who undertook to get me a place. She knew only the families of mean tradesmen; and I having no high opinion of my own qualifications, was willing to accept the first offer.

My first mistress was wife of a working watchmaker, who earned more than was sufficient to keep his family in decency and plenty; but it was their constant practice to hire a chaise on Sunday, and spend half the wages of the week on Richmond-hill; on Monday he commonly lay half in bed, and spent the other half in merriment; Tuesday and Wednesday consumed the rest of his money; and three days every week were passed in the greatest want by us who were left at home, while my master lived on trust at an ale-house. You may be sure that of the sufferers the maid suffered most, and I left them after three months, rather than be starved.

I was then maid to a hatter's wife. There was no want to be dreaded, for they lived in perpetual luxury. My mistress was a diligent woman, and rose early in the morning to set the journeymen to work; my master was a man much beloved by his neighbours, and sat at one club or other every night. I was obliged to wait on my master at night, and on my mistress in the morning; he seldom came home before two, and she rose at five. I could no more live without sleep than without food, and therefore entreated them to look out for another servant.

My next removal was to a linen-draper's, who had six children. My mistress, when I first entered the house, informed me, that I must never contradict the children, nor suffer them to cry. I had no desire to offend, and readily promised to do my best. But when I gave them their breakfast, I could not help all first; when I was playing with one in my lap, I was forced to keep the rest in expectation. That which was not gratified always resented the injury with a loud outcry, which put my mistress in a fury at me, and procured sugar-plumbs to the child. I could not keep six children quiet, who were bribed to be clamorous, and was therefore dismissed, as a girl honest, but not good-natured.

I then lived with a couple that kept a petty shop of remnants, and cheap linen. I was qualified to make a bill, or keep a book; and being therefore often called at a busy time, to serve the customers, expected that I should now be happy, in proportion as I was useful. But my mistress appropriated every day part of the profit to some private use, and, as she grew bolder in her theft, at last deducted such sums, that my master began to wonder how he sold so much and gained so little. She pretended to assist his enquiries, and began, very gravely, to hope that "Betty was honest, and yet those sharp girls were apt to be light-fingered." You will believe that I did not stay there much longer.

Having left the last place in haste to avoid the charge or the suspicion of theft, I had not secured another service, and was forced to take a lodging in a back street. I had now got good clothes. The woman who lived in the garret opposite to mine was very officious, and offered to take care of my room and clean it, while I went round to my acquaintance to enquire for a mistress. I knew not why she was so kind, nor how I could recompence her; but in a few days I missed some of my linen, went to another lodging, and resolved not to have another friend in the next garret.

In six weeks I became un 'er-maid at the house of a mercer in Cornhill, whose son was his apprentice. The young gentleman used to sit late at the tavern, without the knowledge of his father, and I was ordered by my mistress to let him in silently to his bed under the counter, and to be very careful to take away his candle. The hours which I was obliged to watch, whilst the rest of the family were in bed, I considered as supernumerary, and having no business assigned for them, thought myself at liberty to spend them my own way; I kept myself awake with a book, and for some time liked my state the better for this opportunity of reading. At last the upper-maid found my book, and shewed it to my mistress, who told me that wenches like me might spend their time better; that she never knew any of the readers that had good designs in their heads; that she could always find something else to do with her time, than to puzzle over books; and did not like that such a fine lady should sit up for her young master.

This was the first time that I found it thought criminal or dangerous to know how to read. I was dismissed decently, lest I should tell tales, and had a small gratuity above my wages.

I then lived with a gentlewoman of a small fortune. This was the only happy part of my life; my mistress, for whom public diversions were too expensive, spent her time with books, and was pleased to find a maid who could partake of her amusements. I rose early in the morning, that I might have time in the afternoon to read or listen, and was suffered to tell my opinion, or express my delight. Thus fifteen months stole away, in which I did not repine that I was born to servitude. But a burning fever seized my mistress, of whom I shall say no more than that her servant wept over her grave.

I had lived in a kind of luxury, which made me very unfit for another place, and was rather too delicate for the conversation of a kitchen; so that when I was hired into the family of an East-India director, my behaviour was so different, as they said, from that of a common servant, that they concluded me a gentlewoman in disguise, and turned me out in three weeks, on suspicion of some design which they could not comprehend.

I then fled for refuge to the other end of the town, where I hoped to find no obstruction from my new accomplishments, and was hired under the housekeeper in a splendid family. Here I was too wise for the maids, and too nice for the footmen; yet I might have lived on without much uneasiness, had not my mistress, the housekeeper, who used to employ me in buying necessaries for the family, found a bill which I had made of one day's expences. I suppose it did not quite agree with her own book, for she fiercely declared her resolution, that there should be no pen and ink in that kitchen but her own.

She had the justice, or the prudence, not to injure my reputation; and I was easily admitted into another house in the neighbourhood, where my business was to sweep the rooms and make the beds. Here I was, for some time, the favourite of Mrs. Simper, my lady's woman, who could not bear the

vulgar girls, and was happy in the attendance of a young woman of some education, and would frequently get me to read to her. At length the house-steward used to employ me in keeping his accounts. This did not please Mrs. Simper, and she soon obtained my discharge, by stating that there had never been a room well swept since Betty Wilson came into the house.

I was next engaged by the lady of an opulent farmer, who, discovering that I had a better education than her other servants, and that I wrote a neat hand, discharged me one day, after giving a rout to a large party of the neighbouring gentry, (some of whom spoke in high terms of my abilities, and of my address in waiting at table) stating that she would have no servants hung out of her house;—that I wrote too well to be honest; and that, sooner or later, I should be committing forgery, and this would put a stop to my reading and writing! I wept bitterly at this insinuation. My mistress, however, gave me that sort of recommendation that obtained me a situation with a consumptive lady, who wanted a maid that could read and write. I attended her for years, and although she was never pleased, yet, when I declared my resolution to leave her, she burst into tears, and told me that I must bear the peevishness of a sick-bed, and I would find myself remembered in her will; I complied, and a codicil was added in my favour; but, in less than a week, when I set her gruel before her, I laid the spoon, by accident, on the left-side, and she threw her will into the fire. In two days she made another, which she burnt in the same manner, because she could not eat her chicken. A third was made and destroyed, because she heard a mouse within the wainscot, and was sure that I would suffer her to be taken away alive. After this I was, for some time, out of favour: but as her illness grew upon her, resentment and sullenness gave way to kinder sentiments. She died and left me £500; with this fortune I have settled in my native parish, where I spend some hours every day in teaching poor girls to read and write.

CHARMING OF SERPENTS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Repository.

SIR,

THE peculiar mode adopted in Upper Canada, in Charming Serpents, is not generally known. M. Chateaubriand, to whom the world is so much indebted, assisted by Mr. Forbes, has favoured us with the following account, which, if not in the possession of your sporting readers, will, doubtless, be read with much interest.

R. LOMAX.

Preston,
June 8th, 1822.

THE serpent has frequently been the subject of our observations, and, if we may venture to speak out, we have often imagined that we could discover in him that pernicious sagacity, and that subtlety, which are ascribed to him by scripture. Every thing is mysterious, secret, and astonishing, in this incomprehensible reptile. His movements differ from those of all other animals: it is impossible to say where his locomotive principle lies, for he has neither fins, nor feet, nor wings; and yet he flits like a shadow, he vanishes as by magic; he re-appears, and is gone again, like a light azure vapour, or the gleams of a sabre in the dark. Now he curls himself into a circle, and projects a tongue of fire; now, standing erect upon the extremity of his tail, he moves along in a perpendicular attitude, as by enchantment. He rolls himself into a ball; rises and falls in a spiral line: gives to his rings the undulations of waves; twines round the branches of trees, glides under the grass of the meadows, or skims along the surface of water. His colours are not more determinate than his activity; they change with each new point of view, and, like his motion, they possess false splendour and deceitful variety. Still more astonishing in the rest of his manners, he knows, like a man polluted with murder, how to throw aside his garments distained with blood, lest it should lead to his detection. By a singular faculty, the

female can receive back into her body the little monsters to which she has given birth.*

The serpent passes whole months in sleep; he frequents tombs, inhabits secret retreats, produces poisons which chill, burn, or chequer the body of his victim with the colours with which he is himself marked. In one place, he raises his *two menacing heads;* in another, he sounds a rattle: he hisses like an eagle of the mountain; he bellows like a bull. He naturally associates with all moral or religious ideas, as if in consequence of the influence which he exercised over our destiny. An object of horror or adoration, men either feel an implacable hatred against him, or bow before his genius; falsehood calls him to his aid, and prudence claims him as her own: in hell, he arms the scourges of the furies; in heaven, eternity is typified by his image. He, moreover, possesses the art of seducing innocence; his eyes fascinate the birds of the air; and beneath the fern of the crib, the ewe to him gives up her milk. But he may himself be charmed by the harmony of sweet sounds; and, to subdue him, the shepherd needs no other weapon than his pipe.

In the month of July, 1791, we were travelling in Upper Canada, with several families of savages belonging to the nation of the Onontagues. One day, when we had halted in a spacious plain on the bank of the river Genesee, a rattle-snake entered our encampment. Among us was a Canadian who could play on the flute, and who, to divert us, advanced against the serpent with his new species of weapon. On the approach of his enemy, the haughty reptile curls himself into a spiral line, flattens his head, inflates his cheeks, contracts his lips, displays his envenomed fangs, and his bloody throat; his double tongue glows like two flames of fire; his eyes are

* As this part of the description is so very extraordinary, it may appear to want confirmation. 'M. de Beauvois, as related in the American Philosophical Transactions, declared himself an eye-witness of such a fact as is above stated. He saw a large rattle-snake, which he had disturbed in his walks, open her jaws; and instantly five small ones, which were lying by her, rushed into her mouth. He retired, and watched her, and in a quarter of an hour saw her again discharge them. The common viper does the same.'

as burning coals; his body, swollen with rage, rises and falls like the bellows of a forge; his dilated skin assumes a dull and scaly appearance; and his tail, whence proceeds the death-denouncing sound, vibrates with such rapidity as to resemble a light vapour.

The Canadian now begins to play upon his flute; the serpent starts with surprise, and draws back his head. In proportion as he is struck with the magic effect, his eyes lose their fierceness, the oscillation of his tail becomes slower, and the sound which it emits grows weaker, and gradually dies away. Less perpendicular upon their spiral line, the rings of the charmed serpent are, by degrees, expanded, and sink, one after another, upon the ground in concentric circles. The shades of azure, green, white, and gold, recover their brilliancy on his quivering skin; and, slightly turning his head, he remains motionless in the attitude of attention and pleasure.

At this moment, the Canadian advanced a few steps, producing with his flute sweet and simple notes. The reptile, inclining his variegated neck, opens a passage with his head through the high grass, and begins to creep after the musician, stopping when he stops, and beginning to follow him again as soon as he moves forward. In this manner, he was led out of our camp, attended by a great number of spectators, both savages and Europeans, who could scarcely believe their eyes when they witnessed this wonderful effect of harmony. The assembly unanimously decreed, that the serpent which had so highly entertained them should be permitted to escape.

The dancing-snakes also possess great peculiarities, they are carried in baskets throughout Hindostan, and procure a maintenance for a set of people, who play a few simple notes on the flute, with which these snakes seem much delighted, and keep time by a graceful motion of the head, erecting about half their length from the ground, and following the music with gentle curves, like the undulating lines of a swan's neck. It is a well-attested fact, that when a house is infested with these snakes, and some others of the coluber genus,

which destroy poultry and small domestic animals, as also by the larger serpents of the boa tribe, the musicians are sent for; who, by playing on a flageolet, find out their hiding-places, and charm them to destruction: for, no sooner do the snakes hear the music, than they come softly from their retreat and are easily taken. When the music ceases, the snakes appear motionless; but if not immediately covered up in the basket, the spectators are liable to fatal accidents.

LIFE IN LONDON.

LETTER III.

No. —, Grub Street.
June 4, 1822.

MR. EDITOR,

YOUR good publisher was kind enough to accompany my last number with a most princely remuneration for some little trifles, which I had committed to his care. Being under some obligations to my literary neighbour, whom I named in my first letter, I immediately gave him a call. I found him somewhat out of temper, in consequence of six twopenny-post letters, which he had received that very day from one of the *elect* booksellers in the *holy* neighbourhood of St. Paul's, desiring him to bring to him immediately the whole MSS. copies of a Work, in which he had been engaged but three weeks, and which would have taken full three months to complete. Exasperated at the unreasonableness of his demand, and the very insulting epithets which he bestowed upon him, he was engaged, as I went in, in replying to this mighty Colossus. I could not help laughing at his P.S. which he read to me: —"To-morrow, you know, (addressing him by his title) will be the second day of Greenwich-fair; and having placed all my MSS. carefully by in my desk, since the receipt of your sixth Letter, I purpose taking a trip to that blithsome place, and continuing there till the fair is over. By that time I hope you will be restored to a state of convalescence. The landlord of the house will take in any letters for me in my absence, that are *post-paid*." He

sealed it up in my presence, and sent it off per post. He afterwards declared to me, that he had not been from home for more than a fortnight, but had been using all diligence to complete his engagement in three months, (the time originally specified) otherwise he should have to forfeit £20.

For my own part, I applauded his independence, and desirous to obtain a little Life out of London, I offered to accompany him to Greenwich, which was gladly accepted. We repaired that evening to the "Parrot," saw a little life amongst the coblers, for we were called into the tap-room no less than three times, to witness three successive battles, all of which proceeded from a dispute that arose concerning the closing of a boot. A young man, however, who had acted as second, and who himelf, through accident, had received a blow on the *smeller*, put a stop to further contention, by exclaiming—"To harmony, gentlemen, to harmony:" and giving a violent knock on the table, he commenced the pathetic song, beginning with

"What is that thing the world calls light."

which he sang with all its variations. This was followed by "Loud roared the dreadful thunder;"—"Moll Brook she went to be shaved;" and several other *appropriate* songs.—Stunned with the thunders of applause that were given at the close of each, we had almost lost our sense of hearing, and on returning home, my friend had nearly been run over, for we could not hear the carriages till they were close upon us.

Tuesday morning arrived; I breakfasted with my friend, as per invitation the preceding evening, and immediately afterwards started for Greenwich. The road was lined with holiday-folks, all determined to participate in the various amusements which presented themselves. Nothing particular occurring till we completed our journey: we walked round the fair, and afterwards ascended the hill. Here, for the first time, I saw the lads and lasses rolling from the top to the bottom; but what pleased me most was an old Greenwich pensioner, with one leg, and his sweetheart, a *maiden* lady about 60, who had only one eye, but who might, nevertheless, be pronounced handsome. Desirous to imitate the young folks,

the pensioner stripped off his coat, and giving his girl a kiss, exclaimed—"Come, Sall, we'll have a roll." The fair maid, desirous to please, immediately pulled off her bonnet, and drawing her gown through her pocket-holes, the old gentleman, in the most gallant style, laid her on the ground, and, in one instant, he twined his real and artificial leg round her sweet form, (she most graciously receiving his embrace) and they rolled alternately over each other till they reached the bottom, to the no small amusement of all present. When they again attained the summit of the hill, the gallant pensioner danced a hornpipe, and a blind fiddler afterwards striking up a country-dance, the naval hero and his intended led off, and ten couple were seen gaily dancing on the hill.

We afterwards went into a neighbouring house, where we heard some tolerably good singing, and some very bad recitations; and a battle, in consequence of a rude man interrupting one of the spouters, diversified the amusements. A little science was displayed, but the interference of a constable put a stop to the contest, and the most incorrigible was taken to the watch-house, whilst the other was turned out of the house by the landlord. Mirth and harmony were again restored. It being now nine o'clock, and beginning to feel some little effect from the ale we had taken, we resolved on returning home. The conversation on the road amongst the young sparks, (like ourselves, half-seas over) was about Tom, Jerry, and Logic, and *flooring* the *Charleys*. It was our ill-fortune to follow about half-a-dozen such, with more strength than understanding, who were bent upon a *spree*. They commenced an attack upon the first watchman they met, and soon levelled him with the earth. He managed, whilst on the ground, to spring his rattle, when, in an instant, he was aided by others of his fraternity, who were each successively floored in their turns, till at length over-powered by numbers, the Corinthians made off; as we had been spectators we also ran, lest we should be mistaken for their companions. My friend being rather corpulent (a very uncommon thing for an author) could not run so fast as myself; he was therefore soon laid hold of by one of the watchmen. He expostulated with him, but it was useless, and whilst taking him off in triumph

to the watch-house, he also formed the resolution of becoming a Corinthian, and raising his powerful hand, which is somewhat like a shoulder of mutton, he felled the poor *Charley* to the ground, and once more set to his heels. On turning a corner leading into one of the squares near the Bricklayer's Arms, imagining that he was still pursued, he scaled the railings of the area of a respectable house, and dropped down. Here he completely evaded the watchman and myself, for I saw him no more that evening. Completely chagrined at thus losing the company of my friend, I hastened home, indifferent to the various scenes on the road, and as soon as I was out of bed the next morning, received the following letter:—

"Dear Sir,

"Please to come to me immediately to the watch-house near the Bricklayer's Arms, where I am now confined on the charge of housebreaking! I cannot enter into particulars, but must beg you immediately to accede to my request.

"Yours, &c.

F. B."

Surprise, beyond the power of utterance, seized me on the receipt of this note.—Good God! I exclaimed to the messenger, what does this mean? The man either could not or would not satisfy me. He said all he knew was that he was one of a desperate gang who had infested those parts for some time past. This I knew to be false, for he declared to me only the day before, that that was the first time he had been over the water for five years. Besides, I knew that his habits of life and pursuits were so different from those of a housebreaker, that there must be some mistake. I lost no time in complying with his wishes, and took with me two respectable housekeepers, in case bail should be required. On arriving at the watch-house, I soon discovered my friend peeping through the grating of the place in which he was confined. I involuntarily burst out a laughing, for never did I witness so rueful a countenance in my life. It appears that in dropping into the area, he was discovered by a watchman, who took him as he was attempting to re-ascend. On arriving at the watch-house, the keeper swore that he knew him well,

and accordingly thrust him into a hole, with only a bed of straw to lie on. The charge was regularly entered in the book, but on our appearing, and representing him as he really was, the constable of the night undertook to get the matter discharged, which was done, without any investigation, on his appearing at Union-hall.

Such was the *Life* we experienced on Whit-Tuesday. My friend has since then resumed his literary labours, fully resolved never again to cross the water.

Yours, &c.

CI-DEVANT SYNTAX.

Field Sports for the Month.

RACING,—Bibury, Stamford, and Bath.

HUNTING,—But partial; chiefly confined to the north.

ANGLING,—Carp, perch, roach, dace, salmon-pink, greyling, &c.

AGRICULTURAL DIRECTIONS, &c. FOR JUNE.

[*From the Glasse of Vaine Glorie.*]

Your doong carrie out to comfort your feeld,
And bring home such fewel as your woods yeeld;
Mow downe your medowes, which do lie lowe,
And tender herbe seeds this moneth you must sow.
Take drinke to content thee,
If thirst doe torment thee.

[From the Oldest Almanack known.]

The simple sheepe, for shepheardes care,
Now payes him home with lambe and wool;
But some too greedy make no spare,
Both fell and fleece at once to pull.

OBSERVATIONS PECULIAR TO JUNE.

The innumerable beautiful herbs and flowers which, at this season of the year, meet our eye in every direction, exemplify this remark: indeed the whole of the flowery tribes appear designed only to ornament our earth, or to gratify our sense of smelling: but, upon a more intimate acquaintance with their peculiar properties and operations, we find that, while they contribute to embellish our gardens, they also promote the purification and renovation of the atmosphere, which becomes contaminated from various causes.—The sceptic might doubtless reply, that all this might have been accomplished by the simple transpiration of vegetables and flowers, without that variety of odours with which they abound; these may contribute to our pleasure, but where is their *utility?* To this a satisfactory answer can be given: these various odours are designed to point out to the brute creation those herbs or flowers to which they are peculiarly attached, to lead them to those which contribute to their nourishment, and, at the same time, to shun those which are in their nature poisonous. In this instance then, irrational animals may become the instructors of man, and the sceptic might be sent to the brutes to learn wisdom, as well as the sluggard to the ant to be taught a lesson of industry. Brutes, in general, posses the most exquisite sense of smelling, and are led by it principally in their choice of food; had there not, then, been some method devised, by their beneficent Creator, to enable them to distinguish those different species of plants, which so nearly resemble each other that they cannot be distinguished by the sight, they would have been in continual danger of perishing, by seeking their repast among those which, to their particular species, would prove inevitably fatal.

Summer is now commenced, and warm weather thoroughly established. The trees are in their fullest dress, and a profusion of the gayest flowers is every where scattered around, which put on all their beauty just before they are cut down by the scythe, or withered by the heat.

One of the earliest rural employments of this month is sheep-sheering, which, in some parts of the country, is con-

ducted with much ceremony and rural dignity. There is so beautiful a description of this festivity in "Dyer's Fleece," at the end of the first book, that we cannot resist presenting it to our sporting readers:

AT SHEARING TIME, along the lively vales,
Rural festivities are often heard:
Beneath each blooming arbour all is joy
And lusty merriment: while on the grass
The mingled youth in gaudy circles sport,
We think the golden age again returned,
And all the fabled dryades in dance.
Leering they bound along with laughing air,
To the shrill pipe and deep remurm'ring cords
Of the antient harp, or tabor's hollow sound;
While th' old apart, upon a bank reclined,
Attend the tuneful carol, softly mixt
With every murmur of the sliding wave,
And ev'ry warble of the feathered choir;
Music of paradise! which still is heard,
When the heart listens; still the views appear
Of the first happy garden, when Content
To Nature's flow'ry scene directs the sight.
——————With light fantastic toe, the nymphs
Thither assembled, thither ev'ry swain;
And o'er the dimpled stream a thousand flow'rs,
Pale lilies, roses, violets, and pinks,
Mixt with the greens of burnet, mint, and thyme,
And trefoil sprinkled with their sportive arms,
Such custom holds along th' irriguous vales,
From Wrekin's brow to rocky Dolvoryn,
Sabrina's early haunt.
————The jolly cheer
Spread on a mossy bank, untouched abides
Till cease the rites: And now the mossy bank
Is gaily circled, and the jolly cheer
Dispersed in copious measure: early fruits
And those of frugal store, in husk or rind;
Steeped grain, and curdled milk, with dulcet cream
Soft tempered, in full merriment they quaff,
And cast about their gibes; and some apace
Whistle to roundelays. Their little ones
Look on delighted; while the mountain woods
And winding vallies, with the various notes
Of pipe, sheep, kine, and birds, and liquid brooks,

Unite their echoes. Near at hand
The wide majestic wave of Severn slowly rolls
Along the deep divided glebe: the flood
And trading bark, with low contracted sail,
Linger among the reeds and copsy banks
To listen and to view the joyous scene.

The fields of clover, which are now in blossom, produce a delightful fragrance. Of this plant there are two varieties, the white and the purple; from the latter, the bees extract much honey. The bean blossoms also shed a still more exquisite odour, thus described by Thomson:

Long let us walk
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
Of blossom'd beans. Arabia cannot boast
A fuller gale of joy than lib'ral thence
Breathes through the sense, and takes the ravished soul.

The evenings, about this time, produce an object interesting to the naturalist; this is, the angler's mayfly *(ephemera vulgata)*, the most short-lived in its perfect state of any of the insect race; it emerges from the water, where it passes its aurelia state, about six in the evening, and dies about eleven at night. They usually begin to appear about the 4th of the month, and continue nearly a fortnight. Indeed, the heat is now particularly instrumental in calling into existence the innumerable species of insects, the chief of which, in this month, are the grasshopper; brass or green beetle; various kinds of flies *(cicada spumaria)*; cuckoo-spit insect; the stag-horn beetle, and the gad-fly.

About the beginning of the month, the pimpernel *(anagallis arvensis)*, thyme *(thymus serpyllum)*, the dog-rose *(rosa canina)*, and the poppy *(papaver somniferum)*, have their flowers full blown; and the goat-sucker, or fern-owl *(caprimulgus Europæus)*, is heard in the evening.

Towards the middle of the month, wheat is in ear, and the flowers of the valerian *(valeriana officinalis)* begin to open. The night-shade *(solanum dulcamara)*, water-hemlock *(phellandrium aquaticum)*, and that singular plant the bee-orchis, have their flowers full blown.

HORSE-RACING.

RACES TO COME.

Bibury and Hampton	*June* 18	Worcester - -	*Aug.* 13
Stamford - - -	25	Burton-upon-Trent -	20
Bath - - - -	26	Hereford - - -	21
Tenbury - - -	*July* 3	Egham - - - -	27
Newmarket - - -	8	Pontefract and Warwick,	*Sept.* 3
Cheltenham - - -	17	Litchfield—Aberdeen, &c.	10
Winchester - - -	24	Northampton - - -	11
Knutsford - - -	30	Doncaster - - -	16
Newcastle, Staffordshire,	*Aug.* 6	Leicester - - -	18
Nottingham - - -	6	Newmarket - - -	30

THE STAMFORD RACES, 1822.

Tuesday, *June* 25.

The Burghley Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-yr-olds; Colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.;—The winner of the 2000gs. or 1000gs. Stakes at Newmarket, the Derby, or Oaks, to carry 7lb. extra.

Marquis of Exeter's b. c. Holbein, by Rubens, dam by Golumpus.
Lord Fiztwilliam's bl. f. by Amadis, out of Orvillina.
Mr. Platel's Smyrna, by Selim.
Lord Grosvenor's Broxton.

The Noblemen and Gentlemen's Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for three-yr-olds; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.

Marquis of Exeter's b. c. Holbein, by Rubens, dam by Golumpus.
Dr. Willis's ch. f. by Young Walter, dam by Cardock.
Sir J. Byng's b. f. sister to Neva.
Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. by Vandyke, jun. out of Bellaria.
Sir G. Heathcote names Smyrna, by Selim.

A Sweepstakes of 25gs. each, h. ft.—To be ridden by gentlemen. —Four-yr-olds to carry 10st. 11lb.; five, 11st. 8lb.; six and aged, 12st.—Horses, &c. to be bona fide the property of the Subscribers at the time of naming, and having won once before

that time to carry 5lb., twice or a King's Plate, 8lb. extra. Horses, &c. that never won or received forfeit before the day of naming, to be allowed 3lb. Mares and gelding allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 250gs. if demanded within half-an-hour after the race, the owner of the second horse being first entitled.

Subscriber—Mr. Platel.

The Town Plate of £50.—Three-yr-olds to carry 6st. 12lb.; four-yr-olds, 8st. 7lb; five-yr-olds, 9st. 3lb.; six-year-olds, 9st. 8lb.; and aged, 9st. 10lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—The best of three heats. The winner of a plate or sweepstakes this year to carry 4lb. extra. The winner, with his engagements, to be sold for 150gs., if demanded within a quarter of an hour after the race, the owner of the second horse being first entitled, &c.

Mr. Platel's br. c. Chesterton, against Mr. Buckle's br. c. Farmer.—8st each—3 miles.—100gs.

WEDNESDAY, *June* 26.

A Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft.—Colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.; for three-yr-olds.—New mile.

Marquis of Exeter's b. c. Holbein, by Rubens.
Lord Grosvenor's Broxton.
Mr. Hunter's ch. c. brother to Corioli, by Jupiter.

The Noblemen and Gentlemen's Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for two-yr-olds.—Colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Two-yr-old course.

Marquis of Exeter's b. c. Elf, by Comus, out of Gibside Fairy.
———— b. f. Governess, by Pioneer, out of Duenna.
Dr. Willis's b. c. Victory, by Dinmont.
Mr. Fisher's ch. f. by The Flyer, out of Miss Appleton.
Mr. L. Heathcote names a b. f. by Cavendish, dam by a son of Sir Peter, out of a Beningborough mare.
Mr. Platel's bl. f. Attleborough, by Seagrave.
Mr. Doddington's f. by Rubens, dam by Walton, out of Spindle.

A Gold Cup, of 100gs. value, by Subscribers of 10gs. each, the surplus to be paid to the winner in specie.—Three-yr-olds to carry 6st.; four-yr-olds, 7st. 7lb.; five-yr-olds, 8st. 7lb.; six-yr-olds, 9st.; and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. four miles.

Marquis of Exeter's Tipsy, 4 yrs old.
Hon. Capt. Percy names Civet, 4 yrs old.
Sir J. Trollope's b. c. Almanzor, by Muley, 3 yrs old.
Lord Strathaven names a br. g. by Orville, out of L'Heule de Vènus, 5 yrs old.
Sir G. Heathcote names a br. g. by Julius Cæsar, 3 yrs old.
Hon. G. J. Milles names a ch. f. by Middlethorpe, out of Pagoda, 3 yrs old.
Lord Brudenell names a ch. f. by Rubens, dam by Antelope, 4 yrs old.
Dr. Willis's ch. m. Gingerella, 5 yrs old.
General Grosvenor's b. f. by a son of Sir Peter, out of Glauvini, by Dungannon, the dam of Defiance.
Lord Clarendon's m. Antiope, 5 yrs old.
Lord Grosvenor's Michaelmas, 4 yrs. old.
Lord T. Cecil and Lord A. Hill are subscribers, but did not name.

The Noblemen and Gentlemen's Plate of £50. by three-yr-olds.—Colts, 8st. 2lb.; fillies, 8st.; that never won £50. in plate, match, sweepstakes, or subscription.—The best of three heats.

THURSDAY, *June* 27.

Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred, that never won £50., and that have regularly hunted the preceding season in any of the counties of Lincoln, Leicester, Rutland, and Northampton, to be (bona fide) the property of the subscribers at the time of naming; to carry 12st. each.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—The best of three heats.—To be ridden by gentlemen.

Mr. Brown's br. g. by Vivaldi, aged.
Mr. Platel's b. g. Forester, aged.
Col. Pierrepont's ch. g. Golden Cleaver, aged.

Marquis of Exeter, Geo. John Milles, Lord Brudenell, Capt. Arnold, Lord Strathaven, and Mr. G. J. Heathcote are subscribers, but did not name.

Fifty Pounds, given by the Marquis of Exeter.—Three-yr-olds to carry 6st. 6lb.; four-yr-olds, 8st.; five-yr-olds, 8st. 10lb.; six-yr-olds, 8st. 13lb.; and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner of one plate, match, or sweepstakes this year, to carry 3lb.; of two, 5lb.; of three, 7lb. extra. Maiden horses, &c. allowed 3lb.—The best of three heats.

Sweepstakes of 50gs. each, for 3-year-olds.—Colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.

Marquis of Exeter's c. by Soothsayer, out of Miniature.
Duke of Portland's b. f. Vaultress, by Walton, dam by Election.
Gen. Grosvenor's br. c. Marcellus, by Selim, out of Briseis.

YORK SPRING-MEETING.

Monday, *May* 13.—Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two miles.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Armstrong's b. h. Alexander, by Don Cossack, 5 yrs, 9st. (W. Scott) - - - - - 1
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Sandbeck, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. - 2
Mr. Grimson's bl. f. Melody, by Sir Malagigi, out of Tuneful, 4 yrs old, 8st. - - - - - 3
Mr. Peirse's gr. f. by Comus—Lisette, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. - 4
Lord Scarbrough's br. c. Byram, by Amadis, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. 5

Six to 4 on Sandbeck, 3 to 1 agst Byram, and the winner not mentioned. A good race, and won by half-a-length. Run in 3 min. and 48 sec.

Produce Stakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. for two-yr-olds.—T. Y. C.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Watt's b. c. by Whisker, out of Altisidora, 8st (W. Scott) 1
Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. by Filho da Puta, dam by Camillis, 7st. 11lb. 2
Lord Queensberry's gr. c. Hussar, by Whisker, 8st. - - 3

Six to 4 agst the winner, and 2 to 1 agst Mr. Houldsworth's filly. Won easy, by a length. Run in 1 min. and 15 sec.

The Filly Sapling Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-yr-old fillies. Last mile and half.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Watt's b. by Tramp, out of Mandane, 8st. 3lb. (J. Garbutt) 1
Mr. Gascoigne's ch. by Comus—Thomasina, 8st. 3lb. - - 2
Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. Dismal, by Woful, 8st. - 3
Mr. Peirse's gr. by Walton, dam by Wizard, 8st. 3lb. - 4

Six to 4 on the winner, and 4 to 1 agst Mr. Gascoigne's filly. A good race, and won by a head. Run in 2 min. and 53½ sec.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three-yr-olds, colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st. Last mile and three quarters.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. T. Sykes's b. c. Negociator, by Prime Minister, dam by Camillus, (Nicholson) - - - - - 1

Mr. C. Marson's bl. c. Melmoth, by Soothsayer - - 2
Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. f. Leonella, Sister to Maritornes - 3
Sir W. Milner's bl. c. Angler, by Walton - - - 4
Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. Debonnaire, by Comus - - 5
Lord Scarbrough's bl. f. by Walton, dam by Golumpus - - 6
Mr. Duncombe's b. c. by Comus, dam by Stamford - - 7
Mr. Brandling's ch. c. by Comus, out of Salamanca - - 8

Two to 1 agst Negociator, 3 and 4 to 1 agst Melmoth, and 5 to 1 agst Leonella. An excellent race: Melmoth made severe play, and was beat by three parts of a length. Run in 3 min. and 22½ sec.

York Spring St. Leger Stakes of 25gs. each, for three-yr-olds, colts, 8st. 3lbs.; fillies, 8st.—Last mile and three-quarters.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Petre's b. c. Theodore, by Woful, (Jackson) - - 1
Lord Scarbrough's b. c. Brother to Coronation - - 2
Mr. Wright's b. c. Sir Walton, by Walton - - - 3
Mr. Perren's b. f. by Comus, dam by Cerberus - - 4
Mr. Fox's ch. c Cawdor, by Macbeth—Jupiter - - 5
Mr. Riddell's ch. c. Pity Me, by Woful - - - 6
Sir W. Milner's ch. c. by Caliban——bolted.

Five to 4 on Theodore, 2 to 1 agst Sir Walton, and 4 to 1 agst Cawdor. Won easy by a length and a-half. Run in 3 min. and 21 sec.

Tuesday, *May* 14.—Sweepstakes of 30gs. each, 10gs. ft. for two-yr-olds, colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—T. Y. C.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. T. O. Powlett's bl. f. Miss Fanny, by Walton, dam by Orville, (W. Scott) - - - - - - 1
Mr. Watt's ch. c. Brother to Marion, by Tramp - - 2
Mr. Lambton's b. f. by Leopold—Borodino's dam - - 3
Lord Scarbrough's b. f. by Raphael—Paynator
Mr. J. Ferguson's ch. c. by Octavian—Pipator
Mr. Harrison's ch. c. Sir Roger, by Comus
Mr. Wright's b. c. Cannon Ball, by President
Mr. Bell's ch. c. by Fitz-Teazle, dam by Hyacinthus

The judge could place only 3.

Seven to 4 on Mr. Watt's colt, and 3 to 1 agst Miss Fanny. Won cleverly by a length. Run in 1 min. and 13½ sec.

Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for three-yr-old fillies, 8st. 3lb. each. Last mile and half.—Twelve subscribers.

Lord Scarbrough's b. by Catton, out of Henrietta, (Smith) - 1
Mr. Watt's b. Marion, by Tramp, Rosamond - - 2

Mr. J. Ferguson's ch. Evens, by Walton - - - 3
Mr. Harrison's bay, Miss Wortley, by Woful - - 4
Col. King's b. Miss Fulford, by Walton
Col. Cradock's bay, by Woful, dam by St. George
Lord Milton's bl. Annarda, Sister to Palmerin
Mr. Reed's ch. Miss Wentworth, by Cervantes

The judge could place only 4.

Even betting on Marion, 5 to 4 agst Evens, and 5 to 1 agst Lord Scarbrough's f.—A good race. Run in 2 min. and 57 sec.

The Shorts.—A Sweepstakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds, colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Last mile.—Six subscribers.

Lord Queensberry's b. c. Orator, by Prime Minister, dam by Ruler, (Smith) - - - - - - 1
Sir E. Dodsworth's bay filly, Susan, by Woful - - 2
Mr. C. Marson's bl. c. Melmoth, by Soothsayer - - 3

Six to 4 on Susan. Won in a canter. Run in 1 min. and 56 sec.

A Gold Cup, value 100gs. by a Subscription of 20gs. each, the surplus in specie: three-yr-olds, 6st. 4lb.; four, 7st. 12lb.; five, 8st. 7lb.; six and aged, 8st. 13lb.—Two miles.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. J. Ferguson's gr. c. Jonathan, by Octavian, 4 yrs old, (R. Johnson) 1
Mr. Petre's br. h. Sir John, by Smolensko, 5 yrs old - - 2
Mr. Lambton's br. h. Waverley, by Whalebone, 5 yrs old - 3
Mr. Robinson's b. c. The Lord of the Manor, 4 yrs old - 4
Col. Cradock's br. h. Sir Walter, by Whitworth, 6 yrs. old - 5

Seven to 4 agst Jonathan, 2 to 1 agst Sir John, 2 to 1 agst Waverley, and 4 to 1 agst Lord of the Manor. Waverley made severe play until within a distance of home, when Jonathan and Sir John came up and contested; it was a severe race with the first three, and won only by half-a-head. Run in 3 min. and 42 sec.

Mr. Clark's ch. f. Polly, by Caliban, recd. ft. from Mr. W. Hutchinson's b. f. Sarah, by Bigot, 100gs. h. ft. T. Y. C.

Wednesday, *May* 15.—The Colt Sapling Stakes of 50gs each. h. ft. for three-yr-olds.—Last mile and three-quarters.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Watt's bay, Dupore, by Cerberus, out of Miss Cranfield, 8st. 3lb. (Scott) - - - - - 1
Mr. Lambton's br. by Leopold—Borodino's dam, 8st. - - 2

Four and 5 to 1 on Dupore. Won in a common canter.

The Constitution Stakes of 20gs. each, h. ft. three-yr-olds, 5st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, 9st. 1lb.; and aged, 9st. 5lb.—One mile and a quarter.—Eight subscribers.

Lord Queensberry's ch. c. Ledstone, by Langton or Cardinal York, 4 yrs old, (Smith) - - - - 1
Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. h. Gambler, 5 yrs old - - 2
Mr. Lambton's gr. h. Dunsinane, by Macbeth, 5 yrs old - 3
Mr. Petre's b. f. My Lady, by Comus, 4 yrs old - - 4
Mr. Ridsdale's br. c. Statesman, by Prime Minister, 4 yrs old - 5

Five to 4 on Dunsinane, 5 to 2 agst Statesman, and the winner not mentioned. Won cleverly by half a length. Run in 2 min. and 18¼ seconds.

The Stand Plate of 50*l.* for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, one mile and three quarters.

Mr. Armstrong's b. h. Alexander, by Don Cossack, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 13lb. (Scott) - - - - - 1 1
Mr. Ferguson's b. c. Champaigne, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. - 2 2
Mr. Bell's b. h. Jehu, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. - - 5 3
Mr. Whiting's b. c. by Tramp, dam by Gabriel, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 6 4
Mr. Haw's ch. m. Maiden, by Comus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 3 5
Mr. Storey's b. h. Little England, aged, 9st. 3lb. - 7 6
Mr. Stevenson's ch. c. by Petronius, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. - 4 7

Six to 4 agst Alexander, and 2 to 1 agst Champaigne; after the second heat, 7 to 4 on Alexander.—Both heats won easy.

EPSOM RACES.

First Day, *Wed. May.* 22.—The Downs this day were not so numerously attended as we have hitherto seen them; but the sports were very good.—The Craven Stakes of 10gs each, for three-years-olds, 6st.; four, 8st; five, 9st; six, 9st 1lb; and aged, 9st 5lb the last mile and a quarter, were won by Mr. J. Walker's b. h. Lantonian, 5 yrs old, beating Mr. R. Walker's g. c. Legal Tender, 4 yrs old, Mr. Fielde's b c. by Crispin, out of Lady Sophia, 3 yrs old, Mr. Sadler's b. f. Pastorella, 4 yrs old, and Mr. Porth's b. f. Matilda, 4 yrs old. Pastorella the favourite. Won by a length.—The Woodcot Stakes of 20gs each, 15gs forfeit, for two-year-olds, colts, 8st 6lb, and fillies, 8st 3lb., the last half-mile, were won by Mr. T. Sadler's b. c. brother to Pastorella, beating Mr. Rogers's br. f. by Selim, dam by Haphazard, Col. Synge's f. by Whalebone, dam by Canopas, Mr. Curteis's b. f. Mum, by Phantom, dam by Totteridge. Mr. C. Day's ch. c. Ontario, by Soothsayer, out of Zuleika. Br. to Pastorella

agst the field. Won by a length.—The Gold Cup, value 100gs, the remainder in specie, by a subscription of 10gs each, with 20gs added from the Race Fund, was won by Norna (named by Sir H. Lippincott), 4 yrs old, beating Mr. Fraser's Champignon, 6 yrs, and a ch. f. by Walton (named by Mr. Ladbrook), 3 yrs old.—Seven others started, but were not placed; and two were drawn. No particular betting. Won by two lengths.—Mr. Farrall received forfeit from Mr. R. Walker.

Thursday, May 23.—Their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of York and Gloucester, the Duke of Wellington, the French Ambassador, Lords Derby, Sefton, Stewart, &c. and as great a show of beauty and fashion as we ever before witnessed on any similar occasion, visited the Downs this day. The weather was most propitious, and the sport as good as ever was seen.

The Derby Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft. The last mile and half. The owner of the second to receive 100gs. out of the Stakes. Fifty-three subscribers.

The Duke of York's c. Moses, by Seymour, or Whalebone (T. Goodison) - - - - - - - 1
Mr. Rogers's b. c. by Haphazard, dam by Selim - - - 2
Duke of Grafton's ch. Hampden, by Rubens, out of Diana - 3

It is impossible to describe the excellence of this race. Twelve started, and they all kept closely together until they came near Tottenham Corner, Lord Egremont's colt having the lead till then. Here, however, Moses, Hampden, and Mr. Rogers's colt pushed forward a-breast in dashing style, and afforded an instance of the best running ever remembered to have taken place on this course. Whip and spur were brought into action unsparingly; every muscle of the riders, as well as of the horses, was strained to interrupt this envious equality; every effort was vain for a considerable distance; and when at length they reached the winning post, Moses was declared the winner only by a head.—The above three only were placed.—Betting 3 to 1 agst Hampden, 4½ to 1 agst Antonio, 6 to 1 agst Mystic, 6 to 1 agst the winner, 9 to 1 agst Bess c. and 15 to 1 agst Frolic.

The Durdain Stakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added for all ages.

Major Ormsby Gore's gr. b. Snowden, 6 yrs old - - - 1
——————— b. h. Cuyp, 4 yrs old - - - 2

Seven not placed.—A good race.—Won by a length.

A Maiden Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for all ages.

Mr. Coleman's b. b. by Selim, 6 yrs old - - - - 1
Mr. Farrell's b. c. Monk, 4 yrs old - - - - 2

A good race.—Won by a neck.—Six not placed.

Friday.—The Oaks Stakes of 50gs each, for 3-yr-old fillies 8st. 4lb.

The Duke of Grafton's Pastille, by Rubens, out of Parasol -	1
Major Wilson's f. by Rubens, out of Tippitywitchet - -	2
Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Whizgig, by Rubens - - -	3

Nine started; three only were placed. A fine race, won by a neck; Whizgig with a length. 6 to 5 agst Whizgig; 7 to 2 agst Pastille; 8 to 4 on the two; 6 to 4 agst Cat; 9 to 1 agst Mr. Duncombe's f.; 13 to 1 one agst. Tippitywitchet; 20 to 1 agst Rosalind.—Edwards rode the winner.

The Denbies Stakes of 10gs each; 3-yr-olds, 7st. 7lb.; 4-yr-olds, 8st. 12lb.

Mr. Field's b. f. by Crispin - - - - -	1
Mr. Farrell's b. f. Phantom - - - - -	2
Major Gore's b. h. Guyp - - - - -	3
Mr. Walker's ch. f. Prosody - - - - -	4

Won in a canter.

The Hedley Stakes did not fill.

The company were again numerous, and, no doubt, more than has been seen on the Oaks-day for many years. It is allowed that the company on the Derby-day was more numerous than ever was witnessed on Epsom Downs.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE

SECOND SPRING-MEETING AT NEWMARKET.

To the Editor of the Sporting Repository.

Sir,

Having attended the second Spring-Meeting at Newmarket, I am enabled fully to corroborate the following judicious remarks, which have appeared in a cotemporary publication, and which I have no doubt will be peculiarly interesting to your readers. I have not copied them verbatim, but have made such alterations as struck me to be important.

I am, Sir, Your's, &c.

London, June 2, 1822. B. H. G.

SECOND SPRING-MEETING.

Monday.—The list of the day made a good appearance. Six matches, and all run. Posthuma, a three-year-old filly, beat a four-year-old colt of Mr. Crockford's, at even weights.

Reginald beat Verennes easy, the second race.

Sultan, 8st. 7lb. Gustavus, 8st. 11lb.—This was the worst made match of the six. Sultan should have given sixteen instead of six pounds, and even then it is thought he would have won.

The last match being for 500 guineas, created a little bustle, and some smart betting; it was between Mr. Wyndham's Black-and-all-Black, and North-Wester. Mr. Wyndham won rather easy. Mr. Fox has of late suffered so much wear and tear with this North-Wester, that, if he do not put into some friendly port in the north, and repair damages, he will be compelled to abandon this enterprize altogether.

There were only three races the second day: the Duke of Grafton won two of them. Reginald beating Augusta in a match, plainly shewed that if a bad one gets a little better, and a good one a little worse, how very soon these two extremes meet.

In the 20gs. Stake that Tressilian won, there was nothing to notice, except the great care the handicapers seemed to take, that little Banker did not run away from his horses, as he once had the happy knack of doing.

Eleven started for a 50*l.* Plate, forming a most pleasing picture, when seen in a proper light. A Noble Duke was so delighted with the effect, that he did not think it beneath his dignity to put the finishing hand to it by using his own varnish.

WEDNESDAY.—A 10gs. Stakes, the winner to be sold for 80gs. Some better horses than these might have started, without any fear of being claimed.

The Duke of Grafton's Posthuma beat Lord Exeter's Tipsy, easy.

The last of the three handicap-plates brought out seven, which would have made better sport, had those who fixed the weights shewn a little of something like mercy to the old ones, and considered what they are, rather than what they were. Mirandola won in it a fine style of running.

Shreckhorn beat Euphrates, a match of considerable interest, the latter attempting to give eight pounds—a thing not to be done that distance—Ditch In.

THURSDAY was the last day of these Spring Meetings, and rather late for those who had been unfortunate to think of recovering their lost treasure. Notwithstanding, many tried, even to the last moment. Lord Egremont, or Mr. Wyndham, which is the same thing, won the Jockey Club Plate. This used to be thought a great event, and to win it a great honour; but, in mo-

dern days, to win a great deal of money is the cause of the greatest anxiety, with or without honour—not that half those unfair advantages are resorted to which the turf has the credit for. Another 50*l.* Plate also Mr. Wyndham won, with a filly out of Margaretta, beating eight others. Mr. Wyndham has been the greatest winner this season, except the Duke of Grafton. But Black-and-all-Black lost his polish miserably the last race, by being beat by Godolphin, receiving eight pounds, leaving, to all appearance, Godolphin the best horse in the world.

SALE OF HORSES.

On Monday, May 13, his Majesty's stud of brood blood mares, &c. were sold by auction by Messrs. Tattersall, when the following sums for each were given:—

A bay mare, by Election, out of the dam of Castrel, Selim, and Rubens, with a foal colt, by Sorcerer, and covered by Waterloo—330 guineas.

Sycorax, own Sister to Soothsayer, with a filly foal by Waterloo, and covered by him again—235 guineas.

South Down, own Sister to Canvas, by Rubens, with a colt by Soothsayer, and covered by Waterloo—220 guineas.

A chesnut mare, by Electra, out of Fair Ellen, with a foal colt, by Soothsayer, and covered again by Rainbow—220 guineas.

A bay mare, by Soothsayer, out of Miss Teazle, with a filly foal by Waterloo, and covered by him again—200 guineas.

Scherazade, by Selim, out of Gipsy, by Trumpator, Sister to Postmaster, by Herod, foal dead, and covered by Waterloo—130 guineas.

Miss Wasp (Manfred's dam,) by Waxy, out of Trumpetta, barren, covered by Rubens—150 guineas.

Agnes, by Sorcerer, out of Amelia, barren, covered by Waterloo—91 guineas.

Five others sold at inferior prices.

Mr. Bailey has purchased of Mr. Houldsworth, Haidee, by Comus, out of Stamfordia; and the filly, by Comus, dam by Shuttle, 3 yrs old; of Mr. Yates, Cora, by Peruvian, 3 yrs old: of Mr. Lambton, Leopold, by Camillus, aged: of Lord Grosvenor, Sovereign, by Rubens, dam by Pegassus, grandam by Highflyer: of Mr. Frankland, Harriot and Northern-Light, by Octavian: of Mr. Loftus, Domain (late Alert): also, of Sir R. K. Dick, Antigallican, by Waxy.

We understand Mr. Lambton has purchased Mr. James's Tauras, engaged in the Doncaster St. Leger, and other stakes.

A new establishment for the sale of horses, by commission, called the HORSE BAZAAR, has been announced in the Metropolis. It is held at King-street Barracks, Portman-square, and Mr. George Young is the proprietor.

BUNTINGFORD HUNT RACES.

THIS Meeting was well attended, and the Hunters' Stakes afforded some excellent sport, between eight horses rode by the owners.

Hunters' Stakes of 10gs. each.—Heats.

Mr. Villabois' Saddler	-	-	-	-	1	5	2	1
Capt. Hunter's Skewball	-	-	-	-	4	1	3	2
Mr. Bouverie's Rattle	-	-	-	-	3	2	4	dr
Mr. Rous' Myrtle -	-	-	-	-	2	3	1	3
Mr. Woodward's Doubtful	-	-	-	-	5	4	dr.	
Major Benson's Juliana	-	-	-	-	6	dr.		
Mr. Hardacre's Teddy	-	-	-	-	7	dr.		
Mr. Smith's Pilot -	-	-	-	-	fell.			

After the heat, even on Saddler; after the second heat 6 to 4 on Myrtle; and after the third heat Skewball was the favourite.

Sweepstakes of 10gs. each for half-bred horses.

Mr. Lake's ch. h. Graceless	-	-	-	-	-	1
Mr. Houldsworth's Moonshine	-	-	-	-	-	2

Six started.—A good race between the two.

HUNTING, &c.

OTTER-HUNT IN THE COTHY.

(*Concluded from page* 432.)

BY the time that I had manufactured my rhymes the sun had passed his meridian. Again, therefore, I set forward on my march, and in a very short space had hooked some fine trout, together with a few salmon-peel. As I am in the humour for information,

I shall just observe, by the way, that the most killing trout-bait in this, as in almost every other instance, is the sand-fly. What it may be in England I know not,—but among the Welch streams, in the Towy,—the Cothy,—the Southey,—the Tivy,—and many others, it is particularly alluring. There are two modes of making it. The body in the one case is composed of dark-brown foal's hair, a little blue squirrel's fir, and the whitish yellow of the same, warped with yellow silk. Wing,—the light part of a field-fare's feather. In the other, its body is made of the feather of a heron's neck, or the wool from the flank of a black sheep, warped with black silk. Wing, of the sad-coloured feather of a throstle-quill. Both flies, it must be observed, should be tied upon hooks, No. 9 or 10. I had now procured what might be called a good dish of fish, when the distant shouts of merriment seduced me from any further sport. I instantly rambled back in the direction of the sounds, and came up with my old party, who were marching towards Talley in picturesque attitudes, rank and file, with the bodies of two otters supported triumphantly on a pole. Drake was at the head of the procession, mine host of the village followed next, while Morgan, with a long muster-roll of natives, ambled demurely in the rear. On seeing me they catechized me touching my success; to which I replied in the words of Peter, "Behold! I have gotten a few small fishes, but what are they amongst so many?" I then produced my well-laden basket, and was welcomed with thundering acclamations. The sewen, in particular, delighted them, and from that time forward I began to be reputed a man of some consequence as an angler.

We reached Talley at about five o'clock, where our fish formed the first course, and where my merits, (for I love to do justice to myself as well as to others) were as conspicuous in the kitchen as in the Cothy. Perhaps, as my readers have accompanied me to the river-side, they will have no objection to step into the cook's culinary domicile (no bad place, by the bye) where, a-la-mode Kitchener, I will give them a lesson in the highly important business of dressing a trout or a salmon-peel. In the first place, let him be carefully washed, gutted, and deprived of his bones. Then season him with salt, black-pepper, and all-spice, and put him into an earthen pot, with as much water and vinegar as will cover him. Throw in a decent competency of rosemary and thyme; bake altogether, in the oven, for about an hour, and sprinkle the whole with horse-radish.

By attention to these minutiæ our trout formed such a delicious relish, that the sewen, who figured by himself in a side-dish, went out untouched. As for the rest of the Dinner, I can merely assert that we all wrought wonders, and not an article that claimed acquaintance with either fish, flesh, or fowl, was left unscathed. Indeed, the digestive capabilities of some three or four bibulous otter-hunters are things of no slight consideration, as the defective larders of our host will testify for a month to come.

In the midst of our varied chit-chat the village clock, that omen of ill-import, struck the hour of seven. As we had to return to Llangadock we were compelled to expedite our departure, and took leave of our kind-hearted friends with a promise of speedily returning. We had (that is to say, Drake Somerset and myself, for Morgan remained behind) a delicious night for the walk. The moon had but just risen, and a cool refreshing breeze lent strength and animation to our steps. As we entered the high-road we could not resist the temptation of pausing, for an instant, to observe the effect of star-light upon the village. It was ineffably magnificent; the mountains, at the base of which Talley is situated, sparkled with a thousand glittering colours, each broken into the fantastic shapes of the rainbow; the old monastery, topped with ivy and the accumulated moss of years, reared its venerable form beneath the hallowed softness of the night, and threw a gentle shadow along the tranquil surface of the pool. To increase the witchery of the hour, a little boat was on the lake, and the sweet tones of a flute, softened by distance, came stealing across the wave. The whole scene was of the same romantic character, and the enthusiast might have fancied himself in Italy listening to the serenade of a lover, or the mellow canzonets of a gondiolieri.

But as we approached Llangadock, where the mountains are wilder and more elevated, the sky became overcast, and the distant summits of Clynn-y-Van, swathed in a shroud of mist, reared their blue heads above the clouds. By the time we had entered the town, a violent shower of rain assailed us. But when we came within sight of our cottage, the moor, the roads, the meadows, even our own plantation and garden, presented the appearance of one vast sheet of water. On coming within hail of the toll-bar, we raised the view halloo! our usual signal of approach, and were instantly answered, by shouts of "the flood—the flood." And sure enough there was a flood, and a devil of a one too. Our kitchen was knee-deep in water, our mill-brook rolled like

a torrent; even the gutter aped a cataract, and our boots, hats, gloves, fishing-rods, and fishing-lines, were coolly taking a shower-bath. On rushed the torrent, with a tremendous roar, bearing down ducks, geese, blocks, and barrels in its flight. To make the matter worse, it took a fancy to our wheelbarrow, which surrendered at discretion, and kept it company on the road. As may be surmised, we were decently soaked ourselves, and the neighbouring villagers no sooner heard of our arrival than they came flocking in shoals to our assistance. Bail after bail, bucket after bucket, was used; and, after four hours incessant exertion, we luckily got a peep at our kitchen-floor.

On taking an inventory of the damage done by the flood, we found the following an authentic bulletin of our losses:

2 Pair of breeches drowned,
3 Pair of boots soaked, and otherwise maltreated,
1 Hat rendered independent of shape and symmetry,
1 Beer barrel curtailed of its contents,
4 Rum bottles abridged of ditto,
3 Hams, lost, stolen, or strayed.

In addition to these misfortunes, we discovered the combined corpses of two fowls, which were to be spitted the next day, floating very easily along the Mill-brook, accompanied by a pound of butter, which joined the procession at the kitchen-door. There was, moreover, a good-for-nothing vagabond buttock-of-beef, which seemed inclined for a similar trip, and was actually moving* off the larder floor, with all the easy unconcern of a gentle-

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* I have not asserted that the aforesaid buttock was *floating* off, for I was somewhat dubious of its capabilities of so doing. On looking, however, into the Courier newspaper, of a few months back, I find that two Turkish captives actually floated off an island, on the buoyant bodies of their dead companions. But what further confirms my opinion respecting the floating qualities of beef, is the following letter, which lately made its appearance in the Traveller, for the laudable purpose of corroborating the statement of the Courier:

SIR, *Whitehall, Jan.* 1, 1822.

As you seem to throw doubt on the authentic narrative of the escape of the Turkish captives from the island, on which they had been left by their cruel Christian foes, allow me to communicate to you a few other particulars, equally correct, which will serve to remove your doubts,

man. Luckily we got scent of its intentions, and, by the greatest address and dexterity, prevented any further elopement. On enquiring into the origin and probable cause of this cursed deluge, we found that it was occasioned by a cloud which had just burst upon one of the mountains in our immediate neighbourhood, and discharged its bile upon our poor little innocent valley. It subsided, however, with as much rapidity as it rose; and, at a late hour, we retired to rest to dream of massacred bitch-otters—runaway pounds of butter—truant poultry—and erratic buttocks-of-beef.

THE crack pack of fox-hounds, belonging to SCHOLES BIRCH, Esq. which have for years hunted the Cartmel country, Lancashire, are on the eve of being given up, if this has not already taken place, and are to be transferred to the kennels of Robert Fletcher Bradshaw, Esq. of Halton Hall, and to the Preston Hunt; the latter pack being destroyed, in consequence of the hydrophobia breaking out amongst them, in the early part of the spring. Mr. Birch has now an infant pack, which he is carefully breeding from the Rev. Mr. Wilson's renowned fox beagles, which

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as to the buoyancy of dried carcases. Heaven forbid! that in this country, which enjoys the blessing of a regular government, the bodies of Turks should be applied to vecture purposes; but, I can assure you that, with a party of my friends, I lately sailed to Richmond on a kepper salmon, and a flitch of Wiltshire bacon, which formed an admirable raft. I should not omit to mention that we were in some danger from a pig of lead adrift near Putney bridge, and which had nearly upset us, from the extreme violence with which it was driven against us by the wind. No candid mind will, however, ascribe our danger to the peculiarity of our raft, as it is manifest that the culpable negligence of those who allow pieces of metal to be loose upon the stream, might have subjected any boat to the same inconvenience. My friend, Mr. Jenkins, of Crutched-friars, has also ventured to Margate upon a lean piece of pickled pork, a voyage which he performed very much to his own satisfaction; and if you call on him, he will, with great pleasure, remove any doubt you may have of the fact of his voyage, by showing you a remarkably light guinea, which he found floating just above Gravesend. I have been informed that a Dutch gentleman, of a respectable house in Amsterdam, has cleared out from the port of London on a barrel of red herrings; and that he proposes to go from Holland to Hamburgh on a piece of hung-beef;—the latter fact, however, I do not vouch for.—

Your obedient servant,

MUNCHAUSEN VON BUNCH,

Under-Courier at the Foreign-Office.

were the delight of Otley, and the surrounding country. The greater part of this pack were disposed of to Sir Jacob Astley last season. They are generally white, with a red or brown mark round one eye, and the same on the stern, and are not to be excelled in beauty, speed, and style of hunting, by any in the kingdom. They carry a head equal to any pack of fox-hounds.

The Dulverton Stag-Hounds (Somerset,) had some very good runs, when hind-hunting on the forest of Exmoor; they are a fine pack of hounds, and kept in good style. The stag-hunting season commences about 20th of August, and continues to the first or second week in Oct. In Nov. they hunt hinds.

We are credibly informed, that Mr. Yeatman's (of Dorsetshire,) celebrated little pack of beagles killed seventy-six brace of hares in the last season.

Mr. Codrington's Fox-Hounds had some excellent runs at the time they were hunting Great Ridge and Souley. Great Ridge and Souley are two of the largest coverts in England.

Mr. Askew's Fox-Hounds have had a most brilliant season; no less than seven or eight good runs from Innwood; a most superb run from a covert, near Wincanton (Somerset,) but were beat, between Bradley and the Marquis of Bath's; it was as fine a run, without death, as was ever seen. The pack consists of about eighteen couple, ticklers to run, and good to hunt. It is a severe country to ride over.

The Cranbourne Chase Buck-Hounds will commence hunting the first week of July.

We learn that the Earl of Scarbrough has given up the whole of his hunting establishment to G. S. Foljambe, Esq. of Osberton-Hall, Notts, and that the country will be hunted at least four days a-week.

Names of the Members of the Newmarket Coursing Society.

A.—R. H. Gurney, Esq. Norwich.
B.—J. E. Rust, Esq. Abbott's Hall, Stowmarket.
C.—T. Wilkinson, Esq. Nether Hall, Bury St. Edmunds.
D.— ——— Denn, Esq.

E.—Lord Stradbroke, Henham Hall, Suffolk.
F.—G. Mure, Esq. Herringswell House, Mildinhall.
G.—T. S. Gooch, Esq. Bramfield Hall, Saxmundham.
H.—A. Hoskins, Esq. Newton Park, Burton-on-Trent, Staffordshire.
I.—W. Scott, Esq. Santam Downham, Brandon.
J.— ——— Tower, Esq. Weald House, Essex.
K.—Lord Maynard, Grosvenor-square, London.
L.—T. Redhead, Esq. Snare Hill, Thetford, Norfolk.
M.—Rev. T. Syer, Great Wratting, Haverhill, Suffolk.
N.—W. Northey, Esq. Woodcote Green, Epsom, Surry.
O.—Rev. J. Baker, Cambridge.
P.—J. Leaths, Esq. Bury St. Edmunds.
Q.—Lord Dunwich, Henham Hall.
R.—Lord Rivers, Chesterfield-street, London.
S.—G. W. Gent, Esq. Moins, Steeple Bumstead, Essex.
T.—G. Fox, Esq. Branham Park, Yorkshire.
U.—Admiral Wilson, Redgrave Hall, Diss, Norfolk.
V.—Marquis Huntley, Huntley Lodge, N. B.
W.—A. Wright, Esq. Walton's Park, Cambridgeshire.
X.—H. Usborne, Esq. Branches Park, Cowlinge, Suffolk.
Y.—H. Redhead, Esq. Thetford, Norfolk.
Z.—Major Clauton, London.

TROTTING MATCHES, &c.

On Monday, May 20, Mr. Anderson, for a wager of 200gs. undertook to drive his Arabian horse fourteen miles within an hour, which he accomplished on the Epping road, with two minutes to spare.—The next day he undertook, for 200gs. to ride upon the trot eight miles in half-an-hour, and the horse to carry eleven stone, which he completed in twenty-eight minutes eighteen seconds.

Mr. Broadhurst's match, to drive to Reading, and to carry fourteen stone, in a single-horse-chaise, in three hours and ten minutes, for 100gs. proved a failure. He did half the distance (twenty miles) in one hour and twenty-nine minutes, without drawing, but after which the horse proceeded at a losing pace, and was pulled up at the twenty-eighth mile.

H. Alken Del

POINTERS

SHOOTING.

POEM ON SHOOTING.

BY LORD DEERHURST.

Hail! happy sports, which yellow Autumn cheer,
And crown the ripen'd honours of the year;
The Muse to you her willing tribute pays,
In artless numbers and incondite lays;
Would paint the pleasures which to you belong,
And bid the partridge tale adorn her song.
Thomson, whose bosom knew no vulgar fire,
To your just praise attun'd his moral lyre;
With rapture view'd the harvest-teeming plain,
And hymn'd its beauties in no common strain;
Yet, sometimes, by retirement led astray,
Too oft, thro' Fancy's flow'ry paths would stray:
As cruel, blame what man with justice loves,
And censure sports the polish'd mind approves.
Others pretend to feel what Thomson felt;
For the caught hare or slaughter'd partridge melt,
And while they read his gentle numbers o'er,
Catch nicer feelings than they knew before.
Say ye refin'd, who would these sports upbraid,
Say of what mould improv'd yourselves are made;
Say, ye humane, who would these pleasures blame,
Inspir'd from whence these nicer feelings came?
Deem not, while thus I speak, my bosom steel,
The man thro' ev'ry thrilling nerve I feel.
Yet, when I view the great primæval plan,
I see each animal design'd for man;
Since He who form'd creation's vast design,
To his own image said, "All these be thine."
All who tremendous howl the forest's pride,
Or range in harmless flocks the mountain's side;
Each fish that cuts with fins yon wat'ry way,
Each bird that flits thro' realms of liquid day.
Instructed man his line of duty knows,
Nor hesitates to do what God allows.

Now to capacious barns the happy swain
On loaded teams bears home his golden grain;
Or forms in well-compacted heaps his store,
While frequent sheaves adorn the field no more.
Now oft the choral harvest-home we hear,
To none more grateful than the sportsman's ear;
Those sounds, which pleasure to his breast convey,
Announce destruction to the feather'd prey.
Hence, partridges, approaching slaughter date,
And fear in every passing gale their fate;
Where now in safety shall the covey fly?
In what recess unknown to Bouchier lie?
Where shall it 'scape unhurt from threatening foes,
Or how elude the dog's sagacious nose?
Fond of the licens'd joys September yields,
With early step I tread the spangl'd fields;
With buskin'd foot I brush the morning dew,
The flying game with ardor to pursue.
Cautious I tread the stubble field around,
While the staunch pointer beats it all around;
See with the wind he ranges o'er the plain;
Each furrow tries, and tries it o'er again;
Mark him each scent solicitous inhale,
Then sudden stop, and draw the tainted gale.
Fix'd as a statue o'er his latent prey,
Nothing can lure him from the spot away;
And if too eager, he should on proceed,
He stands corrected by the "lo, take heed!"
And waits till borne on flutt'ring wing they rise,
And speed on sounding pinions thro' the skies;
Then be it mine to mark their course on high,
And point the level tube with squinted eye,
The random shot I scorn! and doubtful aim,
Nor wish by chance a hapless bird to maim;
But from the rest I single one alone,
Nor fail to bring the fated victim down.
Fond youths, unskill'd their ardor to contain,
While the warm blood impetuous swells each vein,
Too hot to think, too eager to debate,
Too rash the proper moment to await,
At rising coveys with impatience stare,
And fire their useless guns in vacant air!
Let care and quickness mark your better sport,
Your judgment sound, deliberation short;
So shall the baffl'd shot bring rare disgrace,
And your swell'd bag bear home the frequent brace.

Let the fierce huntsman, with his circling crew,
Thro' many a maze the tim'rous hare pursue;
Let others draw with care th' inclosing net,
And catch whole coveys at a single set.—
Yours be the joys which partridge-shooting yields,
Be mine with dog and gun to range the fields;
And ever scornful of th' insidious snare,
Wage with the flying game more open war!

Pigeon-Shooting.—The grand match between the Ashton and the Arundel clubs, eleven from each, for a stake of 300 sovereigns, was decided on Tuesday, May 29, on Crawley Common, and much money was pending upon the issue. The bird was let loose at the usual distance of 21 yards from the gun, and the boundary for bagging 80 yards. The order of shooting was as follows, at nine birds each.

Ashton club	killed	Arundel club	killed
Messrs. Henderson	9	Messrs. Anthony	8
Wells	8	Fisher	8
Forbes	7	Captain Montague	8
Waddington	7	Messrs. Roach	7
Knowlys	6	Fielder	7
Nash	6	Herriott	6
Meggot	5	Roberts	6
Gee	5	Leggat	5
French	5	Montague	5
Harrison	5	Bouverie	4
Mayhew	4	Lawrence	3
	67		67

For want of birds it was agreed that the three first on each side should decide the match, at five birds each; and it was won by the Ashton club killing twelve, and the Arundel club eleven.

The match on Saturday, June 2, at 21 birds, 30 yards from the trap, was decided in favour of Mr. Osbaldeston, who killed 8 birds—Mr. Showbridge 7. The gun that fired without visible ignition, did not answer the expectations which had been formed of it.

ANGLING.

DIRECTIONS TO ANGLERS.

Fishing, like most other pursuits, originated in *necessity*, and it is indebted for any improvements which the art has since acquired, to the genius which has accompanied the different gradations of society. Accordingly as the human race became more civilized, the arts consequently attained a greater perfection.

The qualifications requisite to make a good fisherman are more numerous, and, in my opinion, more difficult of attainment than those which, in any other line, a sportsman can possibly require. From practice any one almost may become a good shot; strong nerves will make a good rider, and experience a careful one; so that, with these requisites, a man may cut a *tolerable* figure. Such qualities, however, are trifling, compared with those which should be possessed by a complete angler. Science and art are here so nicely blended, that each without the other is a superfluous acquisition; for whilst the former conducts you to the attack, the latter directs its chief operations. I will immediately proceed to the subject, and, first, endeavour to explain the properties of the rod.

There are two kinds, the double and single-handed, each, of course, adapted to the size of the river in which you fish; the former is generally of the length of seventeen feet, and the latter of thirteen; the one weighing two pounds six ounces, and the other about twenty ounces less.

Much depends upon the proper choice of your rod; be sure that it taper regularly from the butt to the point; nor should there, on any account, be a knot in the whole piece: for whenever a rod breaks in fair usage, it always happens from this cause. In general they are composed of three or four joints, for the better convenience of carriage; and either screw into a socket, or are simply fixed in. Neither of these kinds do I recommend, but to have one of two joints only, the butt and top; and, by all means, to be attached by a splice, fastened by a small leathern thong, previously wetted, so that when it becomes dry it may contract

and form a tighter bandage. The superiority of a two-jointed rod of this description, over such as before mentioned, is very great; for being disencumbered of a quantity of useless brass, the spring is much more regular and even, and there is by that means less likelihood of its breaking: the trouble, too, which frequently attends the separation of a many-jointed rod after a day's fishing, is thus got rid of, for the ends which go into the socket, in wet weather, always swell, and it is exceedingly difficult, indeed sometimes impossible, to separate them, until they are either held over a lighted candle, or have remained for some time in a dry situation: a brass hoop is commonly substituted as a remedy against this; but here also there is another disadvantage, for besides adding to the weight and stiffening the joint, it is frequently apt to fly out, and that at a time, and in a situation, perhaps, which might spoil a good hour's diversion.

About six inches of whalebone should form the point: many have protested against this as being totally useless, and too heavy and stiff in proportion to the lower materials; but one great convenience compensates for all, which is, that as the top is always more liable to meet with accidents from the interruption of trees and branches, especially on woody rivers, where you have sometimes to crawl for upwards of 100 yards, and where self-preservation is the principal care, whalebone alone is proof against misfortune. The rods, however, which are made in Edinburgh, are entirely of wood; but in Scotland the rivers are more open, and less liable to obstructions. With care a rod will last a considerable time; and Mr Walton, in his Treatise on Angling, speaks of one which he had used for twenty years: to preserve them, however, some attention should be paid to the dryness of their situation when laid up for the winter, and now and then it will be necessary to rub them over with a piece of flannel, previously dipped in sweet oil, never forgetting to clean them well with a linen cloth before they are again put aside.

The butt should be particularly strong, so as to answer every effort you may be obliged to make in throwing a long line. Various experiments have been tried, by adding to the length of a rod when it was wished to throw in a longer line than common, but it never appeared to answer: the proper bend was always spoiled, and the only method of remedying this inconvenience is to have a strong butt.

The remarks I have made on this subject are consonant with

the opinions of amateurs, and such as have written elaborate Treatises on Angling. There remains nothing but the rings (which I have omitted to notice) which should be as strong and large as possible, that your line may have a freer play, and not be incommoded by any chance obstacle.

Your's, &c.

AN OLD ANGLER.

Dolgelly: May 1, 1822.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A DAY SPENT IN PIKE-FISHING IN TALLEY POOLS.

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DESCRIPTION of the village of Talley.—Artificial flies made for Pike-fishing.—Brief account of the Coracle, or Wicker-boat.—We put off from shore.—Moral reflections upon a school-flogging, highly edifying to the reader.—I hook a pike of six pounds weight.—Morgan equally successful.—Witty comparison of the Welchman, with a buttock-of-beef in a washing-tub.—Drake Somerset brings down a brace of wild-ducks.—I describe my aversion to a cold bath.—Pleasant allusion to the man in the Pentateuch.—I hook a thumping pike—lose him—sorely afflicted thereat.—Tired of fishing, Morgan and myself land.—Both of us bogged.—Pleasant episode by way of a finish.—Drake Somerset throws a sympathetic *somerset* into the pool—Morgan's coolness on seeing his disaster, endeavours to ascertain how long he will be in reaching the bottom.—I reprove him for his inhumanity.—Description of evening, we return to the village.—Excellent dinner.—Moral observations on a good dinner.—Description of.—Punch-bowl brought in.—Baptized the "Royal Sovereign Yacht."—Excellent tipple.—List of toasts.—Morgan drunk.—Morgan speechifies.—Tips off his heel-taps.—Apology to the reader for his inebriety.—He waxeth ridiculous.—Shocking scene between him and a village girl.—We uplift our voices in objuration, and stoutly admonish him.—His exceeding penitence.—His accident with the washing-tub.—His recovery.—Conclusion.

PIKE FISHING IN TALLEY POOLS.

THE village of Talley is a romantic spot situated in the most sequestered part of South Wales. It sleeps as it were beneath the shelter of some lofty mountains, and is celebrated for the

remains of an old ivy-clad monastery. Beside the little church which fronts the ruin appear two large pike-pools or tarns, surrounded by steep declivities, and forming marshes, at the water's edge, where moor-fowl breed, and the heath-flower blossoms. Upon this spot, so admirably calculated for the enthusiast or the sportsman, for the lover of nature or of roast ducks, Morgan, Drake Somerset, and myself, turned the light of our countenance one fine spring morning, and bent our steps towards the cottage of a friend whom I have mentioned in the Otter Hunt, and who resides in the immediate neighbourhood.

We reached the village at an early hour, and finding, as usual, every thing arranged for our arrival, hurried off to the scene of action. As the vast extent of the water rendered bank-fishing a vain employment, we had recourse to the Welch coracles, which enabled us to traverse it in every direction. Our bait was a somewhat singular one, and may perhaps astonish the sporting *Cognoscenti* in England. It was a huge artificial fly, constructed on the rudest principles, and so independent in shape, as to set nature at positive defiance. Its length was about three inches, with a thick body formed of gaudy-coloured worsted, and wings of a jay or a bright mallard's feather, tied upon two large hooks, such as are generally used in England for the dead snap, but of course without lead. The rod was about four yards long, and attached to a strong whip-cord line of eighteen or twenty feet. The manner of throwing the bait is somewhat similar to trolling; except that the fish should be struck on the instant, and landed *vi et armis*.

As for our coracle it merits an equally minute description, being singularly formed of wicker-work, covered with leather or canvas, and pitched, so as to render it water-proof. It is merely large enough to carry one man, with his nets and fowling-piece, and is worked with a paddle. In shape it is nearly round, with a seat placed across the centre for the greater facility of guidance. Wales appears to be the only place in which it is generally used: and its value to a poor fisherman is astonishing. With his coracle and his dog, and his fowling-piece, he traverses the swiftest rivers, rattles down cataracts and waterfalls, and then returns to his cottage with his boat upon his back, his gun in his hand, and his trusty spaniel by his side.

Having said so much about the coracle, it is high time we should get into it; a job which we speedily effected, but being novices

in the management, there was some little apprehension manifested on our first putting off from shore. But we soon got accustomed to the task, recollecting with the compassionate fish-woman, who excused herself for skinning eels, with "Lord bless 'em, its nothing when they are used to it;" that danger or pain of any kind is diminished by habit. To this observation, however, which I repeated to Morgan, as we were entering the coracles, he begged leave to except a school-flogging, assuring me that after having been duly scourged for a week successively, he found the inconvenience as great at the termination as at the commencement of his discipline.

And now, gentle reader, behold us seated each in his wicker-boat, busily making for the centre of the pool, where, according to the village records, the larger fish love to resort. The soldier was the first to cast out his bait without receiving any return to his letter of invitation. For my own part, I floated more discreetly by the bank-side, where a huge congregation of weeds hinted the probability of a bottom, which in the middle of the lake is almost as difficult to discover as the longitude. I soon found myself rewarded for my discretion: for on throwing the fly, a thumping pike, roused perhaps to activity by the approach of the coracle, seized it with the velocity of lightening, and on being struck, rushed forward in a desperate hurry, churning the water into foam as he passed. Maddened with pain he dashed about the pool, while I followed in my boat, rose apparently exhausted on the surface, and then dived deep into the wave, 'till spent by fatigue he gave up the job, as well as the ghost; and I had the ecstacy of landing a pike of six pounds weight; "no bad thing," as poor Richard would say, "in these hard times." Is not this a glorious triumph for human wisdom to achieve, and human whip-cord to retain? verily it is a feat worthy of note, as some old sportsman observes, "the man who can bring down his bird at a shot; and hook his fish with dexterity, is a man of no slight consideration in the land.

I was so much engrossed by my booty, that for some time I was deaf to the shouts of little Morgan, who had hooked a similarly sized fish, but was less able to restrain his jubilant cachinnations. When at last I reverted my optics to his coracle, I found him skimming in it to and fro; now at one end, now at another part of the pool, in hasty pursuit of his prey, which was floundering about in the water like a fresh-water leviathan.

Reader! hast thou ever seen a buttock of beef rearing its majestic form above the margin of a wash-tub? such was our magnanimous Cambrian, while seated in a squat cock-boat, his goodly stomach rose proudly pre-eminent in corpulent circumference.

At this instant, while he was landing his fish, some wild-fowl sprung up from a little thicket, at the extremity of the Pool. Somerset, who by great good-luck had his fowling-piece in the coracle, hastened to pay his addresses to them, but finding that they possessed all the timid shyness of youth, resolved upon a clandestine interview, and firing from behind a prolific family of osiers, lodged a brace of wild-ducks in the water. "Bravo," exclaimed the enraptured Morgan, and hastened to examine the bodily health of the defunct, a scrutiny which afforded him great satisfaction.

We had now been some hours on the lake, and Somerset, who laid aside his rod for his fowling-piece, went poaching along the banks and through the copse, in hopes of scraping a further acquaintance with fish, flesh, or fowl. The Welchman returned to his position in the centre of the pool, while I, with wonted discretion, performed my noviciate with the coracle by the sides. I never indeed, such is my want of taste, could fancy a cold bath when I had the power of avoiding it; although I am partial to a *duck*, yet I have an instinctive aversion to a *ducking*, and can readily sympathize with poor Falstaff, "that man of continual dissolution and thaw," when he relates the pathetic circumstance of having been thrown into the Thames together with a bundle of old cloaths. But although I did not venture into the great deeps, I found myself equally successful by the banks, and in a very short space had contrived to hook a fish of four pounds weight, and to lose another which, to my express consolation, was double the size. The soldier was more fortunate with his gun, as I discovered from the frequent splashings in the water; but our worthy host, who stood demurely angling for roach, perch, and chub, was as unlucky as the man in the Pentateuch, who "toiled all day and caught nothing."

But all that we had hitherto hooked was but "cakes and gingerbread" to the monster that rose at my fly, and darted off again like a shot. He whizzed along the water with inconceivable violence, and by a transient glimpse that I gained of his side, I should fancy he must have weighed upwards of fourteen pounds. I was in a perfect tremble at the sight of him, so eager were my exertions to land him. My rod bent like an ozier, when, as ill-luck would

have it, the faithless line gave way, and off went the pike, with a steel-draught in his gills, and about three inches of worsted in his gorge, attached to a reasonable quantity of whipcord by way of emetic. I could positively have wept with vexation. To lose so magnificent a fish, through a d——d, (God forgive me for swearing) rotten bit of whip-cord, at the very instant that I made so sure of my gentleman. The thought was madness, and being little of a philosopher, I put myself into a most undignified passion.

Evening was now drawing on, and our respectively keen appetites gave manifest tokens of the arrival of the dinner-hour. I immediately paddled to land, but being somewhat ignorant of the topography of the place, set my foot into an immense marsh, which surrounds the pool on every side but one. Each step sunk me "deeper and deeper still," but I had the consolation of reflecting that my Welch friend was much worse off than myself, having landed in a similar spot, and being nearly up to his knees in mud. "Hallo," he ejaculated in tones of desponding bitterness, "is there no bottom to this cursed bog?" —"Yes," I replied, "an excellent one, at least when you can find it," a rejoinder which filled him with dismay. With some difficulty we contrived to reach *terra firma*, when on looking back towards the water we beheld Somerset plump headlong out of his coracle, in endeavouring to reach a wild-fowl which had dropped into the pool. A fisherman, who was angling hard by, hastened immediately to his assistance, while Morgan, who is something of a philosopher, coolly took out his watch, and folded his arms in an attitude of apparent meditation. On enquiry, I found that he was calculating the exact time it would take Somerset to reach the bottom of the lake, an experiment which would certainly, as I took care to inform him, have been infinitely consoling to a drowning man. So much for the practical utility of philosophers.

By this time our coracles were hauled on land, dispatched by some fishermen to the village, and we all ascended the steep mountain-path which overhangs the lake, and forms the shortest cut to Talley. As we wound along the ridge, the whole scene expanded itself with picturesque luxuriance. Barren hills reared their blue summits above and around us, below which the two pools lay nestled while the little copse at the further side of the nearest lake resounded with the wild melody of the blackbird, the thrush, or the bull-finch. The setting sun gave a softened colouring to the landscape, and as it poured a mellow radiance through the time-

worn arches of the monastery, appeared like the spirit of friendship cheering the pillow of declining age.

The reader must pardon this digression, for I am an enthusiastic admirer of nature. There is not a heath-flower on the barren moor; not a streamlet in the valley, nor a cypress on the mountain that passes without its record. The beautiful sun that comes up in his glory to enliven and refresh the day—the breeze that wantons with the roses in the frolicsome good-nature of youth—the silver moon when she moves in silent majesty along the dark blue canopy of heaven, have each a secret charm associated with the most delightful recollections.

But the dinner is positively getting cold, so I must resign my rhapsodies for the highly important duties of mastication and deglutition. Well then: fancy is seated at the cottage-table of our hospitable host, with appetites sharpened by exercise, and cheerfulness acquired by amusement. Our bill of fare was excellent, and did honour to the catering accomplishments of B——. There was the majestic buttock-of-beef, with his goodly alderman-like circumference; the more delicate Turkey, with his gizzard insinuated between his wings; the lascivious pigeon, snugly tucked up in a blanket of puff-paste, and the diversified sausage reposing on his feather-bed of mashed potatoes. Then again there was Welch ale, fit for the gods to tipple; porter which recalled many pleasant reminiscences of London; together with divers other bibulous et-ceteras, each of which, were justice to be done them, would merit a separate eulogium. "If on earth," said Morgan, as he helped himself profusely between whiles, "there be a pure unadulterated felicity, consonant to virtue, and unmixed with alloy, it is the first cut of a hashed calves' head."—"I perfectly agree with you," replied Drake, "and am certain that he who could insult a woman, or a hashed calves' head (may I trouble you for another slice) can be no man." This opinion met with the hearty concurrence of us all, and ere a few minutes had elapsed the object of our eulogium had disappeared, together with its concomitant sauces and appurtenances.

Dinner was now over, the substantial buttock was removed, and we could only observe, with Macduff, that "such things were, that were most *dear* to us." The cloth, however, was no sooner taken away than the parlour-bell was rung, and an enormous punch-bowl, garnished with a silver ladle, made its welcome appearance. "This, gentleman," said our kind host, with a coun-

tenance of modest glee, "is an old family fixture, and as I am a staunch loyalist, I have given it the name of the Royal Sovereign Yacht."—"A trim vessel truly," replied Morgan, "and well-stored with ballast."—"Push her round, my boys," quoth the soldier, "and while she crowds all sails, let us toast him whose name she bears.—Come, I'll give you a sentiment that shall blend spirit with spirit, and set your very souls mantling in your glass. 'George IV. of England—the Sovereign, the Sportsman, and the Gentleman." I might be accused of being somewhat poetical in my prose were I to describe the acclamations with which this toast was received. Suffice to say, that if clamour be a proof of loyalty, then were we the most outrageous patriots that ever stunned the astounded village of Talley.

Every succeeding glass now increased our merriment; the punch was excellent, (I wish I could say as much for Drake's long stories) and we felt it our duty to assist the navigation of the vessel by every means in our power. With this view we proposed an infinity of toasts, among which were the following:—

1. The Sportsmen of the United Kingdom.
2. First of September.—(Three cheers.)
3. Success to the Sporting Repository.
4. The lads of the Fancy.

By this time the tipple was evidently ascending the inner vestibule of Morgan's pericranium, and he annoyed us with philosophical inflictions which it would have done the heart good to hear. His horror of inebriety and libidinousness was particularly edifying. "A drunkard," said he, hiccuping as he spoke, "is a beast, a chaos of corpulence without form, a hook without a bait. I remember my poor father used ——"—"Tip off your heel-taps, man," interrupted B., "and then for the infliction." After all, let philosophy and Morgan say what they will, there is nothing like a cheerful glass albeit of rum-punch, heavy wet, or Yorkshire Stingo. "It dries up," says Falstaff, the best authority in the world, "all the dull crude vapours in the brain, and makes it forgetful, nimble, full of fiery and delectable shapes. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be to forswear thin potations, and addict themselves to sack." To such unanswerable reasoning what can be added? Nothing! except that it behoves every man of integrity to get drunk with all possible expedition, in full conviction that if wine maketh glad the heart of man, punch will produce an equal portion of vivacity.

Morgan afforded us an excellent proof of this by his amusing and penitential remarks. "Come," said he, turning to our president, "the Royal Sovereign's a-ground:—shove her off the stocks, man, shove her off." B— immediately pushed the bowl round. "Bravo," continued the inebriated Cambrian, "there she goes, all sails crowded; (damn this hiccup) come along my tight little frigate. The Royal Sovereign for ever.—See how trimly she sweeps along.—Blessings on her sweet face. I remember that my poor father——"—("Never mind your father now, stick to the punch, man," said B.) "used frequently to observe," continued Morgan, heedless of the interruption. "The bowl *stands* with you," said Drake. "That's more than he can do himself," I replied, while the Welchman replenished his glass with laudable adroitness.

Gentle reader! with blushes I confess that Morgan is tipsy, exceeding tipsy, and that I foresee much trouble in managing him. He was, indeed, a sad riotous dog; and would insist on giving a long-winded account of his pedigree, which he derived from Cadwallader by the mother's side. Alas! poor Cadwallader! he must have been a terrible fellow among the women; for he fathers half the families in Wales. After a little further rigmarole, our Cambro-Briton quitted the table, as we hoped to take the fresh air; and we employed the interval in relaxing from the severity of our potations.

After a short time we hastened to see what had become of him, when who shall describe our affright at discovering him making love on his knees to a young damsel, who was listening in modest confusion. His little fat puffy face swelled with anticipated raptures, and in excess of his love and drunkenness, he laid his hand on a *thing* which he called his heart, but which in reality was nothing more than his nose. "Oh! you deep dog," said Drake, shocked at such carnality. "Oh! you monster of concupiscence," added B.; "you that were talking so much against the women. You that boasted of your philosophy.—You that pretended to ridicule a lady's blue eye.—I thought how all this would end.—Morgan! Morgan! I am perfectly ashamed of you."

"My good friends," returned the Welchman, endeavouring to speak religiously, "man is born to sin, and the flesh, you know, is weak, particularly on such a hot day as this has been. Philosophy alone can aid us in such emergencies."—"It does not seem to have done you much good," said I. "Verily, my excellent friend D. *nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*, the greatest men

(hiccuping as he spoke) have had their innocent weaknesses. *Lot* was a tippler; Anthony was infatuated with Cleopatra; Alexander was a martyr, vide Diodorus Siculus, [page 14, edit. fol. to Bacchus; and even the great Cadwallader, my worthy ancestor, was sometimes found in his wrong bed. For as my poor father used to say—"—"He's at it again," quoth B., "for God's sake stop him, or he will talk for an hour at least."—"No," said Morgan, "a silent tongue maketh a wise head, and taciturnity is the wisdom of fools. I remember my poor father——" —"He is the most affectionate son I ever saw," said the soldier, "for he never forgets his father." With these words Somerset caught him by the arm, and all of us uniting our best endeavours, managed to convey him up-stairs to his room, while we returned to the table, and replenished our empty glasses with discreet but pleasant conviviality.

In a short time, finding himself partially recovered, he prepared to come down-stairs, and muttering as he went a few unconnected passages of Scripture, marched onwards, though somewhat in a serpentine direction, to the top of the landing-place. Here, grasping the balustrade with one arm, and waving the other as if in the attitude of preaching, he repeated, in a sonorous tone, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall;" and, as if he had been doomed to enforce the necessity of this admonition, he lost his hold of the bannisters, and rolled like a foot-ball to the bottom of the stair-case. To increase his discomfiture, a huge washing-tub, placed by design or negligence at the foot of the stairs, invited his unwieldy carcase. In he went, soused head over heels in the lather, and by the force of his fall lifted up the tub, so that it fell down again, and completely covered him. After divers attempts to extricate himself from this truly ludicrous imprisonment, he at length effected his release, and rose blushing with disgrace, and covered from head to foot with soap-suds. Fearful of ridicule, he hurried back to his bed-room, repeating with a heavy sigh, that "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards."

In the course of the night he managed to far to recover himself as to be able to join the supper-table, and lay aside his anecdotes about his father. For my own part, I should not do justice to the public if I were to assert that I have a perfectly distinct recollection of all that occurred after supper was removed. I remember, however, that we agreed to go grousing to Clynn-y-Van, and that B. engaged us all at his cottage to spend a few days with him at the ensuing shooting season.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Foot-Race.—The match at Doncaster, for 100gs. each, four miles, between Ashton, the Lancashire man, and Beal, the Yorkshire runner, was run on Friday, the 17th May. About twelve o'clock, Ashton arrived on the ground, in a coach-and-four, from Cantley, where he had been training—soon after, Beal made his appearance. At half-past twelve o'clock they were started from the four-mile post, and alternately passed each other during the first two miles: in going round the second time, Ashton had the decided advantage, taking and keeping the lead at a great distance, and performed the four miles in twenty minutes and twenty seconds. The first two miles were hardly contested, and done in nine minutes and forty-five seconds. In running, two to one was freely offered on Beal, and as freely accepted by the friends of Ashton, who is twenty-seven years of age, and ran very strong. Beal was beat rather more than a distance; but did the four miles within his usual time of twenty-one minutes. This race excited great interest, and numbers of people from Lancashire, &c. were present.

On the 18th of May, Richard Sutton, for a wager of 20*l.* walked, near Portsmouth, 22 miles in 3 hours, 52 min. and a few seconds. The wager was, to do it in four successive hours.—Sutton has since undertaken the Barclay match.

A Young man, said to be Mr. Blore, a statuary, on Monday afternoon, May 20, at seven o'clock, for a wager of 50*l.*, started from the two-mile-stone, at Nottinghill, to run 9 miles within the hour—4½ miles along the high-road and back. He won by only half-a-minute, and, though not distressed, declared that he would never again repeat the effort. He would have done it more within the time, but that though we had no rain in town, he encountered a very heavy storm in the neighbourhood of Acton, and which rendered the ground disadvantageous to his exertions. We find, indeed, that last week, and this week also, the rains have been particularly violent in the west of England, of which the state of the coaches on those roads have given us visible proofs.

On Thursday, June 6, at Rye, in Sussex, a foot-race was run between Edward Rayner, the Kentish pedestrian, and James Betteridge, the Berkshire runner, who was matched to run ten miles over a one-mile piece of ground, for a purse of ten guineas. They started about six o'clock in the evening, in full speed, in the presence of a great number

of spectators, amidst the shouts of "Berkshire for ever." The first mile was run in five minutes and 25 seconds: Betteridge about ten yards behind, and betting 3 to 2 on Rayner. The next mile was run in five minutes and 32 seconds, Betteridge the above distance behind. The third mile was run in five minutes and 24 seconds, Rayner 12 yards behind. The fourth mile Rayner was 20 yards behind, and 5 to 3 on Betteridge. The first five miles was run by Betteridge in 27 minutes. Rayner 100 yards behind, when he broke down, in great perspiration. Betteridge went on, and completed the ten miles in one hour and thirty seconds. The purse was delivered to Betteridge, at the George Inn, Rye, by the chairman, in the presence of 100 gay sportsmen, amidst three loud cheers. A subscription was immediately entered into, and parted between the winner and loser. Rayner acknowledged that he lost against his will; and that Betteridge was the best runner that he had ever started with.

SATURDAY, June 2, a man named Daniel Hotton commenced a feat on Lincoln Race-course, of running fifty miles in seven hours and a half. He began at ten o'clock in the forenoon, half-a-mile out and in, and actually accomplished within the given time, his prodigious, though futile and frivolous task, which was not for any wager. Some five shillings, it is believed, was the amount of money collected for the poor fellow, who, deducting the expense of his resting, must have sneaked out of Lincoln as poor as he sneaked in.

A SINGULAR feat of Pedestrianism was undertaken April 29, on the Regent-road, North Shore, Liverpool. A man named John Townsend undertook to walk, *backwards*, for three successive days, in twelve hours each day, thirty-eight miles a-day, being upwards of three miles an hour, and he did it in great style, amidst the acclamations of the spectators.—Encouraged by this success, on Monday, May 20, he started to walk fifty miles a-day for three successive days, of fourteen hours, seventy-five backwards, and seventy five forwards. He walked alternately five miles each way, and performed his task with the greatest ease.

DIRECTIONS FOR DRIVING ON THE ROAD.

THE Trav'ller this maxim should e'er keep in sight,
The road as he journies along;
If he keeps to the *left*, he'll be sure to keep *right*,
If he goes to the *right*, he'll go *wrong*.

JEHU.

SONNET,

TO A SALMON SENT INTO THE COUNTRY AS A PRESENT.

Sweet fish!—at least I hope that thou art *sweet*—
Why art thou come so far from friends in town?
Is it to give the rural ones a treat,
That Cousin Tom has sent thee post-haste down?
Or art thou sent, as *sprats*, they say, are sent,
Herrings to catch?—If so, thou seem'st to say,
"I come, kind sir, to help you out in Lent,
That you may *fast* in comfortable way;
And, in return, your Cousin Tom doth wish,
When shooting time shall come, for good fat hares,
Partridges, pheasants, snipes,—to make a dish,—
Poultry, and cheese, and better hams than bears'."
If so, *sweet* fish, 'twould be as well for me
If thou hadst still remain'd in the salt sea!

J. M. Lacey.

PUGILISM.

SPARRING.

The Fives Court was very respectably attended on Monday for the benefit of the distressed Irish. The great Captain of the milling forces was the promoter of this laudable act, and the whole of the pugilistic corps mustered upon the occasion, and, by their exertions, appeared to give additional satisfaction in the patriotic cause. The sets-to were of the best order. The best bout of the performance was between *Ben Burn* and *Shelton*, formidable left-handed hitters, and the exchanges meant no fun. It was a combination of science, and let loose, which was warmly applauded. *Burn* had the best of it. *Cribb* and *Spring* displayed science too, good humouredly. *Randall* and *Holt* made an excellent set-to, and, as usual, had a scientific idea in every movement. *Curtis* and *Cooper* had a good turn. *Turner* set-to with *Parish*, and had decidedly the best of it.

BOXING.

The matches between young Brown and Bunn, the Bow youth; and Neale, the Streatham youth, and Deaf Davis, came off on Tuesday, May

21, in Essex, opposite Woolwich. Neale and Davis fought forty-six gallantly contested rounds, when Neale won it, weighing a stone and a half more than his antagonist. Betting was 7 to 4 on Davis, whose *out-and-out* ruffianing game was put on one side by the superior hitting of Neale with his length. It was one of those matches where the bravest was compelled to yield.—Brown and Bunn made a good manly fight, and Brown won it again in more than an hour, seconded by Spring and Shelton.—A third, but uninteresting battle, was won by the young Gas beating Burke of Woolwich, or rather it was brought to a wrangle.

FIGHT AT EPSOM.—After the races on Thursday, a *mill* was proposed by way of a *dessert*, and a subscription purse of 16*l.* was collected, nearly all in *pewter*, in a very short time. Little DICK CURTIS made his bow to the amateurs, and a *Gipsy* offering himself, he was accepted. The ring was soon made. Dick Curtis was seconded by Tom Jones and Harry Holt, and the Gipsy was handled by Gipsy Cooper and another traveller. Seven to four on Dick. The Gipsy stripped well, and did his best; but he was no match for Curtis, who milled him completely in seven rounds, and pocketed the purse, without scarcely receiving a hit. Curtis is decidedly one of the best boxers of the day.

A FIGHT of extraordinary severity took place in the neighbourhood of Bridport, Dorset, on Monday, May 20, between two youths, named WILKINS and SYMONDS, the former a lad of 19, the latter 22. They entered the ring and commenced fighting at six o'clock in the morning, at half-minute time. Neither of them possessed any knowledge of the pugilistic science; but a finer display of true courage and hardihood was never seen, even in the contests of the first-rate boxers. Nothing could surpass the game shewn by these combatants. In the first hour of the fight not less than thirty-three hard-fought rallies took place, in which not a second of time was lost. Their seconds at this time interfered, wishing to put an end to the fight, but without effect: the contest was recommenced by the parties agreeing to take minute time, and they fought, in the whole, two hours and six minutes, giving and receiving no less than 67 knock-down blows. Towards the end of the fight Symonds shewed more weakness than his antagonist, and expressed regret that he could not again come in time. The battle was declared in favour of Wilkins, who is about five feet two inches in height, and weighs eight stones two pounds, being one stone and a half less than his antagonist.

WEDNESDAY, June 12, Moulsey Hurst was crowded to excess to witness the sports of the day. Acton and Ward, and Marshal and Burke,

were the chief attractions. Betting was 6 to 4 on Ward. The first round lasted 8½ minutes: in the 6th and last round, Acton went down heavily, and could not come again: his head rolled about in harlequinade fashion. Suffice it to say, that Ward won the fight in 19½ minutes, without a scratch.

Marshal and Burke.—This fight was won by Burke in the 8th round. Marshal got lamed severely in one of his ancles, by a cross-buttock against the stakes. Notwithstanding which he shewed himself a man of courage. Burke was backed 2 to 1 when the accident happened.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EXTRAORDINARY ABSTINENCE IN A DOG.

To the Editor of the Sporting Repository.

Sir.

I believe the following circumstance respecting the power of abstinence in a dog, was never yet made public, but I can vouch for its accuracy, as I knew the person to whom the animal belonged perfectly well.

About ten years back, perhaps more, a Mr. Wall, of Essex-street, Strand, had a large house-dog; upon some difference he had with one of his men, he sent him off at a moment's warning; in the course of the next day (Monday) the dog was missing; great search was made for it, being a favourite, but in vain; no doubt was entertained but that the discharged-man had stolen the dog: he was sought after, and found at some place in Whitechapel, where he had gone to live, but stoutly denied taking away the dog; still it was supposed that he had some knowledge of it. Week after week passed away, and the dog was almost forgotten.

To make the latter part of my story understood, it is necessary to state that near to the premises then occupied by Mr. Wall, is situated a chapel, and that under the said chapel are large cellars belonging to a black-lead company, who are the only dealers in that article, by wholesale, in London. They have their sales on the first Monday in every month, at which time only are the cellars opened, except upon very extraordinary occasions; so that, accordingly, as the first Monday in the month happens to fall, it is either four or five weeks that these cellars remain shut; in the present instance it was five weeks, and to the surprise of the persons who opened them, a poor emaciated dog crawled forth with infinite difficulty, and with as much difficulty reached the kennel, where it lapped a little dirty water; and then crawled into Mr. Wall's shop, and went to its usual bed-place! It was the dog that had been lost, but so altered that its master scarcely knew it. Great care was taken in administering

a little broth first, and then a little broth with bread sopped in it, and so on, till, in about a month, the dog was completely restored.

There is no doubt the dog crept in when the cellars had been opened for the former monthly sale, probably because it knew some of the men employed; was shut in, and remained there *for five weeks*, with no possibility of obtaining food, for the premises were too new and well-built for rats to be there, and, of course, *drink* was entirely out of the question. If you think this worthy of a place in your excellent Work, it is much at your service.

I am, &c.

J. M. L.

Curious Application.—A man of a goodly appearance, with a rubicund face, lately gave evidence of his having devoted himself greatly to the jolly god, presented himself in the course of the day to the City Marshal, to make a vow of eternal sobriety! The oath which he proposed to take was fairly engrossed on parchment, but contained no engagement or penalties in case of failure; but assigns as the motive, the wreck of his business, from his having drunk too often and too deeply of *blue ruin*, &c. &c. The marshal was somewhat perplexed by this novel application, for his inclination not to thwart so virtuous a resolution was counterbalanced by the irregularity of the thing, and the want of that security by which the performance of so extraordinary an engagement could rationally be expected to be secured. He stated the case to the Lord Mayor's legal adviser, to take his opinion upon the matter. When the application was announced, there was a burst of laughter at the expence of the unfortunate wight, who had for a long time lingered about the place before he could summon sufficient courage to make public application. It was immediately rejected, as a thing which no man had in his power, much less one who had sacrificed so largely, and whose first step, in all probability, would be to "treat his resolution," and to drink an extra bottle to the success of it.—The unfortunate applicant appeared, upon the rejection of his oath, to give himself up as a lost man, and retired through the crowd with a face full of despair and disappointment.

Enormous Fish.—The Trout of immense size, caught lately near Salisbury, is still alive, and excites the astonishment and admiration of all who have viewed it. So large a fish of the species was never before seen in that part of the kingdom, its length being estimated at four feet, and its weight at 25lb It was caught by the servants of Mrs. Powel, and is kept in a pond in that lady's garden, where it is daily fed, principally with bullock's liver, and it has of late improved in health.

Natural History.—Ornithology.—A beautiful specimen of that rare bird, the *Ampelis Garrulus*, (Chatterer) was shot by J. Hunt, Esq.

of Oswestry, on the 9th of January. It was killed perfectly clean, and is now preserved by the Rev. John W. Bourke, A. M. vicar of Oswestry, who, with great judgment and taste, is selecting an assortment of British birds. This elegant visitor possesses its characteristic silkiness in crest and tail; its rich yellow on the tips; its lovely rose-colour; and its brightness of vermillion, in the eight horny excrescences on each wing, as brilliant as so many drops of the best sealing-wax; whence one of its names—the *Waxen Chatterer* of *Bohemia*; as it has been called *Ampelis*, from its fondness of grapes. The grey Phalarope (Tringa Lobata, of Linnæus) was lately shot in Lincolnshire. This curious and beautiful bird is a native of Europe, Asia, and America; but has seldom been met with in the British isles. Bewick mentions four only having been seen by naturalists in the last century.

A Rustic D'Eon.—A female who belonged originally to Saltcoates, and who is now about 27 years of age, has for better than four years, of her own free choice, worn the attire, and discharged the laborious duties of one of the male sex. Her real name is Helen Oliver; but she has assumed that of her brother John. About six years ago while she was a maid-servant in a farm-house in West Kilbride, a particular intimacy took place between her and a person in a neighbouring house, who officiated as ploughman. Being frequently seen walking together in quiet and sequestered places, they were regarded as lovers; ultimately, however, this "ploughman" turned out to be also a female; and it is believed by Helen's relatives and acquaintances, that it was the arguments of this personage which induced her to abandon the female dress and duties. Upon Sunday, the 4th January, 1818, while in her parent's house at Saltcoates, she requested her mother to give her "we cutty pipe," and she would give her two new ones in exchange. To this unusual demand the mother after some questions consented; and Helen immediately afterwards began to write a letter, which, in answer to an enquiry from her parent, she said was to inform the people in Greenock, to whom she was hired as a servant, that she would not be with them for some time, for several reasons she then alleged. Early on the following morning, Helen helped herself to a complete suit of her brother's clothes, and disappeared, without giving the least intimation of her future prospects, or where she intended to fix her residence. Dressed in her new attire, she reached the house of a cousin in Glasgow on the same day. Her relative was not sufficiently intimate with the person of the fair impostor to detect the fraud. Never doubting in the least that she was "the real John Oliver," among other enquiries for absent relatives, "sister Helen" was not forgotten. A plaisterer stopt at the time in her cousin's house, and she resolved to learn that business. Accordingly she went for trial to a person in the Calton; but having fallen out with her master, she left the town.

She then went to Paisley, where she wrought for about three months, and she was next employed for about half-a-year in Johnstone. There either for amusement, or to prevent suspicion, and insure concealment, she courted a young woman, and absolutely carried the joke so far as to induce the girl to leave her service to be married.—Travelling one night between Johnstone and Paisley, she was accosted by a lad from Saltcoates, who was intimate with her person, parents, and history; and in consequence she removed to Kilmarnock, where she remained six months.—Besides the places already mentioned, she had been in Lanark and Edinburgh, working always at the plaistering, except a short time she was employed by a Glasgow butcher about the Bell-street market. A variety of circumstances have frequently impelled this rustic D'Eon to change not only her master and house of residence, but also the town in which she was comfortably employed, particularly as she was often, or rather almost always, obliged to board and share her lodgings with some neighbour workman, and though for obvious reasons she seldom detailed more of her previous history than mentioned the towns she had visited and the masters she had served, yet some sagacious females have been known to declare that "Johnnie must have been either a sodger or a sailor, "because "when he likes himsel' he can brawly clout his breeks, darn his stockings, mak' his ain meat, and wash his ain claise." At the beginning of February last, Helen applied for employment to a master plaisterer in Hutchesontown. She said she was seventeen years of age, and stated that she and a sister were left orphans at an early age; urged her forlorn condition, and that having already had some practice, she was very anxious to be bound an apprentice, that she might obtain an ample knowledge of the business. Eventually she was employed, and though she had the appearance of a little man, she was in reality a tall woman, being about five feet four inches high. By no means shy of a lift, times without number she has carried the heavy hod full of lime for the Irish labourer in attendance. Steady, diligent, and quiet, she gave her master every satisfaction, and he considering her rather a delicate boy, feelingly kept her at light ornamental work, and paid her 7s. a week. Some time since a workman was employed by the same master, to whom Helen was intimately known. The master having learned the facts of the case, placed her apart at work from the men, and took a favourable opportunity to speak with her. She indignantly denied the metamorphosis, offered to produce letters from her sister, declared that she was a Freemason, and besides had been a butcher, a drummer in the Greenock volunteers, and made a number of statements with a view to escape detection. Lately an Irishman, with characteristic confidence, sprang upon the heroine, hugged her like a brother bruin, and cried in his genuine Doric, "Johnny, they tell me you're a woman, and dang it, I mane to know, for I luve a pretty girl." The agile female extricated herself in an instant, and with a powerful kick drove him from her; at

the same time exclaiming, with an oath, she would soon convince him she was not a woman. Ultimately, however, the truth was wrung from her, and she has consequently left the town. She writes a good hand, and previous to her departure she addressed a card to her master, in which she bade him farewell, and requested him not to make much talk about

H. OLIVER.

April 22, 1822.

ADDENDA.

ASCOT HEATH RACES.

TUESDAY, *June 5.*

THESE races commenced on Tuesday, and the company exhibited a blaze of splendour never excelled. Hyde Park, on a Sunday, was but a miniature picture of the grand scene. His Majesty arrived on the ground at one o'clock, and entered the new stand erected on the site of the old one. It is an unique building of one story, open at the top, with an entrance yard walled in, with a cellar for refreshments. The King, on shewing himself in front of the stand, was loudly greeted. He was accompanied by the Duke of York, Duke of Dorset, Marchioness of Conyngham, and her son and daughter, Sir Andrew Barnard, Colonel Thornton, Sir E. Nagle, Lord and Lady Harrington, &c. The Danish Prince was not present, nor any of the Princesses.

His Majesty's Plate of 100gs. Four miles.

Mr. Wyndham's Centaur, 4 yrs old, 9st. beat Mr. Batson's Luss, 5 yrs old, 10st.

Mr. Whiteside's Incantator, 4 yrs old, 9st.; and Mr. Heathcote's brother to Antelope, 4 yrs old, 9st.

Arnold rode the winner, and won easy.

Five to 4 agst Centaur; 4½ to 1 each agst Luss and Incantator.

The match for 200gs. between Mr. Forth's Matilda, and Mr. Walker's Legal Tender, was decided by Matilda's walking over the course.

The Oatland Stakes of 30gs. each, 20 ft.—Two miles and a half.

Mr. Charlton's Master Henry, aged, 9st, beat Lord Aylesbury's Savernake, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.; and Lord Verulam's Sporus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.

Six started; three were placed.

Two to 1 on the winner (rode by Day)—4 to 1 agst Sporus.

Sweepstakes of 10gs. each.—Two Miles and a-half.

The Duke of York, named Sir J. Shelley's Ivanhoe, 5 yrs old 1
The Duke of Grafton's The Duke, 4 yrs old - - 2
The Duke of Rutland, named Rioter, 4 yrs old - - 3

The Tent Stakes of 100gs. each; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb. The New Mile.

Gen. Grosvenor's Marcellus beat Lord Stradbroke's Stag; Duke of Grafton's Pastille; and Lord Verulam's Vapour.

Five to 4 on Pastille (winner of the Oakes); 3 to 1 agst Marcellus; and 5 to 1 agst Stag.—(Day rode.) A fine race.

Sweepstakes of 200gs. each, for three-yr-old fillies, 8st. 4lb.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's filly, out of Cat, beat Duke of Rutland's filly, by Rubens.

Six to 5 on Duke of Rutland's filly.

WEDNESDAY, *June* 6.

The course has been very gay to-day, but nothing to what it was yesterday. The King was not present—a circumstance sufficient of itself to throw a gloom over the affair, and deter company from visiting it. In the races, the Duke of York swept all before him, as will be seen by the returns. His Royal Highness arrived at the Royal Stand soon after one o'clock, from Oatlands, where his Royal Highness entertained a large party of distinguished Noblemen during the race-week. The Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Petersham, Lord Stewart, and several other Noblemen, were also present. The sport was admirable. No races have ever been more ably contested, and the absent amateurs have lost a high treat. His Royal Highness appeared elated at the unrivalled excellence of his horses. Several *milling* matches took place after the race, but they had little interest, except for the *yokels*.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York's Plate of 50*l*. for all ages.

H. R. H. the Duke of York's b. c. by Election, dam by Sorcerer, 3 yrs old, beat Mr. Brathwaite's Cordenio, aged; and Mr. Green's Trance, 5 yrs old.

The Albany Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-yr-olds, colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.; the winner of the 2000gs. Stakes, Derby and Oakes, to carry 5lb. extra.—New Mile.

H. R. H. the Duke of York's b. c. Moses, by Seymour or Whalebone, beat Lord Exeter's Stamford; and Mr. West's ch. f. Angelica.

The Swinley Stakes of 25gs. each, for three-yr-olds, 7st. 4lb.; and four-yr-olds, 8st. 10lb.; fillies allowed 3lb.—The last mile and a half of the course.

Mr. Ramsbottom's Sir Hildibrand, 4 yrs old, beat Mr. Sadler's Pastorella, 4 yrs old; and Lord Darlington's Adolphus, 4 yrs old.

The Winkfield Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb., then three-yrs-old. New mile.

Lord Egremont's c. by Frolic, out of Silvertail's dam, beat Mr. Batson's b. c. Mystic, by Hedley, out of Cecilia.

Mr. Northey's c. by Phantom, out of Fanny, by Buzzard; and Mr. Goddard's b. c. by Haphazard, out of Viscountess.

THURSDAY, *June* 7.

Soon after one o'clock the King arrived, in a plain carriage and four, and proceeded to the grand apartment.

The Gold Cup, value 100gs. the surplus to be paid to the winner in specie, was won by Mr. Ramsbottom's Sir Hildibrand, 4 yrs old.

The Windsor Forest Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-yr-old fillies, 8st. 4lb. Old Mile—was won by H. R. H. the Duke of York's Electress.

A Sweepstakes of 30gs. each; 20gs. forfeit, for two-yr-old colts, won by Mr. Wyndham's b. f. by Wanderer.

The renewed Sweepstakes for 1822 and 1823, of 10gs. each, for three-yr-old colts. The New Mile. Won by Mr. Rogers's br. c. by Haphazard, dam by Selim.

Following this race, was one for a Sweepstakes of 100gs. each. New Mile. Won by Lord Lowther's c. by Selim, dam by Walton.

A Plate of 50*l.* for all ages; won by Mr. Fielde's Vanloo, 5 yrs old.

The King left the ground immediately after the colt race (the third,) for his cottage in Windsor Great Park. The races were not over until nearly seven o'clock.

FRIDAY, *June* 8.

The Workingham Stakes of 5gs. each, (Handicap.) Three quarters of a mile.

Mr. Howorth named Netherfield, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. - -	1
Sir W. W. Wynn named Snowdon, 6 yrs old, 9st. - -	2

Boyce rode the winner. Eleven started, but two only were placed.

Two to 1 agst Matilda—9 to 2 agst the winner—7 to 2 agst Snowdon—6 to 1 agst Pastorella—A severe race, and won by a neck.

A Plate of 50*l.* for all ages. Heats, one mile.

Mr. Field's Vanloo - - - - -	2	1	1
Mr. Braithwaite's Cardenio - - - -	1	2	2
Major Gore's Cwyp - - - - -	3	4	dr.
Mr. Farrall's Potemkin - - - - -	4	3	dr.
Mr. Whitaker's Foreman - - - -	5	dr.	

Vanloo the favourite.—The course this day was comparatively deserted.

BETTINGS.—TATTERSALL'S.

MAY 27, was an awkward day for many, it being settling-day, when *Moses* brought them to book; there, of course, was but little betting, which was as follows:—

ST. LEGER.

6 to 1 agst Swap. | 12 to 1 agst Pilgarlic.
7 to 1 agst Ajax. | 14 to 1 agst Newbyth.

NEWMARKET ST. LEGER.

Even on Moses.

ASCOT HEATH.—BETTING-ROOM, JUNE 3.

OATLANDS—Master Henry the favourite.
KING'S PLATE—Centaur the favourite.
TENT STAKES—6 to 4 on Pastille.

MARKETS.

The price of Bread, Flour, and Wheat, differ but little since our last. Barley, Beans, and Peas, have rather increased.

SMITHFIELD.—JUNE 7.

Beef, per stone	2s. 0d. to 3s. 4d.	Veal, per stone -	2s. 8d. to 4s. 4d.
Mutton - - -	2s. 0d. to 3s. 4d.	Pork - - - -	2s. 0d. to 4s. 0d.

Lamb 3s. 8d. to 5s. 0d.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. F. G. will perceive that he has been anticipated; we nevertheless feel obliged by his favours.

On examining the packet of our Stockton Correspondent, which had been so long detained at the coach-office, we found several articles of which we had copies.—We thank him for his good wishes.

C. Lamb's, and B. H. G.'s communications have been received.

The respectful notice which the *Literary Speculum* has taken of our Work, (faithfully copied into the "Annals of Sporting,") will not permit us to be silent. We wish the proprietors every possible success, and most cordially do we congratulate them on the rapid increase to their subscribers. *Original articles*, written by men of erudition and talent (at least so they say) are the distinguishing characteristics of its pages. A work so well supported, and so admirably conducted, can never fail,—it must succeed. No one, then, will believe that the boasted *Literary Speculum* has sunk into its own nothingness, and breathed its last.

We cannot close this Volume without returning our thanks for the liberal support we have received. We have been most unremitting in our endeavours to please every description of Readers, and we are happy to find that our efforts have not been altogether fruitless. Our present Number, it will be perceived, contains the latest Sporting Intelligence up to the day of publication, independent of a great variety of Miscellaneous Matter, which cannot fail of rendering it generally acceptable.—Should a Second Volume be called for, and due encouragement afforded, the Proprietor pledges himself that such a call shall be acceded to. The Noblemen and Gentlemen Sportsmen, who wish to be in possession of several superb Embellishments which adorn the Work, are respectfully requested to apply to the Publisher, 26, Haymarket, where Engravings of all sizes, and on every subject, may be obtained.